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विषय संख्या
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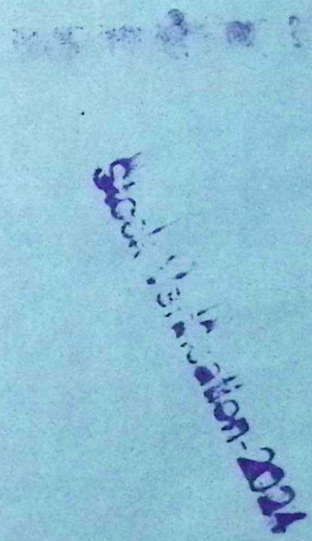

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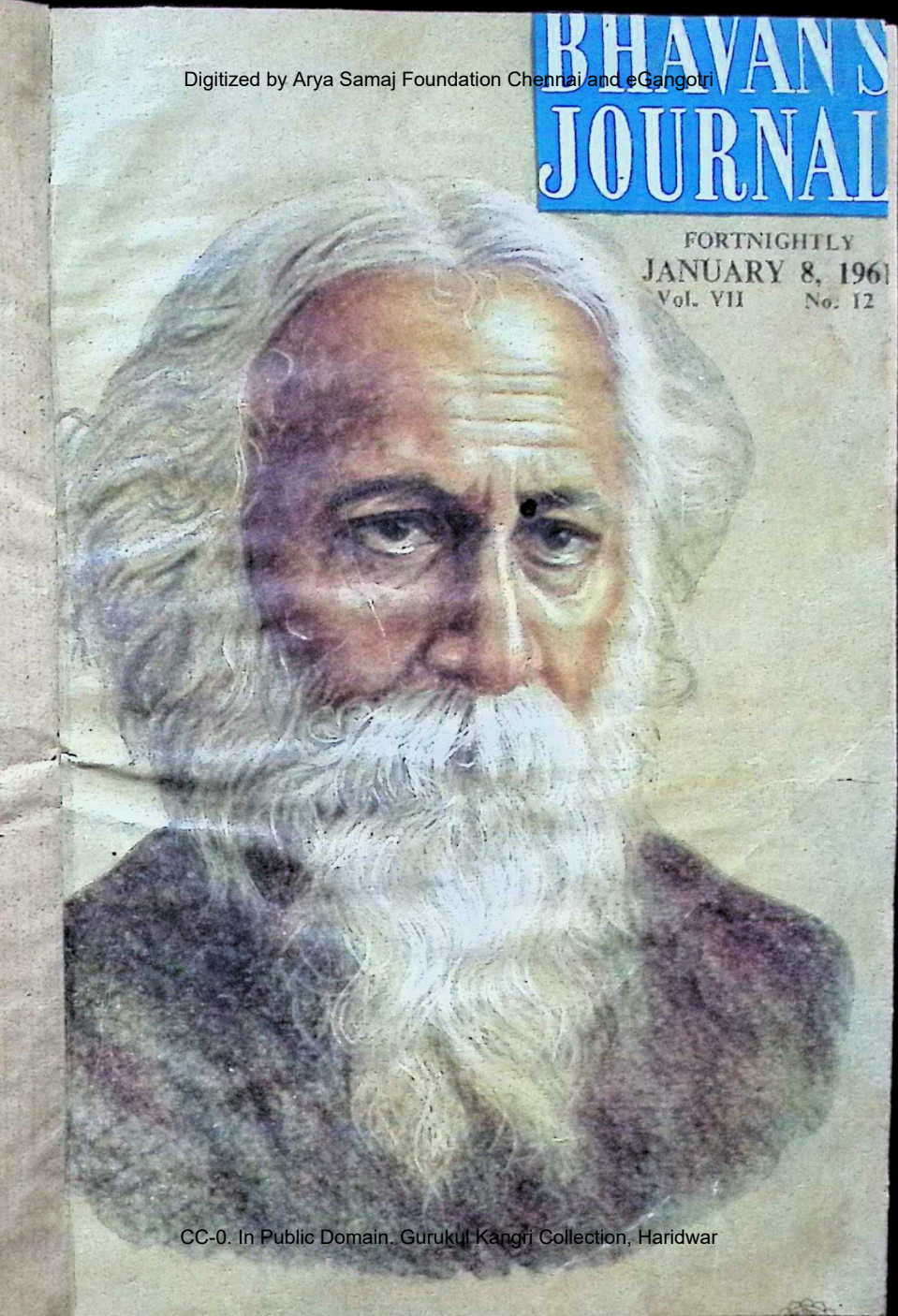
BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY
JANUARY 8, 1961
Vol. VII No. 12



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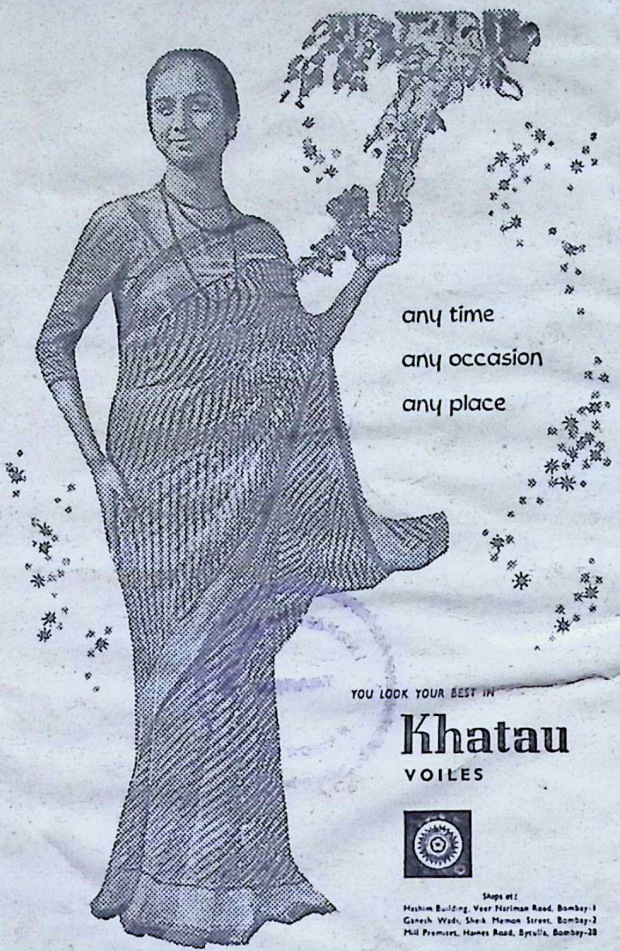

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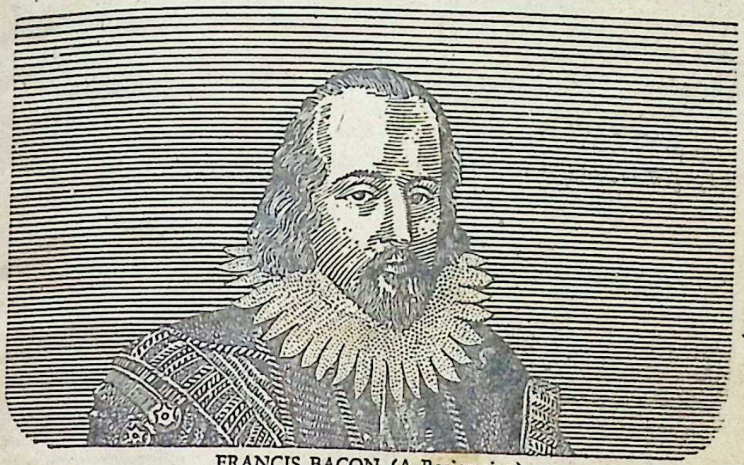

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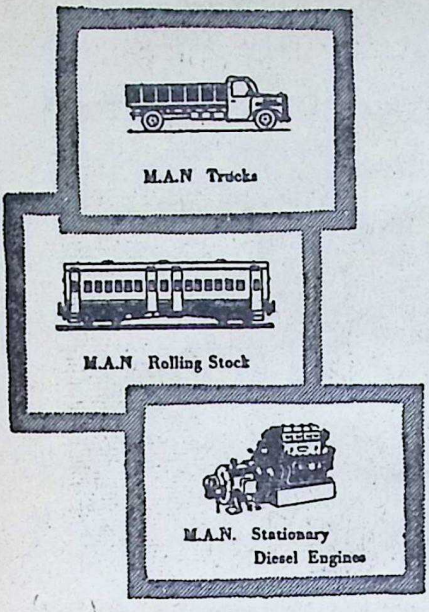

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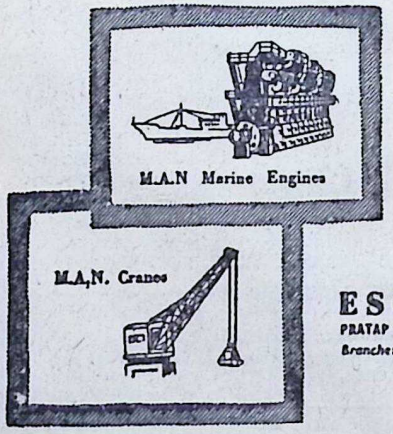

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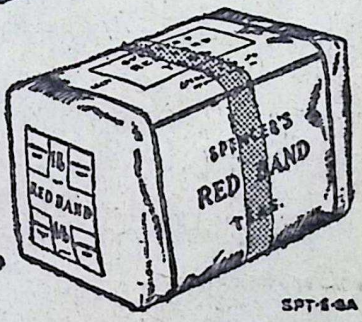

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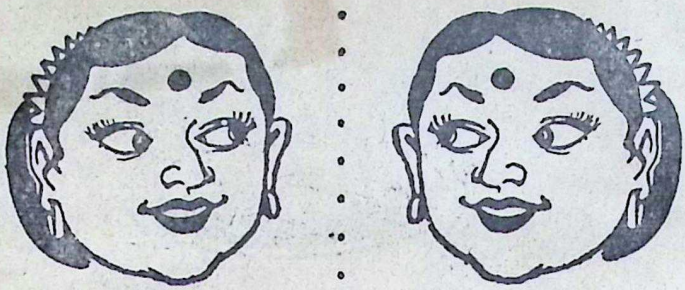

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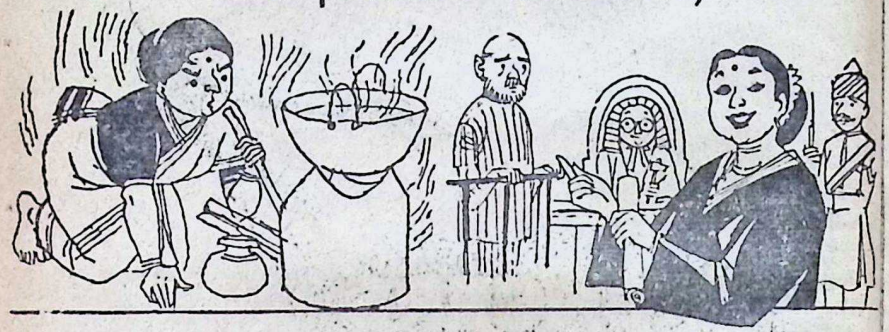

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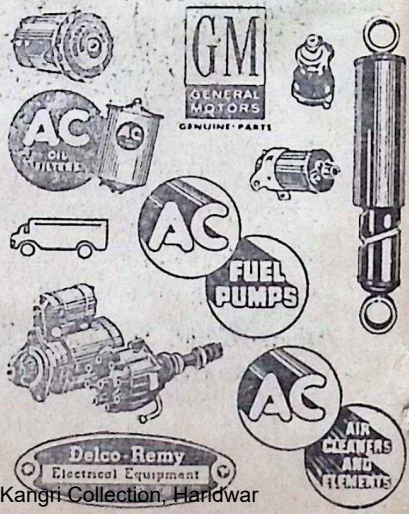

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Vol. VII, No. 12 JANUARY 8, 1961

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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FRONT COVER

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. VII | JANUARY 8, 1961 | No. 12

AHISHASURA-MARDINI

यि गिरिनन्दिनि नन्दितमेदिनि विश्वविनोदिनि नन्दनुते
गिरिवरविन्ध्यशिरोधिनिवासिनि विष्णुविलासिनि जिष्णुनुते।
गवति हे शितिकण्ठकुटुम्बिनि भूरिकुटुम्बिनि भूरिकृते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते।

O, Daughter of the Himalayas! elighter of the earth! Playful director the Universe! You were worshipped Nanda (Gopa). You dwell on the op of the great mountain Vindhya. ompanion to Vishnu, You were orshipped by Arjuna. O, Goddess! ou look after Lord Siva's household. ou have a large family. Indeed You rich everything You touch. O, Slayer the demon Mahisha! You wear lovely ir. O, Daughter of Mountain, Victory nto You!

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 222

★ CULTURE ★ ITS SIGNIFICANCE AND VITALITY ★ ITS DISINTEGRATION*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
JANUARY 8, 1961

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

WHENEVER I speak or write about Indian Culture, my mind goes back to the early years of this century. I was then in the college and came under the influence of John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. Like some of you, we thought ourselves 'progressives' only when we looked down on our ancient heritage, and looked up to whatever came from the West. Even our great Epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata,* about which we knew quite a lot from our childhood, came into disrepute with us. The Mission Houses, through their little books, told us that those of us who drew sustenance from these Epics were no better than savages!

Then I made a little study of history, read some of our scriptures and began to see life through experience. I saw how our professor of English, a completely Westernised Bengali, was transformed into an apostle of Indian nationalism and a votary to become Sri Aurobindo.

The question that slowly began t confront me and that insisted on b ing answered was: 'How was it tha Indian Culture had survived when s many ancient cultures in history ha withered away?'

We then read of the greatness o Greece and of Rome; of the glori of Egypt and Persia; but all of the had become museum-pieces. On th other hand, how was it that the vit lity of Indian Culture had continue through the ages despite historic vicissitudes? Why?

In these days, when you are going be called upon to build a nation, your feet are not planted on the fou

* I delivered a series of lectures o 'Indian Culture through the Ages' the National Academy of Administratio at Mussoorie, where candidates selecte for the I.A.S., I.P.S., I.F.S. and oth services are being trained. I revis and edited the lectures and have no recast them in the form of Kulapati Letters.

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dations of our culture, you will be just 'foreigners'—as were the English members of the old Indian Civil Service. Without any roots in the soil, you will never be able to understand what our people are and what they want, nor would you be able to judge what they would assimilate, and why. Then, instead of letting our nation grow like a vigorous plant, you will try to *impose* expansion on our people,—and in vain.

I know how difficult it is for you to vitalise your roots in the soil. Today few of our educated young men are given a living faith in our great past through any influence at home. Our university education has also been depriving them of an insight into our culture. The enthusiasm for the study of Sanskrit is waning fast; the study of ancient Indian history is almost neglected. Most of you are being hypnotised into believing that the world began when the first Five Year Plan was published.

Today, in the flush of youthful years, you may not miss much having known little about Indian Culture. You will realise what you have missed when you have children of your own and want to provide them with the foundations of life; then you would find it too late to make good what you have missed.

●●●

We should learn to view life from a historical point of view before we can realise the value of culture. While history is the story of integration and disintegration of human aggregates, culture has been the greatest integrating force in men.

To start with, therefore, let us be clear about the meaning of culture. If there is one word which has been widely misused during the last fifteen years it is the word 'culture'. Dance and music are 'culture'; jazz and rock-'n-roll is 'culture'. In cities like Delhi and Bombay, cultural shows are performed every day, none of which has hardly any element of culture; often, they are characterised by a want of it. I found the other day that 'culture' tooth-picks were sold in the market! There are also cultural exchanges between nations, the object of which is to deprive us of our culture and to spy upon our country.

Culture is not civilization. If I may repeat an apt illustration which I have often given, Sri Ramachandra and Sita went about in a canoe; we move about in giant airlines. They put on bark clothes and walked on foot; we have nylons to wear and giant airlines to travel in. Our material equipment of life is decidedly better, more complex, physically more comfortable than that they had. But he would certainly be a bold man who would say that he has more of culture than Sri Ramachandra or Sita had!

The dress we wear, the factories we set up or the dams we build, are only a part of the 'civilization', the material equipment of life, which tends to increase in complexity with scientific progress. But essentially culture has little to do with material equipment of life. It is the characteristic way of life inspired by fundamental values, in which a people live. It is the sum total of the values expressed through art, religion, social institutions and behaviour, the overt acts of indi-

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viduals and mass action inspired by collective urge.

Mere geographical contiguity does not imply homogeneity of culture. In Africa, for instance, there are different peoples with varying traditions, social systems and norms of conduct. It will, therefore, be a misuse of the word to say that there is an African culture.

What then constitutes culture? Its first characteristic is continuity. It comes from the past, adjusts itself to the present, and moves forward to shape the future. The division of culture in relation to time does not, therefore, give a true picture of what it really is.

A culture becomes a flowing stream only when there is continuity of collective life in a people. In other words, a distinctive culture comes into existence when a people develop a continuous way of life. Such continuity expresses itself in various ways; in common traditions and norms of conduct; in common institutions; in a common memory of triumphs achieved; in a common aesthetic outlook; in a capacity for characteristic collective action.

If there are no common traditions, no common culture can come into existence. Nor is a common life possible without common norms of conduct approved by the thinking minority and generally accepted by the people.

For instance, wherever we go in India, we find certain norms of conduct accepted by a large section of the people. There are lapses no doubt, but they are considered a departure from approved conduct even by those who are guilty of them. If, for instance, we talk of a woman being as good as Sita in any part of India, most persons will understand what we mean and accept the validity of the test. It is true many women in actual practice do not act like Sita; but the good women will be expected to conform to the pattern of conduct prescribed by that ideal.

Again, people, in the course of developing a distinctive culture, give a uniform shape to their basic social institutions. If, for instance, basic institutions of a people like marriage or the family have no common outlook of purpose or ideal, their culture will have no distinctiveness and no continuity.

Further, for a people to have a vital culture, it is necessary that they should have a vivid memory of having achieved common triumphs in the past. Whether the triumphs are mythological, historical or imaginary makes little difference, but they must be closely woven into the collective consciousness of the people.

Geographical co-existence of two communities within well marked physical boundaries may foster the development of common culture, but by itself it is not an indication of the existence of a common culture. If Hindus and Muslims in India cannot look back to the memory of common triumphs and if one looks back with pride to Shivaji and Rana Pratap and the other to Mohammad Gazni and Ibrahim Lodi, no common culture can exist between the two.

I want to make it clear that all cultures need not possess all these characteristics in the same degree at the same time. In some period of time one or the other of the characteristics may

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be more pronounced than the rest in the same people; but most of them must be present in some form or the other to give vitality to a culture.

The most important characteristic of a vital culture is a common outlook among the people which, when faced with difficulty, resistance or adversity, can generate a collective will to action. In other words, the vitality of culture can be measured by the capacity of the dominant minority, and following it, the majority of a people, to offer collective resistance in a characteristic way. However, they cannot do so when the collective will to resist adverse circumstances is weak; then the culture becomes decadent and the people begin to disintegrate.

When all these characteristics, traditions, norms of conduct, institutions, memory of triumphs achieved and the collective will to action give power to a people to will themselves into a unit, their culture, as an integrating force, opens out a destiny for them.

An extraordinary phenomenon has occurred in the world during recent time, illustrating the virility and strength of a vital culture. Before World War II, Jews lived in many countries all over the world in ghettos and in concentration camps and had for centuries been subjected to inhuman persecution and sometimes to mass murder. During the World War II, sixty lakhs of them were burnt alive in Nazi camps. In spite of this savage persecution and mass massacre, they had built their life on common traditions and vivid memories of achievements of their ancestors glorified in the *Old Testament*.

Impelled by a collective will to action, these Jews migrated from 73 countries to Palestine. Inspired by the vivid memory of the 'Promised Land', given to them by Jehova three thousand years ago, these men and women —barely a million—worked, suffered, fought and died to build a new Israel. They converted deserts and swamps into a land of trees and flowers and farms and by rare heroism developed defensive might.

This provides the most brilliant example in history of the collective will generated by a common tradition and common memory of achievements, ancient though they were.

When we study the vitality of cultures, we find that all these characteristics are correlated to each other by certain fundamental values springing from a Central Idea which has the power to replenish their vigour.

With the passage of time environment changes, civilization alters its content, new disintegrating factors arise. When these phenomena become pronounced, a new age comes, and society, with it the culture, comes under the pressure of a new crisis. When such a crisis arises, the best among the dominant minority of the society are faced with a new responsibility. They have to accept the challenge; adjust their outlook to it; adjust their norms of conduct and basic institutions—but in the light of the fundamental value of their own culture and under the inspiration of its Central Idea.

'This Central Idea drives the

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stream of culture flows from the banks of Time, changing its course, throwing up formations, leaving behind weeds, meandering or roaring according to the conditions imposed by the pressure and material equipment of each section of time. When the conditions change, new wave crests are formed. But in its essential unity, its characteristic elements and its direction, it remains the same. When the Central Idea drives and inspires the way of life no more, the culture dies and with it die the people.'*

Take for instance a Greek of today. Though he lives in the same land, there is nothing in common between him and the Greek who lived in the times of Pericles. The fundamental values which prompted the life of those Greeks simply do not exist for him. We will, therefore, be justified in saying that the culture of ancient Greece died the day the representative of Greece did not find fulfilment in living up to the values of the Greek culture.

Similarly the culture of Ancient Rome died when its society was overwhelmed by the presence of foreign slaves and mercenaries from Gaul and Germany, and the best among the Roman youths ceased to worry about the values cherished by his ancestors which had made Rome the master of the world.

We thus find that culture can live only if the dominant minority in the culture group plays its part. In politics, the vote of a man on the verge of insanity is as good as that of the wisest. But in human affairs, it is the thinking and active minority, which Toynbee calls the 'dominant minority' that counts. If alive to the dangers of disintegration, it alone can develop the inspiration, courage and the vision that makes for the community's vitality, power and influence.

The vitality of a culture lasts only so long as the best men in the dominant minority find self fulfilment by living up to its fundamental values afresh. These values cannot be handed down from father to son as if it were a legacy. Every generation must recapture it afresh by trying to live up to it.

The values of a culture are recaptured for each generation by a subtle process of re-interpretation, re-integration and adaptation. When the culture is living, the promising young man and woman of the generation receive the impact of its fundamental values. The sensitive and the vigorous among them become each a human laboratory which absorbs the fundamental values relating them afresh to the Central Idea; stimulates them to meet the needs of the times; reintegrates the subsidiary values with the fresh vigour of the new interpretation and shapes the traditions and institutions without impairing the strength of the collective will.

Suppose a time comes in India—God forbid—when our young men and women are lost to the values and ideals of our culture, our culture would be dead. They may be civilised barbarians or second-class Westerners, but they can never be the torch-bearers of a living Indian culture for the age in which they live or for the future.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

* Munshi: *Our Greatest Need*, pp. 44 and 45.

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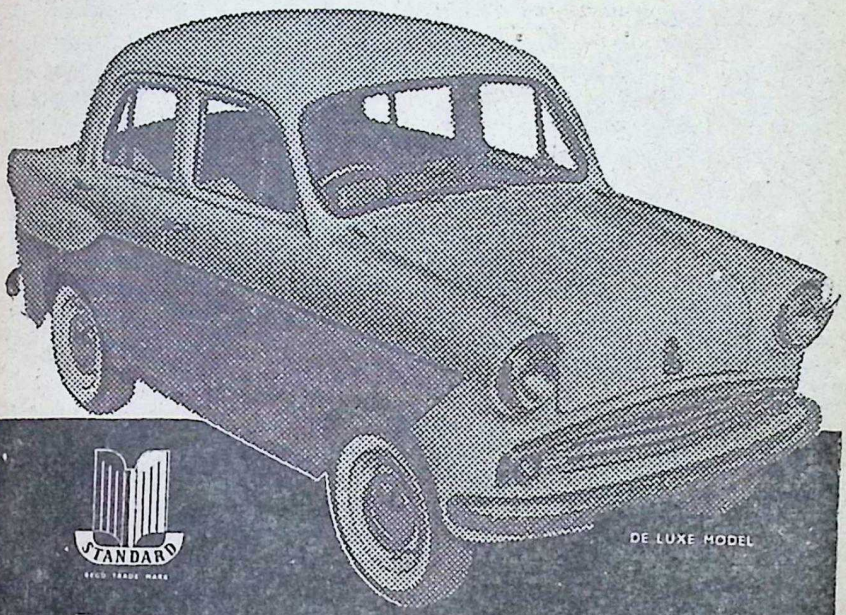

That is why more people find it is well worth waiting for a

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THE LORD'S NAME

The sin that has accrued to me through the desire for others' women and possessions and treachery to others, through reviling others to their great agony and traducing the great ones, the sin committed by me in childhood, boyhood, youth, and old age, and in another birth—may all that sin disappear as a result of the recital of the Lord's (Vishnu's) names, Narayana, Govinda, Hari, and Krishna, even as a cup of salt in water.

—Vamana Purana

The Lord's names are medicines; they are sacred mantras; they are the way to salvation in the other world, they are all the other good things, too; through them all acute miseries are destroyed; meditate only upon those names of the Lord.

—Jnanasambandhar

The name Narayana *will bless one with high birth and affluence; it will obliterate all the sufferings of the devotees; it will endow one with the heavenly state and the service of the Lord; it will bring success and all good things; it will perform for one more beneficial acts than one's own mother; that word I have found, the name* Narayana.

—Tirumangai Alvar

O Name of the Lord! Let there be the Vedas by hundreds, and by hundreds the piles of Puranas and Agamas; are these capable of giving the thought of the Lord without You? On the other hand, You who remove all weariness completely without any effort, can bestow that thought of the Lord without the aid of any of those.

—Shridhara Venkatesha

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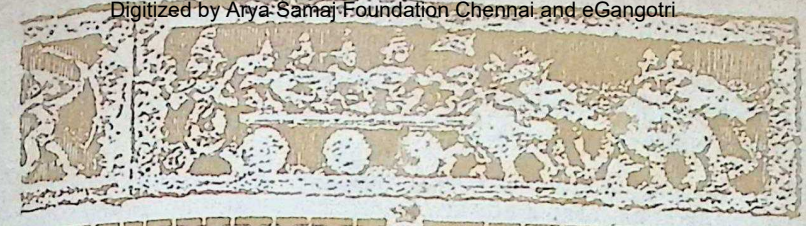

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

RAMA-GITA

After pledging to fulfil Kaikeyi's two boons, Rama goes to Kausalya's abode where she faints on hearing the news. Lakshmana who comes there and hears, falls into a fit of rage and threatens if need be to burn the universe. Rama soothingly embraces him and in the following verses disabuses him of his moha and incidentally the soka of Kausalya too.

शूरोऽसि रघुशार्दूल ममात्यन्तहिते रतः
जानामि सर्वं ते सत्यं किन्तु तत्समयो न हि ॥

"O, great among Raghus! I know your prowess and regard for my well-being. I know well, too, that all what you say is true, but this is not the occasion for stressing them.

यदिदं दृश्यते सर्वं राज्यं देहादिकं च यत्।
यदि सत्यं भवेत्तत्र आयासः सफलश्च ते॥

"If all these things seen, kingdom, this body and the rest, are immanent, your effort would bear fruit.

भोगामेघवितानस्थविद्युल्लेखेव चञ्चलाः।
आयुरप्यग्निसन्तप्तलोहस्थजलबिन्दुवत् ॥

"Pleasures are impermanent like the lightning emanating from the clouds. Even life ebbs away like a drop of water falling on heated metal.

यथा व्यालगलस्थोऽपि भेको दंशानपेक्षते।
तथा कालाहिना ग्रस्ते लोको भोगानशाश्वतान् ॥

"Even as the frog, caught in the jaws of a serpent longs for the mosquito, so too do the human kind, caught in the jaws of the serpent, Time, long for fleeting pleasures.

करोति दुःखेन हि कर्मतन्त्रं
शरीरभोगार्थमहर्निशम् नरः।
देहस्तु भिन्नः पुरुषात्समीक्ष्यते
कोवाऽत्र भोगः पुरुषेण भुज्यते ॥

"For the enjoyment of pleasures, man toils hard day and night in routine (*nitya*) and special (*naimittika*) activities. Would that he clearly understood that the body is anything but the Atman. Then he will realize that they are enjoyed by neither (and therefore

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illusory).*

पितृमातृसुतभ्रातृदारबन्ध्वादिसंगमः।
प्रपायामिवजन्तूनां नद्यां काष्ठैवच्चलः॥

"The father, mother, son, brother, wife and relatives join in this life just like people meeting in a watershed (for quenching their thirst) or crowd together like the jetsam and flotsam in the rivers.

छायेव लक्ष्मीः चपला प्रतीता
तारुण्यमम्बूमिवच्छ्वं च।
स्वप्नोपमं स्त्रीसुखमायुरल्पं
तथापि जन्तोरभिमान एषः॥

"Wealth is as insubstantial as the shadow; youth is short-lived like the waves of a water-surface; conjugal pleasure is as unreal as a dream; longevity is but too short, and yet people have great fascination for life.

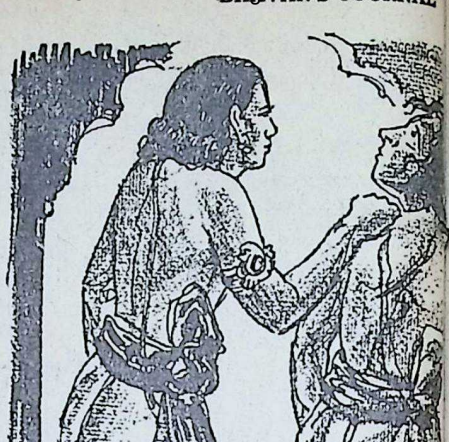
संसृतिः स्वप्नसदृशी सदा रोगादिसङ्कुला।
गन्धर्वनगरप्रख्या मूढस्तामनुवर्तते॥

"Life in this world is as unreal as the dream; ridden by diseases, fantastic like the clouds and yet the fool pursues it assiduously.

आयुष्यं क्षीयते यस्मादादित्यस्य गतागतैः।
दृष्ट्वान्येषां जरामृत्यू कथञ्चिन्नैव बुध्यते।

"With each rising and setting of the sun, life decreases and even after witnessing the old age and death of others (the fool) does not in any manner become the wiser for them.

प्रतिक्षणं क्षरत्येतदायुरामघटाम्बुवत्।
सपत्ना इव रोगौघाः शरीरं प्रहरन्त्यहो॥



"Each moment life oozes out like the water from an unbaked pot. Alas! Series of illnesses, like enemies, attack the body ceaselessly.

जरा व्याघ्रीव पुरतस्तर्जयन्त्यवतिष्ठते।
मृत्युः सहैव यात्येष समयं सम्प्रतीक्षते।

"Like the tigress, old age sits in front of him menacingly and death closely keeps company looking for its chance.

देहे अहंभावमापन्नो राजाहं लोकविश्रुतः
इत्यस्मिन्मनुते जन्तुः कृमिविड्भस्म
संज्ञिते॥

"This body ultimately ends up as worms (when buried), becomes excreta (when eaten up by animals) or becomes ash (when cremated) and yet man in his arrogance identifies the

* Body is inert; therefore it is incapable of experiencing pleasures. Atman is Bliss itself, therefore beyond trivial pleasures. It is the intermediary *chitta* therefore that creates the illusion of enjoying pleasures for a fleeting moment.

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body with his Self and proclaims himself "I am the King, I am far famed" etc.

त्वगस्थिमांसविण्मूत्ररेतोरक्तादिसंयुतः।
विकारी परिणामी च देह आत्मा कथं वद॥

"This body is composed of skin, bones, flesh, excreta, urine, semen, blood etc. It changes (with the changes in the secretions of the body). It is circumscribed (by the stages of youth, adult-hood etc.). How could such a body be identified with Atman (as defined by the Srutis), tell me?

यमास्थाय भवाँल्लोकं दग्धुमिच्छति लक्ष्मण।
देहाभिमानिनः सर्वे दोषाः प्रादुर्भवन्ति हि॥

"Lakshmana! When you say you would burn the whole world, aren't you subject to the same weakness (as *raga* and *dvesha*)? And don't you know that, for all those who are addicted to their body, evil alone results? (Therefore give up *raga, dvesha* etc.).

देहोऽहमिति या बुद्धिरविद्या सा प्रकीर्तिता।
नाहं देहश्चिदात्मेति बुद्धिर्विद्येति भण्यते॥

"The assumption that the body is the self is known as Avidya. I am not the body; I am *Chit*; I am Atman—this knowledge is called Vidya.

अविद्या संसृतेर्हेतुः विद्या तस्या निर्वर्तिका।
तस्माद्यत्नः सदा कार्यो विद्याभ्यासे मुमुक्षुभिः॥
कामक्रोधादयस्तत्र शत्रवः शत्रुसूदन॥

"Avidya is the root cause of the cycle of birth and death; Vidya is that which removes that cycle. Hence those desiring *moksha* should try to imbibe that Vidya even in their early education. (Inasmuch as Avidya is declared enemy, it will start undermining Vidya from the beginning). O, annihilator of enemies! Desire, anger and their kind are your real enemies.

तत्रापि क्रोध एवालं मोक्षविघ्नाय सर्वदा।
येनाविष्टः पुमान्हन्ति पितृभ्रातृसुहृत्सखीन्॥
क्रोधमूलो मनस्तापः क्रोधः संसारबन्धनम्।
धर्मक्षयकरः क्रोधस्तस्मात्क्रोधं परित्यज॥

"Of these anger alone would do to stop you from the gates of heaven for ever. Under its influence man kills even his own father, brother, and friends. From anger results misunderstanding. Anger pegs one to mundane life. It destroys *dharma*. Hence give up anger completely.

[1]क्रोध एव महान् शत्रुः तृष्णा वैतरणी नदी
सन्तोषो नन्दनवनं शान्तिरेवहि कामधुक्।
तस्माच्छान्तिं भजस्वाद्य शत्रुरेवं भवेन्न ते।

"Anger is the mighty foe (Yama); Greed is the river Vaitarani[2] (difficult to cross.) Happiness is Indra's garden Nandana (with its myriad beauties). Peace is the divine cow Kamadhenu. Therefore acquire peace when you will have no enemies.

देहेन्द्रियमनः प्राणबुद्ध्यादिभ्यो विलक्षणः॥
आत्मा शुद्धः स्वयंज्योतिरविकारी निराकृतिः॥

"Atman is completely different from body, senses, mind, breath, intellect etc. Atman is all Purity; self-luminous; admits of no change; has no shape.

---

[1] There is another recension of this line which has:

क्रोध एव यमः साक्षात् .....

meaning, anger is Yama incarnate. On the way to Hell.

(*Continued on page* 20)

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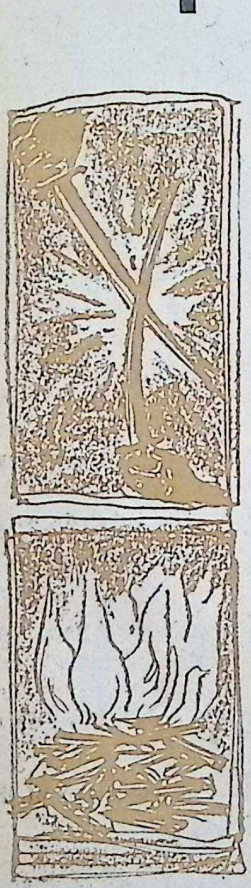
Keep Watch, India!

GURUDEV TAGORE



The last sun of the century sets amidst the blood red clouds of the West and the whirlwind of hatred.

The naked passion of self-love of Nations, in its drunken delirium of greed, is dancing to the clash of steel and the howling verses of vengeance.

The hungry self of the Nation shall burst in violence of fury from its own shameless feeding.

For it has made the world its food.

And licking it, crunching it, and swallowing it in big morsels,

It swells and swells,

Till in the midst of its unholy feast descends the sudden shaft of heaven piercing its heart with grossness.

The crimson glow of light on the horizon is not the light of thy dawn of peace, my Motherland.

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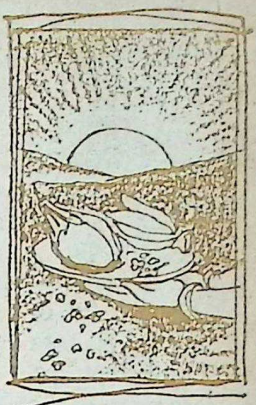
It is the glimmer of the funeral pyre burning to ashes the vast flesh—the self-love of the Nation—dead under its own excess.

Thy morning waits behind the patient dark of the East,

Meek and silent.



Keep watch, India.

Bring your offerings of worship for that sacred sunrise.

Let the first hymn of its welcome sound in your voice and sing

"Come, Peace, thou daughter of God's own great suffering.

Come with thy treasure of contentment, the sword of fortitude,

And meekness crowning thy forehead."

Be not ashamed, my brothers, to stand before the proud and the powerful

With your white robe of simpleness.

Let your crown be of humility, your freedom the freedom of the soul.

Build God's throne daily upon the ample bareness of your poverty

And know that what is huge is not great and pride is not everlasting.

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ADHYATMA RAMAYANA—*contd.*

यावद्देहेन्द्रियप्राणैर्भिन्नत्वं नात्मनो विदुः ॥
तावत्संसारसारदुःखौघैः पीड्यन्ते मृत्यु-
संयुताः ।
तस्मात्त्वंसर्वदा भिन्नमात्मानं हृदि भावय ॥

"As long as people do not realise their real selves as different from the body, senses, breath etc., they will continue to be subject to the ills of life and be affected by death. Therefore always conceive in your heart that Atman is different from the body.

बुद्ध्यादिभ्यो बहिः सर्वमनुवर्तस्व मा खिदः ।
भुञ्जन्प्रारब्धमखिलं सुखं वा दुःखमेव वा ॥

"With the knowledge that you are different from the intellect etc., firmly established in your heart, follow the avocations of life, but do not feel affected by them. Thus, you will eat up all your destiny, whether good or evil.

प्रवाहपतितं कार्यं कुर्वन्नपि न लिप्यसे ।
बाह्ये सर्वत्र कर्तृत्वमावहन्नपि राघव ॥

"Even if caught in the whirlpool of Samsara in doing the actions, you will not be touched by them. Indeed, O Lakshmana, even by your full outward assumption of doership, you will remain untouched by them.

संसारदुःखैरखिलैर्बाध्यसे न कदाचन ।
त्वमप्यम्ब ! मयाऽऽदिष्टं हृदि भावय
नित्यदा ॥

"Mother, be pleased to bear what I have been telling just now and await my return; you will not be afflicted by sorrow for long!"

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In this article the Mahamana expounds how our Sanatana Dharma is a practical manual for the observance of the principles of Truth and Ahimsa.

Bedrock of Sanatana Dharma

Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya

भगवान् वासुदेवो हि सर्वभूतेष्ववस्थितः।
एतज्ज्ञानं हि सर्वस्य मूलं धर्मस्य शाश्वतम्॥

"The knowledge that Sri Vasudeva is dwelling in the heart of every living creature is the eternal and abiding principle of Sanatana Dharma."

The same truth has been preached by the Lord in *Srimad Bhagavadgita*:

समोहं सर्वभूतेषु.....

"I am undifferentiated in all creatures."

He further says:—

विद्याविनयसम्पन्ने ब्राह्मणे गवि हस्तिनि।
शुनि चैव श्वपाके च पण्डिताः समदर्शिनः॥

"The wise look equally on a learned and cultured Brahman, on the one hand, and a cow or an elephant or a dog or a pariah (*chandala*) on the other."

That is to say, they realized that they are equally susceptible to pleasure and pain.

The Lord also says:—

आत्मौपम्येन सर्वत्र समं पश्यति योऽर्जुन।
सुखं वा यदि वा दुःखं स योगी परमो मतः॥

"Verily he should be regarded as the greatest *Yogi* who looks upon all as equal, on the analogy of his own Self so far as pleasure and pain are concerned."

The sage Vedavyasa has therefore said:

श्रूयतां धर्मसर्वस्वं श्रुत्वा चाप्यवधार्यताम्।
आत्मनः प्रतिकूलानि परेषां न समाचरेत्॥
न तत् परस्य संदध्यात् प्रतिकूलं यदात्मनः।
एष सामासिको धर्मः कामादन्यः प्रवर्तते॥

"Know this to be the essence of religion and then practise it: refrain from doing unto others what you will not have done unto yourself,—what you may resent, if done unto you.

"We should not do unto others what we may resent, if done to ourselves. In short, that is religion: all other creeds have some selfish motive behind them."

जीवितुं यः स्वयं चेच्छेत् कथं सोऽन्यं प्रघातयेत्।
यद्यदात्मनि चेच्छेत तत् परस्यापि चिन्तयेत्॥

"How can he who wants to survive dare take the life of others? One should always design such things for others as one may choose for one's own self."

The virtues of harmlessness (अहिंसा)

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truthfulness (सत्य) and refraining from wrongful possession of a thing (अस्तेय) —the practice of all of which has been enjoined upon every human being and the neglect of which is sure to lead to one's downfall,—take their stand on the above doctrine.

It is in pursuance of these tenets that the performance of the five great sacrifices (पञ्चमहायज्ञ) has been enjoined upon us by the Vedas in atonement for the sin accruing from the unintentional taking of any life.

Carnivorous animals, such human beings as may be bent upon taking our life or that of any other innocent person or robbing him of his property or outraging his religious susceptibilities, those who assault us or invade our country or village and those who practise incendiarism or administer poison to others have been characterized as outrageous persons (आततायी).

It has been made obligatory on us to kill such persons or creatures by way of self-defence, when necessary, with a view to protecting the person, property, faith or honour of a brother or sister of ours. It is, however, a sin to kill innocent and harmless creatures.

It is in pursuance of the above doctrine that Hindus have from the Vedic period down to the present day maintained an attitude of sympathy towards all innocent creatures of the world.

The cow is adored by the Hindus as a mother (लोकमाता) in recognition of the fact that the supplies wholesome milk to the human race and benefits them in so many other ways. It is, therefore, specially incumbent on every human being to preserve this useful animal.

Even ordinarily it is forbidden (अकार्य) according to the fundamental doctrine of the above religion to take the life of any innocent and harmless creature, to rob anyone of his or her life and property, to wrong anyone, or to practise fraud upon anyone.

It is in consonance with the above fundamental doctrine that it has been enjoined upon the followers of the Vedic religion to feed not only human beings but even birds, beasts and all other creatures through the ritual known as बलिवैश्वदेव as will be clear from the verses quoted below:—

ततो अन्यदन्नमादाय भूमिभागे शुचौ पुनः।
दद्यादशेषभूतेभ्यः स्वेच्छया तत् समाहितः॥
देवा मनुष्याः पशवो वयांसि
सिद्धाः सयक्षोरगभूतसङ्घाः।
प्रेताः पिशाचास्तरवः समस्ता
ये चान्नमिच्छन्ति मया प्रदत्तम्॥
पिपीलिकाः कीटपतङ्गकाद्या
बुभुक्षिताः कर्मनिबन्धबद्धाः।
प्रयान्तु ते तृप्तिमिदं मयान्नं
तेभ्यो विसृष्टं सुखिनो भवन्तु॥
भूतानि सर्वाणि तथान्नमेत–
दहं च विष्णुर्न तलोऽन्यदस्ति।
तस्मादहं भूतनिकायभूत–
मन्नं प्रयच्छामि भवाय तेषाम्॥
चतुर्दशो भूतगणो य एष तत्र स्थिता येऽखिल-
भूतसङ्घाः।
तृप्त्यर्थमन्नं हि मया विसृष्टं तेषामिदं ते मुदिता
भवन्तु॥

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इत्युच्चार्य नरो दद्यादन्नं श्रद्धासमन्वितम् ।
भुवि भूतोपकाराय गृही सर्वाश्रयो यतः ।

After performing other Yagnas (sacrifices) a householder should take some more food, as much as he may like to have, and, placing it on clean ground, offer it with a peaceful mind to all creatures with the following words:—"May this food, which I have set apart on this occasion, serve to appease and gratify gods, human beings, animals, birds, Siddhas, Yakshas, Nagas and other beings, reptiles, evil spirits (प्रेत), and genii (पिशाच) trees, ants, insects, moths and other creatures, whoever may be starving in consequence of their past actions and may want food from me. All the above-named creatures, the food which is lying here and my own self are none else than Vishnu; there is nothing apart from Him. That is why I offer this food, which constitutes the body of the various creatures, for the sake of preserving them."

The householder should then devoutly leave the food on the ground for the good of all creatures, as *he* is the mainstay of all.

Again, in pursuance of the above doctrine, the followers of Sanatana Dharma, while performing the ritual known as *Tarpana* every day, appease not only their forefathers but the living beings of the whole universe, as will be evident from the following verses:—

देवासुरास्तथा यक्षा नागा गन्धर्वराक्षसाः ।
पिशाचा गुह्यकाः सिद्धाः कूष्माण्डास्तरवः खगाः ॥
जलेचरा भूनिलया वायवाधाराश्च जन्तवः ।
प्रीतिमेते प्रयान्त्वाशु मद्दत्तेनाम्बुनाखिलाः ॥
एतेषु समस्तेषु यातनासु च ये स्थिताः ।
तेषामाप्यायनायैतद्दीयते सलिलं मया ।
येऽबान्धवा बान्धवा वा येऽन्यजन्मनि बान्धवाः ।
ते सर्वे तृप्तिमायान्तु ये चास्मत्तोयकाङ्क्षिणः ॥

"The Devas, the Daityas, the Yakshas, the Nagas, the Gandharvas, the Rakshasas, the Pisachas, the Guhyakas, the Siddhas, the Kusmandas, plants, birds, aquatic creatures, burrowing animals, creatures flying in the air, all may be appeased with the water offered by me. I offer this water with a view to alleviating the sufferings of those who are undergoing tortures in the various infernal regions. I offer this water to appease those who have been connected with me by ties of blood or not, or those who may have borne kinship with me in any previous life or those who may be expecting an offering of water from me."

The quantity of food that remains after allotting the share of crows and dogs is too inadequate to appease all other creatures (सर्वभूतेभ्यः). Notwithstanding this, it has been made obligatory on every householder to perform this ritual (बलिवैश्वदेव) because it symbolizes the sacred and lofty idea that a human being stands in the relation of a brother to all his fellow creatures, and further serves the high and laudable object of surcharging the atmosphere of the world with the idea of fellowship of all living beings under the fatherhood of God and nourishing the idea with the moisture of love, like drops of tears.

One cannot adequately praise the catholicity of this faith, which will also be evident from the following benedictory verse coming from the pen of one of the foremost and universally adored exponents of this faith, the great seer Vedavyasa, who personified in himself the golden maxim सर्वभूतहितेरतः (one should always be devoted to doing good to others):—

सर्वे भवन्तु सुखिनः सर्वे सन्तु निरामयाः ।
सर्वे भद्राणि पश्यन्तु मा कश्चिद् दुःखभाग् भवेत् ।

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"May all living beings be hale and hearty; may all see happy days; let no one be miserable."

Lord Sri Krishna, the life and soul of Sanatana Dharma, has extended a loving invitation to the whole human race in the following inspiring and reassuring words:—

"Leaving all other creeds alone, take refuge in Me. I shall absolve thee from all sins. Do not worry."

My devout prayer is that, guided by this divine light, all religious-minded persons, after refining and solidifying their knowledge and replenishing the store of their vigour and zeal, may propagate the truths underlying this creed and convince the whole world that God is one and only one. in His essence, He is present not in all human beings but in all o animals and plants,—in other wo in human beings, beasts, birds and sects, moths, trees and plants a and that the best mode of wors ping Him is to feel the divine p sence in all creatures, to be frien with all and to wish all well.

Let us all consolidate and pro gate the divine energy by preach the cult of universal love and dif ing this true knowledge.

Let us drive ignorance and prom mutual good-will, happiness and pe among men by preaching truth ness, righteousness and compassio

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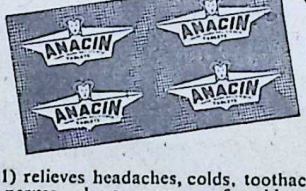

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k.m.munshi

krishnavatara

PART II

12. THE FLIGHT

EMPEROR JARASANDHA flew into an ungovernable rage. His son-in-law, Kamsa, an ble lieutenant, had been murdered by s nephew. His two daughters, Asti nd Prapti, had become widows in eir teens. A cadet of his family, Vri ighna, had been cut to pieces. The ower that he had built around his mbitious son-in-law had been demo shed. And that too, by two boys!

It was a blow to him personally as so to his power and prestige. His al es and feudatories, who were present Mathura at the time, came away umiliated and insulted. They sent him orts of what had happened. Parti larly, Rukmi, the Prince of Vidar ha, came to Girivraja himself to nar te the events in lurid detail.

When his daughters, the widows of amsa, after the usual period of a year's mourning, returned to the parental home, they wailed and wailed, and cursed the father who could not protect their husband, the brave and loyal ruler of Mathura. Then the Emperor swore an oath: 'I swear by the Lord of Gods that I shall never rest till I send the sons of Vasudeva to the Land of Yama, the God of Death'.

And he summoned his staunch allies —Damaghosh of Chedi, Rukmi, the Prince of Vidarbha, Vinda and Anuvinda, the Princes of Avanti, Varad, the chief of Trigarta, King Salva and others—to join him in his march on Mathura. The two sons of Vasudeva must pay the price of their heinous crime.

Messengers ran to and fro, and when the preparations were complete and the rainy season was over, the emperor of Magadha marched on

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Mathura.

When Jarasandha was away from Mathura by a few days' march, the news came to the Yadava chiefs that the mighty conqueror was approaching the town to demand the heads of Krishna and Balaram.

Balaram had returned home from Sandipani's Ashram earlier. Later Krishna returned after restoring Punardatta to the Guru.

The news of Krishna's return after vanquishing the lord of Vaivasvatpur in Patala and rescuing Sandipani's son under miraculous circumstances, electrified Mathura. And when he arrived, the whole town, led by King Ugrasena, came out to receive him. Jubilations were held, and by a unanimous verdict of the Yadavas, the eighteen-year-old son of Vasudeva, the saviour, was invited to lead them.

But Mathura, which flourished so far on Kamsa's leadership of a few kings and the strength of the Magadhan force, was in a sorry plight. King Ugrasena was old and weak, Akrura, too saintly, Vasudeva too good. Old Bahuka Andhaka was dead and so was Pradyota. The Yadavas, who had returned to their native town, were disorganised and grousy.

Krishna, at first, declined the honour he was offered and suggested Balaram as the leader. But the Yadavas were not happy at the idea and the young giant knew the worth of his brother and his own easy-going temperament better. He would not accept the leadership.

When Mathura learnt of the approach of the confederate forces of Jarasandha, panic was univers King Ugrasena immediately called council of war of the principal Y dava chiefs. Among the elders them were Vasudeva and his brothe Akrura and Vikadru, the guardian the fort. Gada and Shanku led younger chiefs. Krishna was the seated at the right hand of the Kin With him were Balaram and Uddh va. On his left was old Gargachar the sage.

They carefully heard the spi who described the strength of t army, its readiness to lay a long sie the loyalty of the feudatories who h joined hands with Jarasandha, t oath which he had sworn to ta revenge on Vaasudeva and Balara

The Yadava chiefs, after they hea the report, were silent for a whi Then spoke Ugrasena: 'How lo can we sustain the siege, Vikadru'

For a moment Vikadru looked do as if collecting his thoughts and th with folded hands replied: 'Lord, cuse me if I tell you the blunt tru But in times of danger, self-delusi is sure destruction.' He paused a then continued: 'Prince Kamsa, n in heavens, was sure of his stren which his alliance with Jarasand gave him and left Mathura practica unguarded. Our fort has not yet b fully repaired. The moat has been neglect for years. We have no su cient stock of arms, nor of foodstu to stand a siege.'

'Oh, God of Gods!' exclaimed K Ugrasena.

'Besides, most of the Yadavas, had left the city due to fear of Prince, have now returned. In spite our best efforts, they continue to

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restive; they think that whatever happens to others, they must be looked after first. And if we persist in defying Jarasandha, I shall not be surprised if the people in the city resent our action. Ordinary mortals are not cast in a heroic mould. They want to be protected; they think it is their due; they have little regard for those who protect them, if they have to bear hardships.'

When Akrura told them in detail as to what happened in Hastinapur, all were lost in thought.

Then Akrura continued in a serious tone. 'Our friends, you know, have practically let us down. King Damaghosh of Chedi, the lord of Bhojas, is inscrutable. He helps us with arms in secret, but joins the march of Jarasandha. As you know, I returned from Hastinapur practically with empty hands. Venerable Bhishma was very sympathetic, but was not ready to pledge support. King Dhritarashtra was elusive; his son Duryodhana thinks we are allied with the sons of Pandu and, though he did not say so in words, was hostile. If Mathura becomes powerful, he is afraid, his cousins would grow powerful too.'

'It is clear that we can't stand out for long,' said Ugrasena.

'I am afraid, we can't stand the siege for more than a few days,' said Vikadru.

'Krishna has begun to train our young men to real warfare only recently, but their morale is poor,' said Vasudeva.

Krishna folded his hands and with due humility interrupted his father, 'Lord, I move among the people and know all about them. War is fought not with arms, but with hearts. And few men in Mathura have the heart to die in defence of their homes.'

King Ugrasena sighed.

'When uncle Kamsa was alive, the Yadavas were strong because of their hatred, not because they had the resolute will to defend themselves against oppression', said Krishna.

'It is only too true.'

'They will develop the resolute will, but it will take time. I fully realise what the noble Vikadru has said: We are not ready to defy Jarasandha and save Mathura,' said Krishna.

'That is true,' said Ugrasena. 'Unfortunately all the kings who surround Mathura are not disposed to help us. Vaasudeva, you are our saviour, the leader of our forces. Do what you think best.'

'Krishna, we have implicit confidence in you, your foresight and your wisdom. Suggest to us the best course possible,' said Vasudeva.

'Father, I have no doubt as to the course to be adopted. We are too weak to resist the enemy at present. Jarasandha wants only two of us. But for us, he would not have invaded Mathura. The best thing, therefore, will be for us to leave the town for some distant spot. On learning that we have fled, Jarasandha will not waste his time in besieging Mathura, but try to follow us,' said Krishna.

'But where will you go? His domains are vast and his allies are spread right upto the Sahya Mountains,' said Akrura.

'Do not worry about us. Nothing is ever going to happen to us. Jarasandha

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has waxed mighty, but might, unaided by *Dharma*, dies. And I see before me the end of Jarasandha. But that moment has not come,' said Krishna.

'But Jarasandha will be here in a few days', said Akrura.

'We will start immediately. Noble Vikadru, who has travelled to the ends of the earth, will tell us where we should go,' said Krishna.

'*Vaa*sudeva, you are noble and wise. What you have suggested is the best course'.

'But where would they be safe?' asked Vasudeva. 'Damaghosh, the King of Chedi, though the husband of my sister, is Jarasandha's friend. Bhishmaka of Vidarbha, and particularly his son Rukmi, are Jarasandha's dependants.'

'Far beyond their domains are the Sahya Mountains which touch the high heavens,' replied Vikadru, explaining the position with the volubility of an old man. 'Beyond it is Karvirapur on the banks of Venya. It was founded in ancient days by Padma Varma, the step-brother of our ancestor Madhava. His descendant, King Shrigalava, is our relative and will welcome you.'

'How is Shrigalava related to us?' asked Balaram, who, in his characteristic way, was hearing the whole conversation indifferently.

'Balaram, it is time you knew about Shrigalava. *Vaa*sudeva, it will show you how widely spread we Yadavas are'.

'Yes, I think you should tell them of Yadavas of other lands where they are going,' said Vasudeva.

'I had a mind to tell both your sons about it some day. But now that they are going, we don't know for how long, they should know it now. Krishna, you are our leader; the hope not only of Yadavas but of all Aryans is centred in you. What I tell you now may be helpful to you in your life'.

'Uncle Vikadru, I should like to hear all you know about Yadavas of other lands,' said Krishna courteously.

'Then listen,' said Vikadru.* 'King Harvyashva of the family of Emperor Yayati wedded Madhumati, the daughter of the demon Madhu, and received Anart and Surashtra as a gift. He then founded Girinagar. By five princesses, the daughters of the Naga King, Dhumravarna, he begot five sons. They were Muchkund, who founded Mahishmati and Purika in the Vindhyas; Padma Varma, who founded Karvirapur on the Venya; Sarasa, who founded Kraunchpur; Harit, who inherited from his maternal grandfather the island in the sea known for pearl fisheries; and Madhava, your ancestor. Madhava begot Satvat, who begot Bhima.'

After a pause Vikadru continued 'In his time, the region Madhuvana, then ruled by the sons of the demon Madhu, was destroyed by Shatrughna, the younger brother of Ramachandra, the son of Dasarath, the ruler of Ayodhya, and founded Mathura. Lord, later the valiant Bhima regained Mathura from

* This pedigree is taken from Vikadru's speech as given in Harivamsa. But Vikadru, though he said got this genealogy from Veda Vyas, evidently has mixed up genealogies. Anyway it throws light on the wide area over which the Yadavas had spread.

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the descendants of Shatrughna. Thus Mathura became the home of the Yadavas.'

'Oh King, Bhima, your noble ancestor, begot Andhaka; Andhaka begot Revat, who ruled over Girinagar in Surashtra which thereupon came to be called Raivataka. Revat begot Riksha of noble fame, who begot Vishwagarbha. He, as you know, was the father of Shoora and Babhru, from whom you Vasudeva and Akrura are descended,' continued Vikadru. 'Vaasudeva, don't forget that you are most powerfully connected. You have clansmen in Anart and Surashtra; in the Vindhyas and the Sahya Mountains. Sons of your father's sister Pritha are claimants to the empire of the Bharatas. His other sister, Shrutasrava, you know, is the queen of Chedi. Kings of Chedi and Vidarbha are Bhojas, the same as the Yadavas. Remember, Krishna, you are the centre of a vast....'

'What will happen to you both, my sons, if Jarasandha decides to pursue you, or Shrigalava betrays you?' asked Vasudeva anxiously.

'Father, do not worry about us. Whom *Dharma* protects is always safe,' said Krishna.

'And *Dharma* is there in the form of the immortal Bhargava, the son of the venerable Jamadagni,' said Gargacharya. 'Though he lives in Shurparaka,* which he claimed from the sea, he often visits the kingdoms of the Sahya Mountains. I will go to him myself and beg of him to look after you.'

'How can the venerable Bhargava be of any use? He has vowed not to use arms,' said Balaram.

'Yet his ancient wisdom is mightier than the terrible *parashu* with which he once destroyed kings.'

'Let us not spend time in talk,' said Krishna decisively. 'Long before the dawn breaks, we will be on our way. Venerable King, after we have gone a day and a night, please send Gada to Jarasandha with a message that if he wants Balaram and Krishna he won't find them in Mathura; he should seek them somewhere else. They have fled away. His vanity will then drive him to follow us and leave Mathura unharmed.'

[*To be continued*]

*Modern Sopara, near Bombay, which was an international port in pre-historic times.

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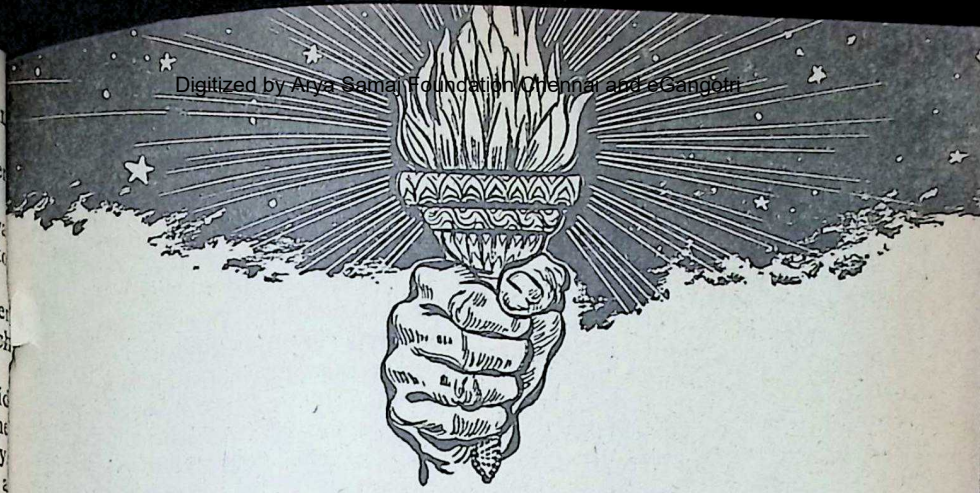

Pageant of Great Lives---15

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

THE last century, which witnessed the advent of Swami Vivekananda, signified the end of the medieval age and the setting up of the modern. It was a period of worldwide scepticism in matters religious and spiritual, of the superiority of scientific naturalism which refused to admit God or any spiritual principle in nature.

The educated community felt the religious and social organization of the country to be unsatisfactory and sought to remodel it on the European pattern.

So deeprooted was the European influence in the nineteenth century that "almost all the reformers of the last century", as aptly observed by Romain Rolland, "were Anglomaniacs and oscillated between the East and the West. Their characters also were compounded of the incompatible elements of the East and the West."

The only exception was the Saint of Dakshineshwar who was entirely free from the influence of the West and was the perfect embodiment of ancient Indian ideals.

Coming from a great Kshatriya aristocratic family, Narendra Nath

Dr. A. D. PUSALKER

Datta, later known as Swami Vivekananda, was born in Calcutta on Monday, the 12th January 1863.

From his mother, a highly educated woman of regal bearing, who, as he said, "has been the constant inspiration of my life and work", he inherited his royal bearing, his extraordinary memory and moral purity.

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His artistic sense, compassion and intelligence came from his father, a successful attorney-at-law, who led an ostentatious and restless life.

"The formative influences in his life", as stated by Sister Nivedita, "were threefold: first, his education in English and Sanskrit literature; second, the great personality of his Guru, illustrating and authenticating that life which formed the theme of all the sacred writings; and thirdly, ...his personal knowledge of India and the Indian peoples, as an immense religious organism...."

Under the influence of English education and the line of analytical and scientific thought, young Narendra, in his college days, turned agnostic for some time.

He had a strong desire to test the validity of the spiritual teachings. He confronted many religious teachers with his question: "Have you seen God?", but was not satisfied with their explanation or reasoning and was in search of someone who had seen God face to face. He met such a person in Sri Ramakrishna, who replied: "Yes, my child, I have seen God as I see you, but more intensely. I have talked to God but I have talked to God more intimately than I am talking to you."

About the faith in God, Swami Vivekananda said at the Chicago Parliament of Religions: "Whatever may be the position of philosophy, whatever may be the position of metaphysics, so long as there is such a thing as weakness in the human heart, so long as there is a cry going out of the heart of man in his very weakness, there shall be a faith in God."

The meeting of Narendranath and Sri Ramakrishna, the one representing the inquisitiveness, earnestness, scepticism and doubt of the modern age, and the other symbolizing the spiritual culture of three millennia, was pregnant with immense potentialities. The impact culminated in the divine union which meant a reunion of modern India with ancient India and resulted in the making of Swami Vivekananda. The personality of Swami Vivekananda represents the blending of these two lives, the old sage of Dakshineshwar and the young college student Narendra.

Under the kind and vigilant eye of Sri Ramakrishna, Narendra realized the full import of the teachings of the Hindu scriptures and the validity of all forms of discipline.

After the Master's passing away in August 1886, the disciples, under the leadership of Narendra, established a monastery at Baranagore and formed an order of Sannyasins dedicating their lives to the fulfilment of their Master's teachings.

Swami Vivekananda left the monastery within two years and spent the next six years as a Parivrajaka (wandering monk), traversing the whole of India from the Himalayas to Kanyakumari. His wanderings during this period gave him an intimate knowledge of the social and economic conditions obtaining in the country in the various strata, which wonderfully fitted him for the task of the regeneration of the country. This was the preparation for his complex role of preacher, a prophet and a patriot that he was to enact.

It is reported that in his wandering

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Swami Vivekananda lived with Tilak at Poona and "in their talks it was agreed that while Tilak would work for nationalism in the political field, Swami Vivekananda would work for nationalism in the religious field. While Tilak's sounding-board was the Indian National Congress, Swamiji's sounding-board was religion".

During his Parivrajaka days, says Romain Rolland, Swami Vivekananda was "gradually making himself the Conscience of India, its Unity and its Destiny. All of them were incarnate in him, and the world saw them in Vivekananda."

In 1893 at the request of his devotees and in response to the inner call, Swami Vivekananda left for the U.S.A. where, after his phenomenal success at the Parliament of Religions, he toured that country delivering the message of Vedanta, universal religion, and preaching the unifying principles of Hindu scriptures, during his stay of three years there. After visiting England and the Continent, he returned to India early in 1897 and received a hero's welcome.

His success abroad opened the eyes of his countrymen to his greatness and India was ready for his message which he delivered in his lectures during his triumphal march from Colombo to Almora. He pointed out the causes of national decadence and showed the remedies. He sought to make his countrymen conscious of the greatness of the country, the soul of which was spirituality, and taught them the immortal truths left by their forefathers and exhorted them to shake off their inertia and to rejuvenate themselves by the knowledge of

Dr. A. D. Pusalker

science.

Incessant strenuous work shattered the health of Swami Vivekananda considerably and with a view to restore it he undertook a second trip to the West in 1899 and returned after a year and a half. Thereafter, but for a short tour in East Bengal and Assam, he concentrated on the consolidation of the organization of the Ramakrishna Mission till his death at Belur Math on 4th July 1902.

II

Reference is made here to some interesting anecdotes from the life of Swami Vivekananda illuminating some facet of his character or elucidating some great Truth.

While travelling in North India with but a third class ticket and an ochre-cloak as his only possessions, one middle-aged north-Indian Bania, who did not approve of Sannyasa and believe in giving up the world and making money, was making merry at the young monk since the latter had been starving the whole

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day, saying that it was only right that the Sannyasin should starve. He added that he ate nice cakes, sweets and clear cold water because he had money. Not caring to earn money a Sannyasin has to rest content with a parched throat, an empty stomach and a bare ground to sit upon. The Swami looked on calmly.

Presently there appeared a person with a bundle and pot in his right hand and a carpet in his left. Spreading the carpet and placing the things he rushed to the Swami requesting him to take the food.

The Swami said that he never saw him before and there might be some mistake.

The man replied: "You are the Swami I have seen." On the Swami's showing surprise, the man explained: "I am a maker of sweets. While having the usual afternoon nap, I dreamt that Sri Rama was pointing you out to me telling that He was pained you had been starving from the previous day, and asked me to prepare instantly some cakes and go to the station with some sweets, nice cold water and carpet. Thinking it only a dream I slept again, but this time Sri Rama actually pushed me to get up and do as He said. I quickly prepared some cakes, etc. Now come and have your meal".

With love and thankfulness beaming on his countenance, Swamiji followed the good man, and the Bania philosopher stood rooted to the ground gazing at them with blank amazement.

Has not the Lord said in the *Bhagavadgita*: "Those who worship Me, meditating on Me alone, to them who ever persevere, I bring attainment of what they have not and security in what they have?"

Another incident reminds one of a similar one in the life of the great Sankaracharya.

During his stay, in the Parivrajaka days, with the Maharaja of Khetri in Rajputana, a dancer appeared when Swami Vivekananda was in the company of the prince and others, and the monk rose to go out. He, however, stayed on at the prince's request, and the woman and her song taught him a lesson in humility, exemplifying the Truh that all is Brahman, that there is the Divine in all beings:

"O Lord, look not upon my evil qualities!
Thy name, O Lord, is same-sightedness.
Make of us both the same Brahman!
One piece of iron is in the image in the temple,
And another, the knife in the hand of the butcher.
But when they touch the philosopher's stone
Both alike turn to gold!
So, Lord, look not upon my evil qualities!
One drop of water is in the sacred Jumna,
And another is foul in the ditch by the roadside.
But when they fall into the Ganges
Both alike become holy.
So, Lord look not upon my evil qualities!

Swamiji was completely overwhelmed. The confident faith expressed in the humble song affected him for life. Many years later he recalled it with emotion.

The philosophical systems of Dvaita, Visishtadvaita and Advaita (Dualism, Qualified Monism and Monism) had been regarded as offering to the soul three different ideals

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of liberation. No attempt had ever been made to reconcile these systems. Now on his return to India in 1897, Swami Vivekananda boldly claimed at Madras that even the utmost realization of Dvaita and Visishtadvaita were but stages on the way to Advaita itself, and the final bliss, for all alike, was the merger in One without a second.

At one of his question classes, he was asked why, if this was the truth, it had never before been mentioned by the masters. "— Because I was born for this and it was left for me to do," was the confident reply which startled the great gathering!

At Almora, an elderly man once put Swami Vivekananda a question about Karma: "What were they to do whose Karma it was to see the strong oppress the weak?"

In surprised indignation, the Swami asserted: "Why, thrash the strong, of course! You forget your own part in this Karma. —— Yours is always the right to rebel".

III

His extensive travels all over India had given Swami Vivekananda first-hand knowledge of the prevailing conditions. He was not slow to recognise the causes leading to our national degeneraton. Perversion of religion, associating sectarian prejudices and ritualistic formalism with real religion; tyranny over the masses, who were deep in abject poverty, ignorance and misery; disregard of the unmistakable lessons of the past; wrong interpretation of life; narrow conservatism resulting in isolation and cultural stagnation; want of faith, self-confidence, fearlessness and strength; neglect of women; want of organizing capacity; — these were the causes enumerated by him as responsible for our decadence.

To cure these evils and to raise India to her pristine glory Swami Vivekananda prescribed spread of real education and true spiritual ideas culminating in the propagation of the message of manliness, faith, strength and spirituality; social reform through the change of outlook; uplift of the masses by eradication of poverty; raising the status of women.

To carry out his schemes for the regeneration of the motherland Swami Vivekananda wanted a heroic band of workers, "a hundred thousand men and women, fired with the zeal of holiness, fortified with eternal faith in the Lord, and nerved to lion's courage by their sympathy for the poor, the fallen and the down-trodden" who "should go over the length and breadth of the land, preaching the gospel of salvation, the gospel of help, the gospel of social rising up,— the gospel of equality." He warned them: "Trust not to the rich...." It was not mere social service but service of Man as worship of God that Swamiji preached. Every sincere worker, according to him, should have a loving heart, pure motive and right course of action.

Religion occupied the premier place in the scheme of regeneration envisaged by Swami Vivekananda as, according to him, "Every improvement in India requires first of all an upheaval in religion." In his travels,

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he found that for the uplift of the nation it was necessary to energize the masses which could be achieved only by religion, rejuvenated and revitalized by infusing Vedantic ideas.

"In religion", he said, "lies the vitality of India, and so long as the Hindu race do not forget the great inheritance of their forefathers, there is no power on earth to destroy them."

He wanted a religion which would "give us faith in ourselves, a national self-respect and the power to feed and educate the poor and relieve the misery around us."

His study of Indian history had fortified Swamiji in his doctrine that spirituality was the foundation of Indian culture and Indian greatness, and that all social and political problems which confronted her deserved to be worked out from the spiritual point of view. Though political agitation is a necessity of modern times, politics has never been the central theme of our national life. He wanted the wonderful truths confined in the Upanishads to be brought out from the books, from the monasteries and from the forest and to be scattered abroad. "After preaching spiritual knowledge", he said, "along with it will come that secular knowledge and every other knowledge that you want."

To his compatriots, blinded by the glamour of the West, who were contemplating to transplant western plans and schemes in India, Swami Vivekananda pointed out that the only effective method of national awakening and solidarity was through religion.

"The problems of India", he said, "are more complicated, more momentous than the problems in any other country. Race, religion, language, government—all these together make a nation.... Therefore, the first plank in the making of a future India ... is this unification of religion.... I do not mean to say that political or social improvements are not necessary, but what I mean is this.... that religion is primary."

India holds the unique distinction of being the only country in the world that has worked through the ages to make religion the characteristic mark of her national life just as other fields characterize the distinguishing features of other nations. And the correctness of the choice of our ancestors has been vindicated by history by demonstrating that this choice has enabled the Hindus to survive so many political and social cataclysms and to retain their individuality through centuries.

Swamiji's plan for the elevation of the masses was to give them secular education and to prepare them to work for a better standard of life. But in his view this secular education was to be imparted through religion, for it was only through religion that even ideas of social and political advancement take root in India.

"Keep the motto before you", he said, "elevation of the masses without injuring religion." Religion was getting confined to don't-touchism, the kitchen and the cooking pot, and Swami Vivekananda wanted to reinstate pristine Upanishadic religion. His beautiful summing up of what religion means deserves thoughtful consideration. "Each soul is potenti-

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ally divine. The goal is to manifest this Divinity within by controlling Nature, external and internal. Do this either by work, or worship, or psychic control, or philosophy—by one or more or all of these and be free. This is the whole of religion. Doctrines or dogmas or rituals or books or temples or forms are but secondary details."

In this context, reference may be made to the emblem of the Ramakrishna Mission, so thoughtfully prepared by Swami Vivekananda, which signifies the harmony of the four Yogas: the heaving waters, symbolizing the Karmayoga; the lotus of Bhakti; the rising sun of Jnana and the coiled serpent symbolizing the hidden supersensuous power that Rajayoga releases.

To be agreeable with the temper of the modern age of science, reason and humanism, a religion must be scientific, rationalistic and humanistic of the highest degree. The universal religion preached by Swami Vivekananda eminently satisfies these requirements: "....the universal religion will be one which will have no location in place or time, which will be infinite like the God it will preach, and whose sun will shine upon the followers of Krishna and of Christ, on saints and sinners alike; which will not be Brahminic or Buddhistic, Christian or Muhammedan, but the sum total of these, and still have infinite space for development; which in its catholicity will embrace in its infinite arms and find a place for every human being, from the lowest grovelling savage, not far removed from the brute, to the highest man, towering by virtue of head and heart almost above humanity. It will be a religion which will have no place for persecution or intolerance in its polity, which will recognize diversity in every man and woman, and whose whole scope, whose whole form, will be centred in aiding humanity to realize its own true divine nature."

His ardent advocacy of the premier role of religion in the scheme of national reconstruction, however, did not make Swami Vivekananda oblivious of the havoc wrought in the name of religion by its fanatic adherents.

He frankly and boldly admitted that "Though there is nothing that has brought to man more blessings than religion, yet at the same time there is nothing that has brought more horror than religion. Nothing has brought more peace and love than religion; nothing has engendered fiercer hatred than religion. Nothing has made the brotherhood of man more tangible than religion; nothing has bred more bitter enmity between man and man than religion. Nothing has built more charitable institutions, more hospitals for men, and even for animals, than religion; nothing has deluged the world with more blood than religion."

Religion, of course, was not to be held responsible for the atrocities committed in its name. Swami Vivekananda said: "I claim that no destruction of religion is necessary to improve the Hindu society and that this state of society exists not on account of religion, but because religion has not been applied to society as it should have been."

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With all his praise of religion, however, Swami Vivekananda emphasized that it was not for empty stomachs. In several utterances Swamiji has given priority to the removal of poverty and misery among the masses.

According to him, "the root cause of all the miseries of India is the poverty of the people". "It is my firm conviction", he continued, "that it is futile to preach religion amongst them without first trying to remove their poverty and their sufferings...." "....first bread and then religion. We stuff them too much with religion when the poor fellows have been starving."

He, therefore, advised every man each day to take a hungry Narayana or a lame Narayana or a blind Narayana, or six or twelve according to his means, to feed him, to offer him the same worship as he would to Siva or Vishnu in the temple.

He sometimes goes to the length of subordinating religion to other interests of life, and defines his religion thus: "So long as even a dog of my country remains without food, to feed and take care of him is my religion and everything else is either non-religion or false religion."

The spread of education on proper lines and acquisition of material power and prosperity were held to be the means for the removal of poverty and distress among the masses.

Swami Vivekananda advocated the necessity of educating the Indian people in the various arts and sciences of the West, thus at once solving the "crying economic problems of the land and making the people fit for the struggle that faces them."

"The education", he said, "which does not help the common masses of people to equip themselves for the struggle of life, which does not bring out strength of character, a spirit of philanthropy, and the courage of a lion,—is it worth the name? Real education is that which enables one to stand on one's own legs."

He did not restrict the sphere of education to the knowledge of religious truths alone, but extended it to include all aspects of human culture, both spiritual and secular.

"Teach the masses in the vernaculars," he said, "give them the ideas; they will get information, but something more is necessary; give them culture. Until you give them that there can be no permanence in the raised condition of the masses."

He wanted a right type of education suited to the temper and genius of the people to be imparted to women, which would enable them not only to practise the ideals of domestic life, but also to influence and shape the corporate activities of the nation with great ease.

Along with deepening their ideal of chastity, they should be taught to cultivate self-respect and self-confidence, and the spirit of sacrifice and love of motherland.

"Studying the present needs of the age," he said, "it seems imperative to train some of them in the ideals of renunciation, so that they will take up the vow of life-long virginity, fired with the strength of that virtue of chastity which is innate in their

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life-blood from hoary antiquity.

"Along with that they should be taught sciences and other things which would be of benefit not only to them but to others as well."

Education should follow national lines and not imitate western standards. Along with Sita and Savitri, he wanted Mira Bai, Ahalya Bai, Rani of Jhansi, etc. to be placed before Indian women as ideals of purity, nobility, strength, devotion, heroism, love and piety blended in a beautiful harmony.

The aim of education should be to evolve such a balanced character. With proper education, Indian women would be able to solve their own problems.

VII

Swami Vivekananda was a great champion of strength, and innumerable passages carry forth his message of strength, fearlessness, faith, courage.

"The quintessence of the Vedas and Vedanta," according to him, "lies in that one word—strength." "First of all, our young men must be strong. *Religion will come afterwards.*" "You will be nearer to heaven through football than through the study of the *Gita*." "You will understand the *Gita* better with your biceps muscles a little stronger." "What the country now wants are muscles of iron and nerves of steel, gigantic wills, which nothing can resist, which....will accomplish their purpose in any fashion...."

These are some of his utterances advocating the cult of strength.

The complete faith and self-confidence of the people in their own strength was one of the most fundamental requisites essential for the regeneration of the nation, which had temporarily lost its moorings but by no means its innate driving force.

In his advocacy of strength Swami Vivekananda went to the length of respecting "even a wicked man as long as he proves himself to be strong and manly, for his inner strength will one day lead him to renounce his wickedness and his self-seeking schemes in order to discover Truth."

Allied with his advocacy of strength was Swamiji's condemnation in scathing and unmeasured terms, of weakness, which he regarded as the greatest sin along with fear.

According to him, "Strength is life, weakness is death." "It is weakness which is the cause of all misery in this world." Strength, of course, was the remedy, and with strength, must grow faith. He was constantly urging his countrymen to have faith in themselves, in their great past and in their glorious future. "Everything will come to you," he assured, "if you only have faith."

He was never tired of eulogising the Upanishads for their gospel of fearlessness. "The only religion that ought to be taught," said the Swami, "is the religion of fearlessness." "... freedom, physical freedom, mental freedom and spiritual freedom," according to him, "are the watchwords of the Upanishads."

It may be noted that Swamiji, though a devotee of divine love, was a believer in the use of force when necessary, refusing to allow mere materialists the exclusive right to have strong measures.

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VIII

Originally devised to emphasize the organic unity of Hindu society and never altogether rigid, the caste system was now petrified. It was introduced to keep out competition and to establish the supremacy of spiritual knowledge (typifying the Brahmana, not merely one born as such) over the military power, wealth or organized labour (represented by the Kshatriya, Vaisya and Sudra, not merely those born as such).

In giving preference to the Brahmana it was not the purpose to propound the superiority of one born as a Brahmana to those born as Kshatriyas, Vaisyas or Sudras; the real intention was to ensure the supremacy of "Brahmanness in which worldliness is altogether absent and true wisdom is abundantly present. That is the ideal of the Hindu race." "It is owing to caste," he said on another occasion, "that three hundred millions of people can find a piece of bread to eat yet. It is an imperfect institution, no doubt, but if it had not been for caste, you would have had no Sanskrit books to study."

Swami Vivekananda knew that divisions in society were natural and inevitable and were to be found in all countries in some form or other.

He was not against hereditary caste. "Caste should not go," according to him, "but should be readjusted accordingly." His solution of the caste problem was to make the lower caste realize the ideal of the highest caste in its culture and education and thus to raise it up to the caste of the Brahmana. Levelling up was his motto. "The solution of this huge problem," said he, "lies in not bringing down the higher but in raising the lower to the level of the higher. The ideal at the one end is the Brahmana and the ideal at the other end is Chandala and the whole work is to raise the Chandala up to the Brahmana."

IX

In the West, Swami Vivekananda was an apostle of Hinduism carrying the spiritual message, but in India he was more of a patriot, a worker for the regeneration of his motherland.

As the inspirer of the future generations of patriots and politicians, he was indeed a great patriot, according to his own conception of patriotism, which finds expression in the following question he asked: "You talk of patriotism, but has the thought of your motherland taken so much hold of you, that you have lost your sleep and you carry the burden of your people throughout your waking moments? That is real patriotism." But he did not associate himself with politics and kept all his institutions strictly aloof from politics. He emphatically denied any connection with politics. India was his love. He lived and died for India. It was inseparably bound up with his life.

Many of his prophesies based, as they were, on his deep study, minute observation, hard thinking, realistic approach and correct analysis of national and international affairs, have come wonderfully true, when none of his contemporaries even dreamt of them.

He clearly foretold the world wars, the rise of the proletariat, the futi-

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lity of military strength for world peace, and so on.

Thus does he speak of the potentialities of the masses and the sorry plight of the educated class, which we are experiencing today: "The peasant, the shoe-maker, the sweeper and such other lower classes of India have much greater capacity for work and self-reliance than you. They have been silently working through long ages and producing the entire wealth of the land, without a word of complaint. Very soon they will get above you in position. Gradually capital is drifting into their hands, and they are not so much troubled with wants as you are. Modern education has changed your fashion, but new avenues of wealth lie yet undiscovered for want of the inventive genius. You have so long oppressed these forbearing masses; now is the time for their retribution. And you will become extinct in your search for employment, making it the be-all and end-all of your life."

He recognized that no country can flourish in isolation. He found that the West could not live without Vedanta nor could India progress without scientific education, and in this exchange lay the salvation of humanity.

X

Truly did Swami Vivekananda speak of himself as "condensed India." In his life and work can be found solution for several social, economic, cultural or religious problems that India faces today or will have to face in future. His utterances, no doubt, constitute the whole Veda of the future. Eternal fearlessness and unfailing faith in ourselves were his gospel of life. His constant exhortation was to banish all ideas of weakness from our mind. He was of the firm opinion that the Vedantic truths of the divinity of the soul and the oneness of existence would serve, on the one hand, to unite the people of India by harmonizing their superficial differences, and on the other, to infuse enormous strength in the nation. In his new gospel of the unity and universality of Religion Eternal may be found the roots of universal harmony.

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[*Swami Vivekananda. Born on 12th January, 1863. Samadhi: 4th July, 1902.*]

Ordinary souls fear to assume the responsibility of instructing the world. A worthless piece of wood can only just manage to float, and if a bird settles on it, immediately it sinks. But Naren (Swami Vivekananda) is different. He is like the great tree trunks, bearing men and beasts upon the bosom of the Ganga.

— *Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa*

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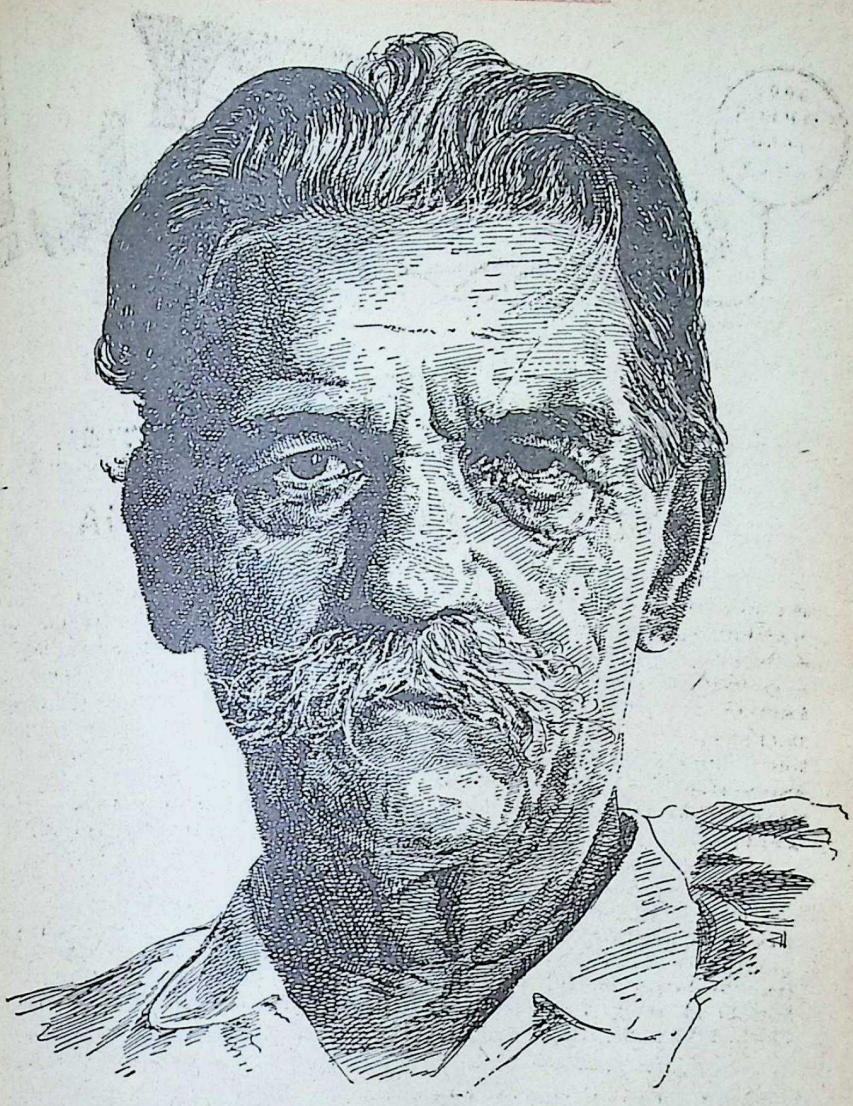

[Dr. Albert Schweitzer, born: January 14, 1875]

Incontestably Schweitzer is a great man—one of the greatest of this or any time. The majesty of his thought and the breadth and force of his ethical sense are almost, if not quite, Olympian. Schweitzer is too lofty, too manifold to grasp easily—a 'universal man' in the sense that Leonardo da Vinci and Goethe were universal men. —John Gunther.

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FESTIVE OCCASIONS

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"Spirit of Truth Greater Than Spirit of Circumstances"

Albert Schweitzer

EVEN while I was a boy at school it was clear to me that no explanation of the evil in the world could ever satisfy me; all explanations, I felt, ended in sophistries, and at bottom had no other object than to make it possible for men to share in the misery around them, with less keen feelings.

That a thinker like Leibnitz should reach the miserable conclusion that though this world is, indeed, not good, it is the best that was possible, I have never been able to understand.

But however much concerned I was at the problem of the misery in the world, I never let myself get lost in broodings over it; I always held firmly to the thought that each one of us can do a little to bring some portion of it to an end.

Thus I came gradually to rest content in the knowledge that there is only one thing we can understand about the problem, and that is that each of us has to go his own way, but as one who means to help to bring about deliverance.

In my judgment of the situation in which mankind finds itself at the present time I am pessimistic.

I cannot bring myself to believe that that the situation is not so bad as it seems to be, but I am inwardly conscious that we are on a road which, if we continue to tread, will bring us into "Middle Ages" of a new character.

The spiritual and material misery to which mankind of today is delivering itself through its renunciation of thinking and of the ideals which spring therefrom, I picture to myself in its utmost compass.

And yet I remain optimistic.

One belief of my childhood I have preserved with the certainty that I can never lose it: belief in truth.

I am confident that the spirit generated by truth is stronger than the force of circumstances.

In my view no other destiny awaits mankind than that which, through its mental and spiritual disposition, it prepares for itself.

Therefore I do not believe that it will have to tread the road to ruin right to the end.

If men can be found who revolt against the spirit of thoughtlessness and who are personalities sound enough and profound enough to let the ideals of ethical progress radiate from them as a force, there will start an activity of the spirit which will be strong enough to evoke a new mental and spiritual disposition in mankind.

Because I have confidence in the power of truth and of the spirit, I believe in the future of mankind.

Ethical world-and-life-affirmation contains within itself an optimistic willing and hoping which can never be lost.

It is, therefore, never afraid to face the dismal reality, and to see it as it really is.

—From *My Life & Thought*

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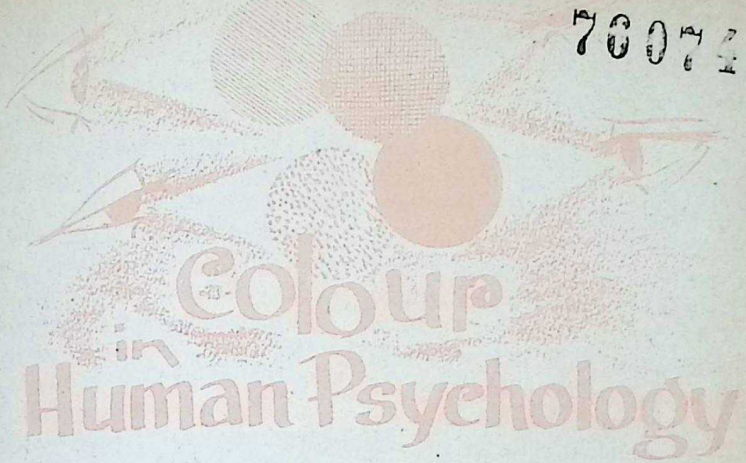

COLOUR plays a significant role in human life. It governs man's outlook and produces instantaneous reaction—either attraction or repulsion.

It is this weakness which is exploited by industrialists in selling their goods in attractive colours.

Spirit rises when the sky is blue and droops when it is overcast. In a convalescent for example red walls raise blood-pressure and make the emotionally unstable patients fight.

Blue has a cooling effect. Soft greens without too much yellow noticeably soothes and refreshes a person who is ill. A warm yellow, almost amber helps the mentally ill.

Restaurants have found colour a valuable ally. A cafeteria doubled its sales of salads by serving them on green plates instead of white, creating an illusion of bigger and greener salads.

Surgeons are using colour in the operation theatres. In hospitals white has been replaced by bluish green. Surgeons and nurses wear blue-green smocks and masks. This complementary hue of walls and smocks spares the surgeon's eyes during long periods of concentration under bright operating lights.

In "sight-saving class-rooms" set apart for children with faulty vision, yellow-tinted chalk on a leaf-green background have been found to provide a restful, pleasing contrast.

Sahib Singh Ahuja

Recently a manufacturer of office stationery experimented with pale-green ledger paper, with rulings of soft brown and dark green instead of the time-honoured red and blue. The new paper eliminated the glare of reflected light, and the new rulings were less 'jumpy'. People clamoured for more.

The president of a shoe manufacturing plant was inspecting his factory when a middle-aged machine operator complained of severe headache and

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blind spots. The president looked at the black finishing machine and at the black shoe in the operator's hand. The line of demarcation was hard to see. The president hit upon an idea and said: "Go down to the paint shop and pick out a bright pleasant colour. Clean your machine and paint it with it." It worked. Other operators asked permission to paint their machines and before long the plant was a rainbow of colours. And with the new contrast between leather and cutting edges, there was less fatigue. Consequently the accident rate fell off by nearly 70% and fewer shoes were damaged. Scores of manufacturers have since turned to coloured machines and decorative schemes to fight eye-strain and fatigue.

A colour chemist met a college pal he had not seen for years. The friend confided gloomily that he was planning a divorce. Said he, "My wife is so jumpy and irritable. I'll go crazy if I have to live with her much longer," he explained.

The colour expert went with his friend for dinner at the latter's place. Alone in the living room, afterwards, he confided to his friend: "You'd be a bundle of nerves too, if you had to live in this red room every day. You don't need a change of wife ; you need a change of wall-paper." The home was redecorated in restful blues and greys ; the wife's irritability disappeared and the husband forgot his idea about divorce!

The management of a Toronto chewing-gum plant decided recently that male employees were loitering too long in the washroom. The management did not want to take action against them, fearing labour trouble. A colour expert was called who solved the problem. The washroom walls were painted a harsh unpleasant green. The effect was irritating ; there was little temptation on the part of the male employees to linger for a second cigarette. The men returned promptly to work.

In a Montreal shoe-store sales dropped when a new carpet with prominent wine-and-red design was spread on the floor. A display consultant trained in colour psychology spotted the trouble immediately ; the carpet was exchanged for an unmarked one of greyish blue which enhanced the form and colour of shoes. Sales returned to normal.

Why are some colours exciting and stimulating, some soothing and relaxing, others depressing? These influences are the result of two factors: (1) The optical capabilities of the eye itself, or the manner in which it sees colours ; (2) the effect of long familiarity with certain colours.

Light, a form of electromagnetic energy, travels in waves of different sizes, each colour having its own wave-length. When we see a bundle of all the wave-lengths in a visual spectrum at one time, they combine to make us see white light. When this light gets pulled apart by objects reflecting only a part of it, we see the reflected portion as one of the colours And colour wave-lengths range from red, the longest at 1/33,000 of an inch, to violet, the shortest at 1/67,000.

The human eye focusses most easily on red, orange and yellow. These colours outline sharply on the eye retina. They are the "vigorous" colour

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and nature uses them frugally. Only in the last hundred years, with extensive development of paints and dyes, have red, orange and yellow become common colours.

These two facts—the sharpness with which the eye sees them and their relative newness in mankind's history—make them exciting and stimulating.

But they too can be stimulating. Moderate doses for instance prevent boredom and make physical work easier; heavy doses overstimulate, induce fatigue, and become mentally irritating. Some psychiatrists say that a person forced to live for a few weeks in a bright-red room, would wind up stark mad!

There is another factor. For more than 30,000 years man squatted around campfires—he has been stoking furnaces for a century or two. The campfire is now no longer a focal point of his environment, but deep in his subconscious, the lure of the flame is still there. Today the fire colours of red, orange, and yellow may exist as paint on a wall, but in man's subconscious, they will always suggest a fire's warmth and cheer.

Because of their shorter wavelengths, green and blue are focussed less distinctly by the eye. They are soft, slightly hazy, and produce a soothing and relaxing psychological effect.

Nature has splashed green and blue everywhere. We subconsciously associate green with tranquil landscapes, and the effect of this on the mind is restful. Blue, the tint of sky and sea, is the colour of nature's distant vistas and is also eye-relaxing. Thousands of years of sea and sky-gazing have made blue the colour on which the eye relaxes most easily. And blue, because of its association in the subconscious with the chill of water, has a cooling influence.

A Canadian soup company recently constructed a new dining-room in its plant. The colour plan included blue-tiled wainscoting topped by pale blue walls. On the first frosty day employees complained that the room was cold. "It is thermostatically controlled at 72 degrees, same as the rest of the building," replied the building superintendent. But he gave in, and raised the temperature to 74 degrees. The workers insisted it was still cold.

An executive sensed the trouble and called back the decorators. "Yes," they admitted, "maybe we used too much blue."

An orange stripe was added to the wall, slipcovers of orange and reddish brown were placed on the chairs. The temperature was dropped to 72, and the workers thanked the building superintendent for keeping the room warmer!

Colour can also absorb or radiate heat. White, in reflecting all light, also reflects heat. Black absorbs light and absorbs heat into the bargain. White ships in the tropics are claimed to be 10 degrees cooler inside than black ships. Where greens and blues are soft and hazy, purple leaves blurred images on the eye. Someone not speaking distinctly leaves us impatient and annoyed; purple and violet—indistinct colours—have a similar effect.

Merchandising experts say food in a purple package will sit on store shelves until the mice eat it!

Black also has some of the depressing qualities of purple. Where work is physical and monotonous (like typing) a colour scheme leaning to soft reds, yellows, browns, cream, and buff

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eases boredom and speeds muscular reaction. When the offices of a chemical manufacturer were changed from grey and blue to cream and red, tests revealed that typing speed increased 12 percent, short-hand transcription by 20%.

Where work involves mental concentration or attention in fine detail, colours like red and yellow distract, and add to eye-strain. The engineer studying blueprints or the skilled technician assembling watches needs an opportunity to relax when he lifts his eyes from the job. Walls of blue and green will do this.

Headaches, nausea, fatigue, indigestion, and stomach ulcers have sometimes been traced by industrial plant doctors to the strain of working under glare or in inadequate light. In modern hospitals colour has become an aid to healing. Hospital white is on the way out. Greens and blues in operating rooms help the patient relax and anaesthesia is hastened.

Many manufacturers skilfully use colour to attract attention to their products on shop shelves. A garden implement maker had to enlarge his plant after he started painting rake and shovel handles red. A floor-wax firm boosted sales by 25% in a few months by changing its brown container to red, yellow, and black. Food packages designers have learnt that colours like red, yellow and orange on which the eye focusses sharply make an object appear larger. Blue, green, and black seem to reduce the size of a food package.

A quick-service sandwich shop in Montreal was losing business because patrons, after eating, lounged back in their seats to chat, occupying space that new arrivals had to wait for. "Your place is too restful," a decorator told the owner. So the lighting was increased and cream walls were changed to yellow trimmed with reddish brown. The owner reports, "No more lounging; they eat quickly and get out."

A Chicago illuminating engineer invited several guests to a dinner of golden brown roast, crisp, fresh vegetables and salads, along with other appetising dishes. All ate with relish until as the meal progressed, the lights in the room changed colour. Within a few minutes some diners were taken suddenly ill and others became slightly nauseated. All lost their desire for the exceptionally fine food. The reason? Under new light the celery had turned gaudy pink; the roast whitish grey milk blood red; salad from green to sickly blue. The host explained after the lights were restored to normal that this was a demonstration of the part colour played not on the sense of sight but also on the related senses of taste touch and smell.

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If sculpture is the celebration of the heroic in man, Epstein is truly a great sculptor.

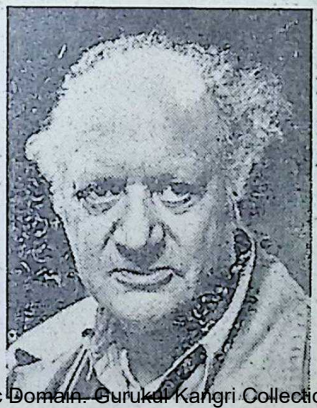
JACOB EPSTEIN

E. Alkazi

SIR JACOB EPSTEIN, who died recently at the age of 78, was indisputably the greatest portrait sculptor of our century and the only eminent sculptor capable of creating great religious art.

Such of his works as Adam, Lazarus, the Cavendish Square Madonna and Child, and his Christ in Majesty for the Llandaff Cathedral in Glamorganshire, Wales, are poignantly-telling expressions of a deep spiritual impulse in a notoriously secular age.

He was born of Russian-Polish parents in East Side, New York, in 1880. In this richly-variegated milieu which gathered together all the displaced races of the earth — Italians, Russians, Chinese, Poles, Greeks and Negroes—he learnt to speak in an aesthetic language easily understood by all—simple, earthy, but sincere and profound in its universality.



In his later teens he made drawings of New York life, particularly of Jewish life, to illustrate Hutchin Hapgood's "The Spirit of the Ghetto."

From 1902-1904, he studied at the *Ecole des Beaux* Arts and at Julian's Academy in Paris, and attracted the attention of the great French sculptor, Rodin.

He moved to London in 1905 and, after a brief farewell visit to New York, settled down in a studio at Fulham and adopted British nationality.

In 1908, at the age of 27, Epstein suddenly erupted into prominence.

He had just completed in the astonishingly short period of 14 months 18 granite statues, over life-size, for the British Medical Association Building in the Strand. These nude figures, representing

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man and woman from birth to old age, were the target of a vicious campaign by the press and public alike, because of their alleged indecency. Epstein had worked in the statues, magnificently architectural in themselves, symbols of that profound reverence for life which is characteristic of Epstein's attitude, and were at the same time in perfect keeping with the spirit of the institution for which they had been designed.

In Paris in 1912 while supervising the creation of his memorial to Oscar Wilde, Epstein met Picasso, Modigliani, Paul Guillaume, Constantin Brancusi and other avant-garde painters and sculptors who had already embarked on the great Cubist adventure.

He described as a "flirtation, not a marriage" his own brief experimental period when he came under the Cubist influence, but though he had friends in that camp, and others like Gaudier Brzeska and Wyndham Lewis of the Vorticist Group in England, he was too dynamic a creator and too great an individualist to subscribe to any one aesthetic creed. "I am interested in humanity and sculptural form and not in the abstract," he consistently maintained.

Epstein's Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park, London—a panel carved with a figure of Rima—sparked another controversy when unveiled in 1925.

Roger Fry, the eminent art critic, recalled the occasion in these vivid terms: "The Philistines," he wrote, "are upon us and we have to close our ranks. I have not spared my criticism of Mr. Epstein's sculpture... (but) we can settle our quarrels elsewhere... for the moment all who care about art of whatever shade must face the common foe and stop once for all his arrogant attempt to lay down the law out of the abundance of his ignorance and insensibility..."

"The Hudson Memorial," Mr. Fry continues, "has not converted me into an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Epstein's sculpture. But it has certain qualities which are almost always absent from our public sculpture. It shows inventive ingenuity and a sense of proportion. The quantities of relief and hollow, the relative proportions of light and shade, are fairly balanced and the linear rhythm of the design is well carried through. This just estimate of scale and of the intensity of relief necessary for a given situation, particularly out of doors, is hardly ever attained in our public monuments, and merely to have achieved this should entitle Mr. Epstein to high praise. We can recognise a definite imaginative

Old Pinager. *Bronze.* (1923)

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purpose, a clear personal attitude in the conception of the figure of Rima. She is imagined as a human being with something of the haggard shyness and strangeness of wild things. This is certainly no tired repetition of a conventional formula, but a vivid and individual creation."

It was while he worked in Epping Forest on the outskirts of London that Epstein conceived the Hudson Memorial, as well as the Visitation, a set of water-colours for the Old Testament, and a series of sun-drenched landscapes and flower studies.

In his thirties Epstein acquired a reputation as a portrait sculptor of great power and originality, and in subsequent years he came to be recognised as the foremost portraitist of our times. His vast gallery of portraits constitutes not an "abstract and brief" but a palpable and lasting chronicle of the times.

Three qualities give distinction to these studies. First, there is Epstein's penetrating insight into the mind and personality of the sitter. It is almost as if the sitter were caught in a moment of revelation. Secondly, there is a magnification of the sitter's spirit, a humane and generous scrutiny on the part of the sculptor as if he sought to portray his subject drawn up to his full spiritual height. And finally, the inert clay in Epstein's pudgy, nimble fingers acquires a pulsing, quivering vitality, alive with the very breath of life.

In these works he has captured at their most eloquent moments the inmost beings of priests and kings, soldiers and politicians, scientists and philosophers, scholars and statesmen, the makers of history, and those trodden upon and mutilated by history.

He has engraved upon the features of Joseph Conrad the scars of a hundred voyages across the sea of human affliction; Eliot's priestly, hawklike face surveys with bitter mortification, the ravaged landscape of the twentieth century Waste Land; Bertrand Russell's brow is heavy with brooding over the human dilemma which his sardonic mouth strives to verbalise in rational terms; Haile Selassie, still in his panther-like grace, exudes some mysterious compelling power from within his Abyssinian darkness.

But Epstein has never turned a blind eye to the splendours and miseries of ordinary mortals.

The Madonna and Child. Bronze. (1927)

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On the most seemingly commonplace human visage he has granted its unique individuality, and invested it with its own dignity and grace; adolescent girls looking out breathlessly upon the world; street urchins piercing the fog-bound air with their shrill cries, confident youths stepping out arrogantly into the world; the young mother sensing the first stirring of the new life within her; the stricken and humiliated woman of the streets and the proud vedette enshrined in a million hearts.

He scrutinises them all but he does not mock at them, nor does he pass judgment.

All these belonging to the vast family of man are related to the two basic archetypal forms—to his female Genesis figure of 1931, and to the male-image, the Adam of 1939.

Though eight years separate them these two are complementary figures. The Genesis is the eternal life-giving principle, the fertility-figure, the large-breasted, swollen-bellied female archetype, carrying within her the seed of the world.

The brooding features, the large, earthy hands spread in protection over the fruit within the womb, the immobility and weight of the enormous haunches, with all their powerful physical impact exude a profound religious aura, full of tenderness and mystery.

Adam in contrast is man, the idealist, the adventurer. He ventures forth to conquer the world. He leaves his home behind him and pursues his dread. His eyes look outward, scanning the horizon; his taut muscles are tense with anticipation. Son of Man or Son of God, he is prepared to face all the tribulations of his savage pilgrimage.

Epstein had a flair for works on a colossal and monumental scale, the commissioned opportunities for which are unfortunately all too rare particularly for a sculptor with so fecund an imagination.

His Lazarus has at last found a place in the chapel of New College, at Oxford. In this, the agonised figure is seen slowly freeing itself from the embrace of death and awakening with great pain into the terrible light of day.

One can almost feel through the contortion of the figure, the blood slowly coursing through the chilled arteries of the inert body and bringing it back to life.

The 1952 Madonna and Child for the Convent in Cavendish Square is an emotional statement of great, but piercing simplicity. The two upright forms hover before the facade of the Convent without any apparent support.

While the bright Christ Child like some intense young Greek god delivers to the world with disarming faith the tall ascetic Mother leans over so in an attitude of resignation. Her arms open in a gesture half of offering and half of maternal protection. In her serene spirituality this Mother image is the very anti-thesis of the Genesis figure.

One of the largest projects undertaken by Epstein in the last few years of his life was the Social Consciousness group commissioned for Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. It consists of five gigantic figures

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a seated central figure, her arms out-stretched in dignified compassion; on either side two erect female figures support two male forms in a state of utter exhaustion and collapse. They are three colossal symbols of human pity, bringing succour to the prostrate and the defeated, and taking upon themselves the burden of the world's misery. They have their being in a shrouded silence, for all the ills of mankind as they have known them are too painful for words, too deep for tears. They offer their grieving arms to all the persecuted of the world. They are like figures that attend on man's descent from the Cross and prepare not for the Entombment, but for the Resurrection.

One of Epstein's last works and that which he regarded to be his greatest is the Christ in Majesty for the Llandaff Cathedral in Wales. It is an elongated, stark, formally severe figure, shorn of all earthly attributes, ascending vertically into heavens, or posed between heaven and earth. The rippling sleeves give the slightest suggestion of upward movement. The eye is irresistibly drawn to the face which reflects an eternity of suffering, compassion and understanding.

In the larger perspective of his work, this seems a fitting last will and testament.

In recent years, Epstein has received far less critical acclaim than that enjoyed by sculptors with half his talent and none of his vision.

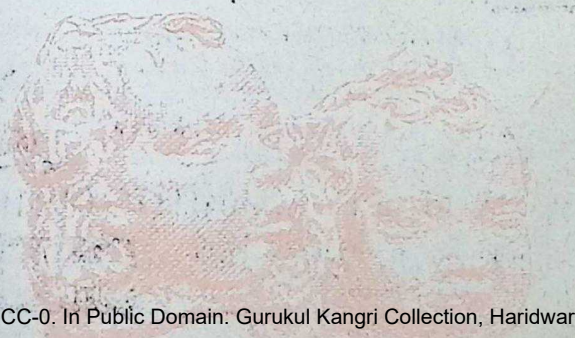
His lusty vigour, his earthiness, his rock-bottom earnestness, and his courage in tackling grandiose themes, are hardly qualities to appeal to cold intellectual critics, enamoured of one species of cerebral gymnastics or another.

In a painfully self-conscious age which balks at the slightest token of emotion, Epstein has had the courage to speak from the heart with a full, lusty, sincere voice.

He never sank into sentimentalism; but he was never afraid of sentiment.

The larger human passions of grief, despair, hope which have ever been part of the human condition and today form its unalterable features—these passions are raised in his work to a heroic pitch. Their voice is the voice of all humanity; their gestures belong to all men, in all time, circumscribed neither by tongue, place nor creed.

If sculpture is the celebration of the heroic in man, Epstein is truly a great sculptor.



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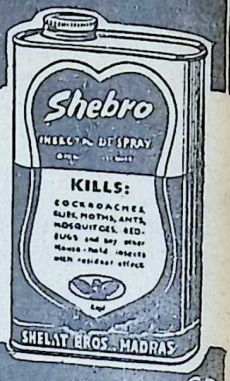

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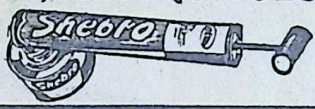

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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

856

Sri N.K. Ram, Madras.

Q: *The Sputnik Epoch evinces that the spiritual cultural inheritance of India is outdated, otherworldly, and against planetary travels and modernisation. Do you think so?*

A: Where did you get such notions? What has spirituality to do with space conquest? The spiritual aspect of Indian culture deals, say in the *Gita*, with the nature of man which is independent of externals.

857

Sri K. Subramanyam, Laxmipura, Mysore.

Q: *"Trust in God, but keep your powder dry." Will you kindly let me know the ideas of the above quotation and oblige?*

A: It means that you should have faith in God, but you should not leave Him to do what you should have to do as His instrument. Faith should not bring helplessness; it should inspire the will to do your utmost for His sake.

858

Sri K. Ranganayakulu, Nellore.

Q: *How is God holding such a vast and burdensome universe in his control without impatience? Can you prove it?*

A: How can I prove something which can only be grasped, not by the mind, but by experience. God is not holding the universe; it is His manifestation in limited time and space.

859

Sri Bimal Nath Chowdhury, Silchar, Assam.

Q: *Should we not have the ideal of reunifying Bharat? Is it not possible?*

A: It is no use thinking of undoing the Partition if that is what you mean by your question. India and Pakistan—both are happy as they are. What is now possible and beneficial is for both countries to be united in friendliness and mutual respect.

860

Q: *We say Mahatma Gandhi is the Father of the Nation. How can a man be the father of a nation? Is the nation so young? Was there no nation before Gandhi?*

A: Modern Indian nationalism has been a slow growth. It existed before Gandhiji. It became articulate, when Dayanand Saraswati, some years after the Great Revolt of 1857, founded the Arya Samaj. When the Indian National Congress was founded it acquired an institutional agency. Tilak, Lal, Pal and particularly Sri Aurobindo made it militant. Gandhiji consolidated all these forces, and by his technique of Satyagraha gave it resisting strength. The word 'Father of the Nation' has no reference to the growth of the nation. It only means that he secured national freedom.

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riddles

[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES V.

1

Sri C. R. Ramachandran, Edapally, Kerala.

I can travel on land and water, but I am not a frog,
I peep out of my den, but I am not a snail,
I am enveloped by a shell, but I am not a cocoanut,
I crawl slowly, but I am not a snake.
Who am I?

2

Sri S. Sambamurthy, Madras.

I can sing, but cannot dance,
I can fly, but cannot walk,
I drink blood, but do not eat flesh,
I am small, yet I am feared;
And I keep the people awake by my treat.
Who am I?

3

Sri N. Devarajan, Guntakal.

It is a place of worship, but is not a temple,
It has several windows, but it is not a church,
It is almost conical in shape, but it is not a spire,
It is built of mud, but it is not a hut,
Women pour their offerings into it, but no priest dares touch them.
What is it?

4

Sri P. Ramaswamy, Lakkur.

I can run fast, but I am not a vehicle,
You observe me always wandering, but I am not a dog.
I take neither food nor water, yet I can live long.
All, rich and poor, possess me, but they cannot conquer me.
The more they try, the more they fail.
Who am I?

RIDDLES—Answers to Series IV

(1) Letter (2) Shadow (3) Misfortune (4) Snail (5) Kite (6) Match-stick

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PREMIER HAYATO IKEDA

THE election of the Liberal Democratic Party to power in Japan in the 8th post-war election last November has vindicated the claim of the former Premier Kishi that the 'Security Treaty with U.S.,' had the support of the majority of the Japanese people.

And the man who carried to victory the policy of 'closer collaboration with America' actively pursued by Kishi was Hayato Ikeda, Japan's tax expert No. 1.

It was in June 1960 when Kishi, the then Prime Minister of Japan, was delivering a speech at a victory function that a rightist fanatic knifed him. From his bed in the hospital Kishi resigned with his entire Cabinet setting the stage for the eighth post-war election.

The convention of the Liberal Democratic Party held immediately after voted Hayato Ikeda to the Presidency of the party thereby choosing him as the Premier to succeed Nobusuke Kishi in case the Party won the elections. And Ikeda formed a new Cabinet on July 19.

Immediately after the installation of the new Cabinet, Prime Minister Ikeda told the press:

"The way to restore international trust in our country is to show to the world that the Japanese are a reliable and worthy people. In other words, since the domestic and foreign affairs are closely correlated, the best way we should take is to prove to the other powers that we are a highly-cultured and peace-loving nation.

As to the economics, it was said in Japan some years ago that what should be worried over was not a scarcity of things but the unequal distribution of them. In these days, however, I dare say that we should be concerned about both of them, that is, while giving due consideration to the problem of distribution, it is necessary to expand the national economy in order to get rid of poverty from amidst the nation."

When the election campaign was in full swing, it took violent turns on occasions even leading to the murder of a socialist leader. Undaunted by these incidents Ikeda led his party to power, winning 296 seats out of the total of 467 in the Diet.

Hayato Ikeda is not new to politics and power. Back in 1951 he was the Finance Minister under Premier Shigeru Yoshida when he stirred up a storm by suggesting that "if peasants

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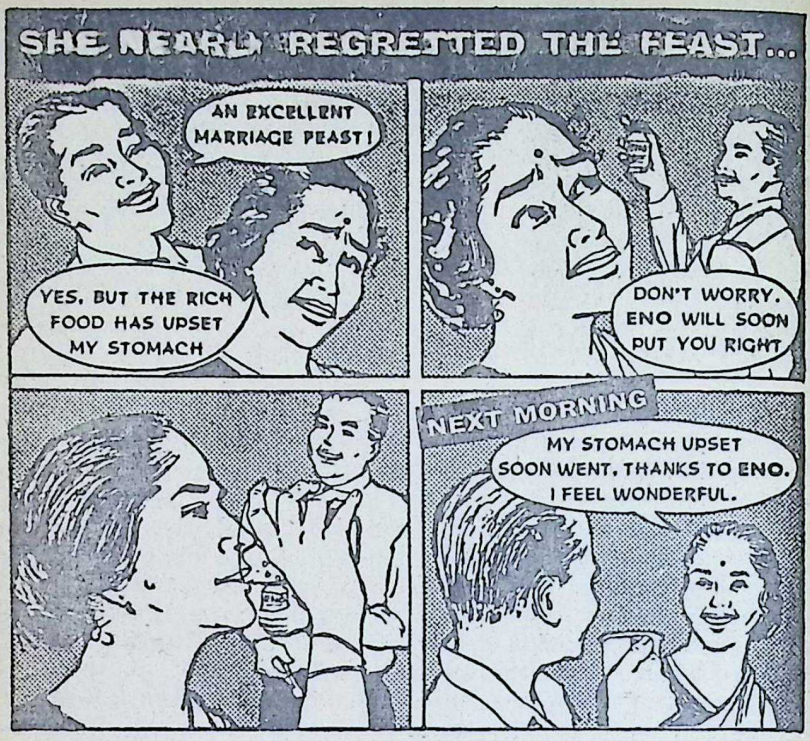
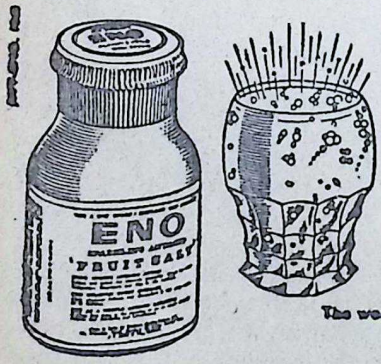


A teaspoonful of Eno fizzes instantly in a glass of water to make a delicious, refreshing drink. Sparkling Eno "Fruit Salt" is mild and gentle. It gives quick, long-lasting relief from stomach upset, and settles the digestion.



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could not afford rice under his austerity programme, then let them eat barley." A year later he waged a relentless war on the black market. He characterised his attitude by the remark that 'if the black-marketers are driven to suicide by my methods, it can't be helped' and this remark lost him his post as Trade Minister.

Square-jawed Hayato Ikeda is 60 today. He is a hard man with the yen and a free man with his tongue. Born in Hiroshima prefecture he is descended from six generations of wealthy sake (a kind of drink)-makers. In deference to the family business, he developed early a prodigious capacity for the native drink.

Whenever he took time off his business, he devoted himself to study and compute the tax structure of the government, and in course of time he came to be regarded as a tax wizard. It was his special ability in this respect that earned for him the Finance Portfolio in 1951, a most trying period for the Japanese Government and the people, and during this period he used his tax experience to the full to save the collapse of Japanese finance.

During the U.S. occupation of Japan, Ikeda proved to be U.S. Economic Adviser Joseph Dodge's most stubborn and effective aide in holding the line against post-war inflation.

Ikeda's contact with Aaki Kondo, Japan's biggest money-lender, whose private fortune tops 10 million, was e beginning of the rise in Ikeda's litical power. Now he could use big money wherever his intellectual acumen failed. The continued friendship of Aaki Kondo and Ikeda re- sulted not only in a harmonious marriage of tax with big money, but also bound the two families in blood relationship by numerous marriage ties. In 1957 Ikeda's eldest daughter married Kondo's eldest son.

In his faith Hayato Ikeda is a chip of the old block. He is a vegetarian and takes two hot baths a day to clean his head. Back in 1930 he was attacked by a skin disease that doctors pronounced incurable. After five years of suffering, Ikeda listened to his mother's urging and set out on a pilgrimage, swathed in bandages; he dragged himself painfully around Oasaki Island to 88 of Buddhist holy places. The disease disappeared ever since Ikeda became a convinced Buddhist; every day he prays before an altar in his home.

Hayato Ikeda is a polished, cultured and affable personality. Despite his close relation and association with big business in Japan, and his pronounced love for American friendship, he has the welfare and prosperity of the Japanese people at heart.

While accepting the presidentship of the Liberal Democratic Party, he said: "I have always enjoyed golf and geisha, but they are far from the life of Japan's common people. Now I am going to live like a common man, thinking and aspiring as he does."

Ikeda in his new role has set himself the double task of doubling the national income and axing tax-burden. Only a financial wizard like him can hope to achieve what in reality is a quadruple jump, especially in view of the current dollar scare in the U.S.

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SARDAR PATEL ENGINEERING COLLEGE FUN

Sardar Patel was one of the great architects of our nation. Along with Mahatma Gandhi and other great leaders, he formed the core of the national leadership which won independence, achieved solidarity and laid the foundation for unity, strength and prosperity in freedom.

He was closely associated with the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan from its very inception. In June 1946, he inaugurated Bhavan's Megji Mathradas College of Arts and Narrondass Manordass Institute of Science. For the great interest which he evinced in the activities of the Bhavan, he was elected its Honorary Member in the year 1946.

To enshrine the memory of Sardar Patel, the Bhavan has decided to start an Engineering College to be named after him, at the Bhavan's Campus at Andheri.

The total outlay on this College will be about Rs. 70,00,000 for machinery and equipment, furniture, library, buildings, hostels, staff quarters etc. Against this, the Bhavan is already assured of resources to the extent of Rs. 60 lakhs.

		Rs.
GOVERNMENT OF:	India	20,00,000
	Maharashtra	10,00,000
BHAVAN:	Land	15,00,000
	Hostels & staff quarters ..	13,00,000
Sardar Memorial Committee	.. .. ..	1,00,000
Nizam's Charitable Trust	.. ..	1,00,000
		Rs. 60,00,000

The Bhavan has yet to raise the balance of about Rs. 10,00,000. We are confident that the public will come forward with generous contribution to make up this amount and enable the Bhavan to fulfil this much-needed and laudable scheme, which, while meeting the pressing need for technical education, will also do honour to an illustrious son of India.

It is proposed to have the foundation-stone of the building for the Engineering College laid by Shri Y. B. Chavan, Chief Minister of Maharashtra, in the first week of February 1961.

The Bhavan is an approved institution for purposes of Section 15 of the Indian Income Tax Act. The Registered Number of the Bhavan is 324.

We appeal to all individuals, institutions, industrial enterprises, business houses, Trusts and Foundations all over India to help us raise this Fun

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to perpetuate the memory of one whom, in the words of our Prime Minister, "History will call the Builder and Consolidator of New India" and who was "a great captain of our forces in the struggle for freedom, one who gave us sound advice in times of trouble as well as in moments of victory, a friend and colleague on whom one could rely and a tower of strength that revived wavering hearts". It will be some token of our sense of the immense debt we owe to that strong, silent man who welded India into a unified, integrated whole.

K. M. Munshi
H. V. Divatia
Lilavati Munshi

M. Anantasayanam Ayyangar
Jaisukhlal Hathi
Gaganvihari L. Mehta
V. P. Menon

S. K. Patil
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Amritlal Hargovandas
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B. D. Garware
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Charandas Megji
Dahyabhai V. Patel
Dalip Singh Bakshi
Damodardas Khannah
G. D. Somani
G. L. Mehta
Girdharilal Mehta
H. D. Velankar
H. G. Sonawala
Habib R. Parpea
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J. M. Shelat
Jagdish K. Munshi
Jagjivandas Dossabhai
Jaikrishna Harivallabhdas
Jasvantlal Matubhai
K. G. Datar
K. K. Birla
K. Gopalaswami
K. K. Shah
Kamalnayan J. Bajaj
Kantilal Morarji Desai
Motilal Tapuriah
M. A. Master
Nanik Motwane
Navin Khandwalla
N. H. Bhagwati
Padampat Singhania
Pravinchandra V. Gandhi
P. V. Kane
Rajendra Singh Singhi
Ramnath A. Podar
R. C. Majumdar
R. D. Adatia
R. D. Birla
R. R. Diwakar
S. Anantaramakrishnan
S. B. Junnarkar
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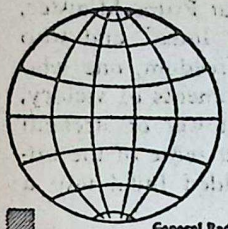

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Tapaswini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

38. Sheela's Pledge

AS she came to the end of *Tapaswini,* Sheela sighed and asked herself if that was a story of love, or of self-sacrifice, or of undiluted voluptuousness, and whether the life depicted in the story was the only kind of life that could be said to be worth living.

Tapaswini had led a life of absolute purity. She had devoted many years to study and had thereafter voluntarily adopted a life of austerity and devotion. And then she met the poet. It was as if she was born again almost immediately; a new spirit seemed to have taken possession of her. She derived immense pleasure in his company. She felt that she could realise herself by merging her self with him.

What was wrong in this? This was not a tale of petty passion. It was like a clear and bright torch of supreme joy. She trimmed the torch and it gave brighter light. By importing reality to a magnificent dream, she achieved eternal joy.

Sheela sighed as she looked back upon her own life. She had given to her husband her heart, her body—everything she had, and now she was left with just smoke in her hands. She had to satisfy herself with such attention as her selfish husband was prepared to bestow upon her, her husband who knew nothing of self-sacrifice. If she lived with him she had to accept him and share him with other women. She wept bitterly; her heart seemed almost breaking.

Her life had been in ruins indeed. Her mind had ceased functioning. Not a day passed without the feeling of dread that her husband might perhaps be tempted away by another woman, destroying her peace of mind. Spiritually she was exhausted. She could not look forward to that peace of mind that comes when two hearts beat in unison. Her eyes were filled with tears.

After a while she picked up *Tapaswini* again and re-read the last few pages. Tapaswini had had to give up her life of austerity. The poet gave her a new life. She allowed herself to be submerged in a sea of joy such as had

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been unattainable in her former life. And in the end the king who had behaved more brutally than the God of Death, killed them both with a single sweep of the sword. Their souls had flown away in company, while their bodies, separated from their heads, were covered with flowers.

The scene became indelibly imprinted on her heart and her imagination flew on outspread wings. When after some time she woke up from this waking dream, she heaved a deep sigh. Such good fortune, she reflected, came only in the way of some fortunate people. She had nothing to look forward to except a life of servitude, to remain for ever at the beck and call of her lord and master. Hers would be a lonely journey in a world without hope.

She thought of Uday. She realised that behind his polite and smiling exterior there was a heart which burnt like the flame of a live volcano. How else could he have written a book like *Tapaswini?* What a foolish woman Alice was to have given up such a man for the sake of the mirage of dinners and dances?

The clock struck the hour. The minute hand kept moving rapidly forward making her more restless. She murmured to herself: 'No matter how much I try, I would never be able to conquer my feelings. Oh! Shyam, Shyam! What have you done to my life? He has no time to listen to me. And even if he listened what can I say? Oh! What is the use of calling upon 'Shyam'?'

Suddenly she heard sounds of footsteps outside. She thought that Radharaman had returned after all. How wrong was she to harbour suspicions? She ran hurriedly to the door only to find Uday coming up the steps alone. She had the feeling all along that her husband would not be returning, but faced with the reality she almost broke down.

"Where is Radharaman?" she enquired softly, supporting hereself at the same time against the door lest she should fall down.

"He has a lot of work with His Highness to do and is staying on there for dinner. He told me to return so that you may not wait for him", Uday replied gently. "We may dine straightaway if you are ready."

Sheela could not control her lips and hands which were trembling. Her face was ashen pale. She felt that Uday, after all an outsider, had sensed why Radharaman had not returned and was sorry for her. It was clear that all her attempts to deceive the world had been in vain. A sense of shame overwhelmed her. She wished the earth would cleave under her feet and swallow her up.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and lest she might cry out in anguish, she walked hurriedly away into her bedroom. She flung herself on her bed. Almost immediately she jumped off the bed and sat down on the ground. To her excited mind, even the bed appeared as something untouchable. She could control herself no longer and wept aloud. She laid her head on the ground and gave free vent to her feelings. After a while she got up, splashed cold water on her face, and changed into a new *sari*. As soon as she had got over the first impulse, she saw things clearly. She had known that

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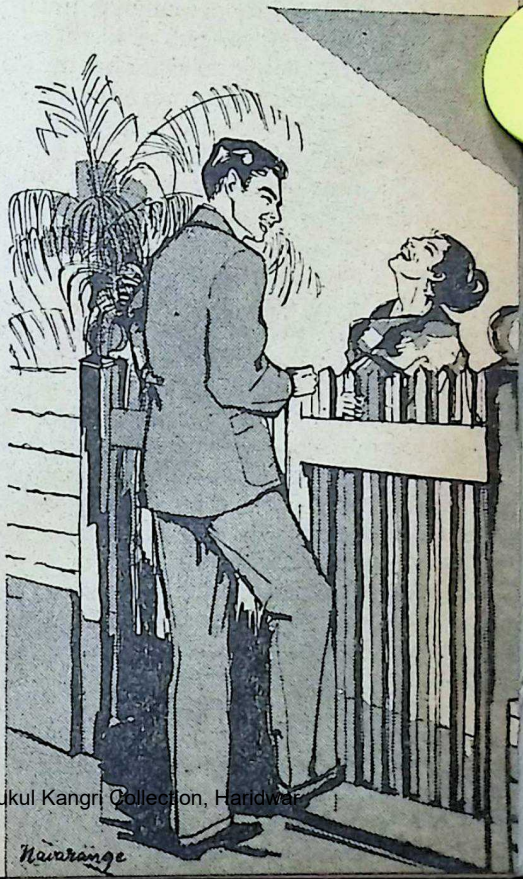
Nirmalaben, Master and her servants, all had some idea of what she had been passing through and why. Her pride had made her behave as if she had been happy and they had all of them behaved as if that had been so. Today, however, her pride was completely broken.

She had acquired respect as well as affection for Uday. She was charmed by his good manners, by his sense of humour, by his lively mind. Though she had known him for a few days only, she took delight in his company as though he was an old friend who had returned after many years. But now she felt that even in his eyes she appeared as an unhappy, helpless and discarded woman who needed kindness and consideration.

After Sheela rushed into her bedroom, Uday did not know what to do. When he saw that she was not likely to come out for some time, he also went into his own room for a wash and change. A veritable storm had arisen in his heart. He felt that he should rush to Sheela's help, console her, and take her away from that place where she was so miserable. But what right had he to think of consoling Sheela or of helping to dispel the feeling of loneliness in her or to wipe her tears? And if he had no right even to console her, by what right could he offer protection?

He was very angry at Radharaman's cruel conduct. But what could he do about it? He had no right to tell Radharaman anything on the subject. Indeed at the moment he was in a sense dependent upon him. If he were to intervene, Radharaman might quite easily brush him aside with contempt. It might even become impossible thereafter for him to meet Sheela and help her anyway whatsoever.

He felt that he ought to take himself away from the house of this cruel man. What good however would that do? If he were to go away, how would it bring any solace to Sheela? On the contrary she would lose whatever little sense of comfort she might derive from his company. Destiny had indeed trapped him and there was nothing that anybody could do to free



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him from that.

While he was sorting out his thoughts in this way, a servant came up to announce dinner. Sheela had by then regained control over herself. Why should she make Uday unhappy by the display of her mental misery? Why should she cause him worry just because he had shown a feeling of genuine affection? Her duty lay in bearing up her troubles with dignity. With some difficulty, she joined Uday at dinner, and even succeeded in appearing cheerful.

Sheela did not take long to realise that she had not really deceived Uday. She saw in his eyes not only the usual respect and regard, but a silent request to be allowed to share her troubles. In his voice there was gentleness and an evident desire to console and help her to be strong.

Sheela had made up her mind not to take Uday into her confidence, but when she saw how anxious he was on her account, her determination weakened. They could neither eat nor reduce the feeling of tenseness. It was Sheela who broke the silence first, when she asked: "What did His Highness want you for?"

Uday, who was anxious somehow or other to cheer up Sheela, thought it best to describe in an amusing way the relationship between His Highness and Hanskunverba. He told her at length His Highness' entire history: how, under the pretence of his desire to marry Raj, he had succeeded in gaining the confidence of Majiba and her brother Bhupat; how he had even persuaded Uday himself to be a witness to a fraudulent document; how finally Raj had become a mere plaything in Hanskunverba's hands.

Meerabai.

Sheela was a very good listene
Charmed of Uday's eloquence, sh
forgot for a moment her own worri
and was moved by his love for h
family and his obviously simple an
straightforward nature. "I have no
met your sister. Is she in Rajkot?"

"No. Raj has gone with Majiba
Pondicherry."

"Pondicherry!"

"Yes. My father was a disciple
Sri Aurobindo. You probably kno
that. Majiba has taken Raj to Aur
bindo Ashram in the hope that in th
atmosphere she may find ment
peace."

"Why? What has happened? Wh
has unbalanced her mind?"

"None of us undersands what e
actly is the matter with Raj. Normal
she is bright and intelligent. Her wi
dom is so profound that it astonish
many older and experienced peopl
At times, she is so outspoken that h
words would often shock people. B
then on other occasions she is able
look through human beings. But
soon as she senses cruelty, ugliness
hatred anywhere, she gets fits.

"Oh! so both you and Majiba ha
to put up with much trouble."

"Sheelaben, you have not met h
She does not belong to this wor
She really is of a higher world. S
speaks in a manner which brings pea
to one's mind. When Alice left m
for days and nights I was miserab
I cannot tell you how Raj consol
me by her devotion and her affecti
for me. There were occasions wh
she made me feel that she had co
straight from Heaven, bringing t

Sheela was no end.

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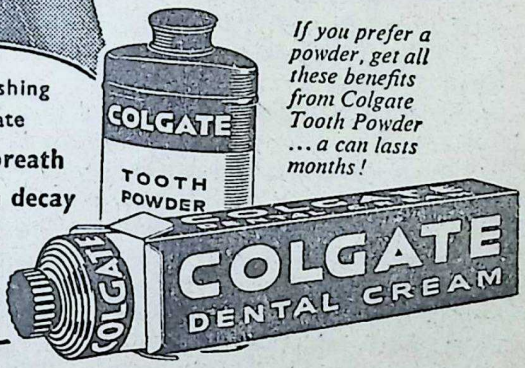

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"You are fanatically devoted to your sister. I can now understand why Alice left you. If a husband is so madly devoted to his sister, what chance has the poor wife?"

"Sheelaben, she is not merely a sister to me. She is my guardian angel. But for her I would have lost all zest for life. I would like you to meet her. Only then can you understand her."

"Oh! well, after all you are a poet and enjoy a poet's licence. Supposing I find that your description is exaggerated?"

"Then I am prepared to take any bet you like."

"A bet!" laughed out Sheela loudly. "Very well, if you lose, you must adopt another sister."

Uday was very happy to see that Sheela's normal self had gained the upper hand. His eyes lit up with pleasure.

"Well, then it will be for you to find me another sister. Even though I have Raj, I am ready to welcome another." The two laughed as they looked at each other and then pushed their chairs back. As she stood up, Sheela's *sari* slipped off from her head and as Uday got a glimpse of her in a particularly attractive pose, his artistic mind and imagination was stirred at the beauty of her form.

Sheela had been so interested in Uday's conversation that she lost all count of time. When the clock struck ten she was brought back to reality. She asked Uday why Radharaman had not yet returned.

"He will come late", said Uday.

"There are other guests at dinner," Sheela suggested.

Sheela's expression had changed so suddenly that Uday was nonplussed. And since he was not prepared to tell a lie, he thought it best to look down and say nothing.

"Do not tell me anything that is not true, for I know what has already happened. This morning two Eurasian girls came by the same train which brought His Highness. I am sure they are dining with His Highness and Radharaman. Tell me, am I right?"

Uday could say nothing in reply so Sheela continued though her anger had changed into helplessness.

"Why do you hide the truth from me? Tell me whatever you know. I cannot bear this state of uncertainty. Please tell me the truth. Is it true or false, what I have been suspecting since early afternoon?"

"Sheelaben, what do you want me to say?" asked Uday.

"Perhaps you would like to say that what I think is not the truth," she said bitterly.

Uday was really confused as he saw Sheela's face which had become red with anger and pain.

"Never mind," she continued. "Tell me whatever you know, even if that may in the end turn out to be untrue."

"All that I saw was a dinner table which had been arranged for four people. Then just as I left the bungalow I met two Eurasian women enquiring for His Highness' place."

Sheela covered her eyes with her hands. For ten minutes or so there was complete silence. Then Sheela could control herself no longer. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

Uday was deeply moved and said to himself: 'Here is a wonderful wo

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man who is fit to be worshipped, but who is experiencing intolerable agony. I ought to console her, give her courage and offer the support of my friendship. I ought to wipe her tears.' He did not, however, think that it would be appropriate for him to behave as his heart dictated to him. It would not be gentlemanly to take advantage of these few moments of acute pain and distress. He therefore offered what consolation he could silently offer, his eyes expressing as vividly as possible his thoughts and indicating to her the depth of his feelings. Sheela soon recovered herself, wiped her tears, as she stood up and said in a pitiful voice: "Uday, I am a weak woman and am not able to control my feelings. I see no end to my humiliation. Since you had heard and seen so much, will you please do one more favour for me?"

"Surely, Sheelaben, there is no need to ask" replied Uday. "I shall do whatever you desire."

"Well, then do me this favour. It is half past ten now. Late as this is, I would like you to go back to your hotel." She went on to say as Uday somewhat puzzled, stared at her. "There are only two bedrooms in this house. I shall need the room which you are now using."

As she said this, he realised the precise significance of what she was saying. She sat down as if her knees bent under her in pain and sobbed bitterly. Uday agreed to leave immediately.

He felt that he should say nothing more lest Sheela should be upset. He immediately left to telephone to the hotel and then went to his bedroom to fetch his overcoat and stick. By the time he returned, Sheela was again herself. "May I take leave of you?" he asked.

Sheela stood up and tried to smile as she asked Uday to excuse her for pushing him out at that late hour. "Believe me", she said, "I have no alternative."

"But why do you keep worrying? If there is anything else I can do, you have only to say the word."

Sheela smiled vainly with trembling lips. She said: "Well, then would you do me one more favour? Forget what you saw today. Sometimes I am not responsible for my actions".

"Yes, I am prepared to imagine that I saw nothing today. But to forget it all is extremely difficult" replied Uday as he looked at Sheela, who, just then in his eyes, appeared an incredibly attractive figure with her sad but charming face.

Then subduing the wave of passionate emotions that threatened to overwhelm him, he smiled and said: "I shall wipe everything off my memory. Tomorrow I shall come round to see you."

As if she wanted to touch his hands with hers she came near him and then remarked: "How should I thank you?"

"By just not thanking me". As he said this he looked at her and silently asked her permission to leave. He rushed down the steps at great speed. Suddenly a new idea seemed to have occured to Sheela, and she called out to him.

"Yes, Sheelaben", said Uday as he turned round and stopped almost at the gatepost. Sheela came running down the steps and remarked when she came close to Uday with a smile: "I forgot to congratulate the 'Poet'."

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"The Poet! Congratulate the Poet!" enquired Uday with surprise. And then light dawned upon him. "Oh! I see. You have finished reading *Tapaswini*. How did you like it?"

"How do I like it?" Sheela's eyes danced mischievously. "Had I been Tapaswini I would have turned the Poet away from my temple."

Uday laughed aloud as he retorted: "And had I been the Poet, I would have killed myself before I would have allowed myself to leave the temple".

"Well, then it is your good fortune that I was not Tapaswini."

The two of them forgot everything for a moment and laughed together.

"How do you know that in your last birth you were not Tapaswini?"

"What if I had been?"

"Then I would have liked to have been the Poet".

Again the two burst out laughing together.

A couple who were passing along the road turned round at the sound of so much laughter. The woman directed her torchlight towards them, just as both Uday and Sheela turned round to face her. The woman extinguished her torch immediately, and with a broad grin on her face, walked away with her companion.

"Good-bye, Poet", said Sheela.

"Good-bye, Sheelaben."

Uday almost ran out, for he dared not remain in Sheela's company any longer.

For quite some time Sheela remained standing at the gate, and watched Uday disappear in the darkness. The night breeze was blowing as if splashing her with its coolness. Like a swimmer who when tired of swimming lows himself to float along the su face of the water, she allowed he self to float on the waters of emotio She felt herself being suddenly caug in a whirlpool of unfamiliar emotio and pulled down by it.

The branches of the trees all roun swayed as the breeze struck the Stars shone brightly in the sky. It o curred to Sheela, as she looked abo her that whatever happened to her, t earth would still continue to mo round its axis. Of what significanc was it whether she and Radharam were happy or miserable?

As she walked up the steps agai she thought again of Tapaswini an the Poet. And the echo of Uday's la words came back to her. At any ra she was no longer alone in this worl But how long would Uday be able maintain his friendship? But even i this friendship were not likely to en dure, why should she herself kill th little germ of hope that had sprout in her heart?

By the time she had arrived in th drawing room, the memories of a other of her friends, Ganapati Shast came back to her mind. Hope had ke him alive for 85 years. By the streng of his soul alone, had the great sa faced troubles and miseries cheerfull His was a wonderful life of sacrifi If she were as determined as he w she could also become a Tapaswini.

Sheela picked up *Tapaswini* whi was lying on a sofa, and went into t room which had been Uday's until little while ago. She locked herself i before settling down to a second rea ing of the book.

[To be continue

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Students' Concessional Offer

Readers will recall that the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has instituted a Special Offer to enable bona fide students to build up a library on Indian culture.

Under this offer, the Bhavan will supply individual titles of its Book University Series to bona fide students at a reduced price of Rs. 1.20 nP. each, plus postage, as against the published price of Rs. 2/-, plus postage. If, however, the students order for three or more of these titles against this offer, they will be entitled to free postage also.

This programme of assistance to students relates to the publications in the Bhavan's widely acclaimed *Book University Series*. These books are attractively produced in uniform format on subjects of abiding interest and value. Among the authors represented in this Series are Mahatma Gandhi, Sri Aurobindo, Shri C. Rajagopalachari, Dr. K. M. Munshi, Shri Sri Prakasa, Shri R. R. Diwakar, Dr. Radha Kumud Mookerjee, Sardar K. M. Panikkar, Shri Dilip Kumar Roy, Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin, Mr. Louis Fischer and others.

Towards the implementation of this aid programme, a Students' Library Fund has been opened.

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VIRTUES OF ANNA-DANA

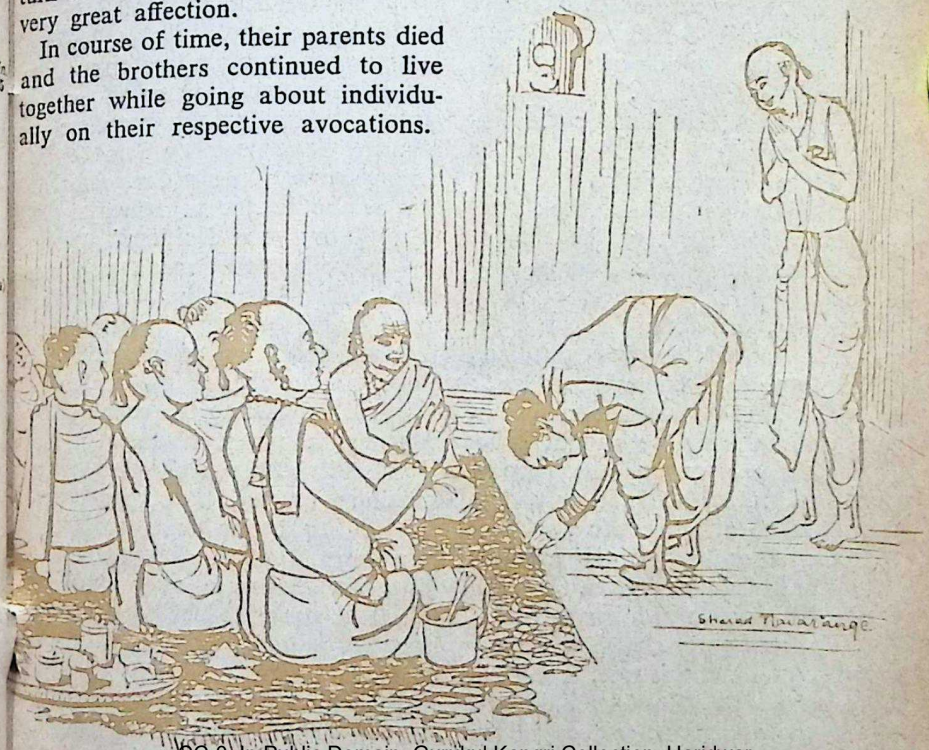
ASKED by Bhoja to explain the virtues of feeding *atithis*, Sarpati related the following story:

There lived a devout Brahmin couple who had three sons. The sons looked after their parents and led an exemplary family life. Besides serving their parents, the younger sons looked upon their elder brothers with very great respect and served them too like their parents, and the elder brothers in their turn loved the younger brothers with very great affection.

In course of time, their parents died and the brothers continued to live together while going about individually on their respective avocations.

The youngest of the brothers was a particularly devout man. He was specially fond of feeding *atithis* of whom many came to the family day in and day out. Perhaps on account of this trait in his character, the youngest brother started prospering in his business much more than others.

While the elder brothers took no particular notice of it, their wives became jealous of the youngest and hence started behaving meanly.



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Ultimately the two elder sisters-in-law said to their husbands: "As long as your father and mother lived, we served them. It is now our fate to serve those people who must in reality serve us. You do not care to see what is happening in our household. Your youngest brother brings all the vagrants of the city and feeds them. We have to slave for them day in and day out, while his wife dances about like a queen and sits beside her husband. All the money you earn someone else spends while your own wives have not known a single comfort. We have had enough of it. We do not want to continue to live under the same roof with your youngest brother and his wife. This minute you must make a division of the property and make us live separately."

Even stones decay under the impact of running brooks. No wonder that the two elder brothers who were often subjected to this harangue changed under the impact of the copious tears flowing down the cheeks of their beloved spouses.

One day, therefore, the two elder brothers called the youngest and after discussing the weather, said: "Dear brother! We have an unpleasant thing to perform; we cannot delay further. Of late your wife has become quite intolerable. She not only does not attend to our domestic work but has become positively disrespectful to her elders in the house. Even for small things she quarrels with her sisters-in-law. You will agree that if we allow things to go on at this rate, it will become scandalous. How long do you think we can continue to feed all the vagrants of the city? Before we become the laughing stock of the tow let us divide our family assets and li separately so that you can go yo own way, and we ours. You and yo wife are at perfect liberty to feed many people as you like; but we ca not afford to do so, for our familie have multiplied!"

It was not difficult for the younge brother to divine what his brothe were aiming at. So, without in the lea being perturbed, he became all t more resolved to continue feeding t poor and needy at his own cost, co what might.

Said he: "Dear brothers! It is ve strange that you should feel thus t wards me all of a sudden. Have yo not condoned my faults in the pas If it is your intention to stop me fro my Dharma, you are mistaken. If is your decision merely to cut me ou you are welcome to do so. Are the no family partitions in this world? L this be another. I am perfectly willi to abide by your decision."

The brothers then made out a par tion deed and while the two elder br thers chose to live together, t youngest brother lived separately. T elder brothers gave up the fami Dharma, of feeding the poor, compl tely and they were absorbed in the own family affairs, while the younge steadfastly pursued his chosen Dharm and did not for once look bac Many wise, learned men continued visit the youngest and after pa taking of the excellent food so affe tionately provided by him, went awa blessing him.

One day the wife of the younge son asked her husband: "Lord! Yo continue to feed the *atithis* with u

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flagging zeal, while your brothers have given it up completely. Now, can you tell me exactly what do people gain by the actions like yours?"

Replied he: "My dear! Frankly I don't know. Our father taught us to do so and I continue. Next time when a guest arrives, remind me and I shall ask him!"

The next day a group of learned Brahmins came to their house as guests. The couple fed them devoutly. When the guests were seated happily after taking the food they got, the young couple prostrated themselves at their feet and prayed: "Revered Sirs! Could you enlighten us on the benefits and virtues of *Anna-dana?*"

While most of the guests chose to remain silent, one of them ventured to say: "My son! Frankly we ourselves do not know fully. Perhaps Goddess Annapoorna of Kashi might be able to enlighten you, if you care to take a trip and ask Her!"

The youngest son had an inherent desire to visit Kashi and when he heard those words of the Brahmin too he decided to go on a pilgrimage to Kashi.

At the time of his departure, he told his wife: "My dear! I shall return safely from Kashi, but in the meantime, you should continue to feed the hungry guests who come to our house with affection. Do not feed them insufficiently. Let them have their bellyful. On *parva* days, invite our relatives too to partake of our food at our place. Do not fail."

Replied she "My lord! Be assured that I shall follow your injunctions to the letter. But pray, what made you say 'Do not feed insufficiently?'"

He replied: "Listen. When you feed a Brahmin fully, the Agni in him will shine resplendently. If you feed him less, the Brahmanya in him will shine so. Now, it is possible to extinguish Agni or fire, but impossible to do so of Brahmanya. The latter will annihilate the family. Hence half-feeding of the pious should be avoided. Listen to this anecdote:

'There lived a King who, following strictly the tenets of Dharma, ruled this hemisphere. He was greatly devoted to the Brahmins, whom he propitiated with great care. He performed many *yagnas*. His fame spread far and wide. He shone like a second Indra by virtue of his Dharma. He had four sons. In due course he became very old. A stage came when his eyes and ears along with his strength failed. He could not move about without another's aid. At that time he started regretting why he had such a long life.

'One day Sage Narada came to him and the King asked him: "Sage! I have become sick of this world because of this old age. Won't you help me join my ancestors soon in the other world?"

Narada: King! He alone who feeds Brahmins insufficiently dies early. If you want to cut short your life, you are at liberty to follow that path!

'In despair, the aged King started following the path indicated by Narada. Even then death did not come any nearer to him. The King therefore bewailed: "Fie unto me! Even a Sage's word should come to nought in my accursed life!"

'Another day Sage Narada came. The King asked him why even after following his advice, he could not die early. The Sage asked him: "King, did you by any chance recite the

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mantra* यस्य स्मृत्या* etc. after feed
ing Brahmins?"

"Oh, Yes. What of it?"

"Now I understand. The power o
that *mantra* has been preventing deat
from coming near you! Don't you
know that Lord Siva, by reciting th
names Achyuta, Ananta and Govind
at the time of swallowing Kalakoot
overcame death? By reason of the fa
that the first word Achyuta was o
your lips, death dared not come ne
you!"

'This time Sage Narada took pi
on the King and instead of hastenin
his death, cured him of his old age di
ability and blessed him with eterna
resplendent youth and went his way

"You will thus see" said the youn
Brahmin "that the *darsan* of holy on
and the chanting of Hari's name w
contribute to one's long life and pro
perity. There is no sin comparable t
insufficient feeding of the hungry."

After saying these words, the youn
Brahmin went on his journey to Kas

[*To be continue*

---

*यस्य स्मृत्या च नामोक्त्या
तपो यज्ञक्रियादि
न्यूनं संपूर्णतां याति सद्यो वन्दे तं
अच्युतम्

I bow to that Lord Achyuta by whc
mention or thought in *tapas, yag*
etc., all deficiencies are made up a
the action becomes complete.

---

*Charity given with an unwill-
ing hand is not charity; it is a
boon extorted.*

—Anon

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Stories of King Madanakama

34 THE PRINCE UNCOVERED

ON the night of the marriage, all the three brides were ushered into their respective nuptial chambers. While the younger daughters sought the consummation of their lives in the arms of their husbands, the eldest one stifled her emotion in her own bosom at the sight of her tortoise-husband poised on the cot and went to sleep on her own.

It was past midnight and the eldest bride was fast asleep when the tortoise-Prince stealthily made his exit from the nuptial room through a window and hurried to the tree under which he had hidden his guitar and other magic implements which he found intact.

Taking hold of the guitar, he twanged the strings when the divine damsel floated down in her wonted manner, bringing the delicacies with which she fed her lover.

After remaining in her company for quite some time, the Prince put on his tortoise shell and returned to the nuptial chamber before daybreak, unobserved.

Day after day things went on in the same manner.

One day the younger bridegrooms went out on a hunt with the necessary paraphernalia. News about it reached the tortoise-Prince too who, calling his wife, asked her to make arrangements for his going out on the hunt.

Replied she, "Lord! Pardon me if I say these words. Hunting is a dangerous thing even for human beings. I shall be more than happy if my lord continues to be alive and in my care."

Tortoise-Prince: I quite appreciate your sentiment, but I do not want to be singled out as useless. Please tell your father to make arrangement for my hunt.

With great misgiving the girl went to her father and communicated her husband's wish. The Minister laughed on hearing it, but out of pity for his daughter, he sent a lame horse, a blunt sword and a useless retinue for the use of his first son-in-law.

On receiving them, the tortoise-Prince asked his wife to tie him up securely on the saddle which she did. The party went abreast of the other two for a time.

When, however, a turn came, the tortoise-Prince diverted his horse by a lane and reached the seashore. By a *mantra* he crossed the sea along with the lame horse, and reached the foot of the tree where his magic implements lay hidden. Assuming his sun-like form, he took out his magic sandals. Riding upon them he flew to where his two brothers-in-law had encamped, seeing whom the two Princes fell on all fours and prostrated before the august presence, thinking he was an angel.

Brothers! said the tortoise-Prince,

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"we have come to bless you. If at any time you have any difficulties, think of me. I shall help you overcome them like mist before the sun."

"We are greatly beholden to you, Sir" said they and fell at his feet.

"Well, I want something in return from you, right now, if you would have my help later!"

"What may that be?" asked they in chorus.

"Give me your rings of insignia. Be sure I shall return them to you some day."

The two Princes gladly parted with their rings when the tortoise-Prince went back to the foot of the tree, wherefrom he returned to the palace, in tortoise form, carrying some birds and animals of prey which he said he had shot.

One fine morning news got around that an enemy king was marching against that kingdom. The King called his Minister and said: "Look, I have become old and I have only a tortoise as son, so he is not of help to me. You make arrangements for the defence and deploy the necessary forces!"

The Minister came home and broke the news to his family whereupon his two younger sons-in-law jumped and offered to lead the King's forces against the enemy. The Minister accordingly placed two powerful contingents at their disposal when the youngsters whipped their prancing steeds.

The tortoise-Prince who heard of the whole affair told his wife to ask her father to send him at the head of another force against the enemy.

When she heard it, she was greatly agonised, but as a dutiful wife, appr ched her father with the request.

Much against his will, the Mini agreed to send the tortoise-Prince at the head of another force. As fore the tortoise-Prince had hims tied tightly to the saddle of a wa horse.

The two brothers-in-law went lau ing at their backs at the sight.

On the way the tortoise-Prince tu ed his horse along an aisle and rea ing the seashore, crossed the sea alo with the horse as before and reach the foot of the tree where he had h den his magic implements. Casting his tortoise shell, assuming his divi looking form and taking hold of magic wand, he re-entered the bat field in full panoply. His dazzle bli ed the field for a time. When fina the two brothers-in-law saw him, th recognised him as the angel who h promised them his help.

The two of them got down fr their horses and prostrated before h and prayed for help in vanquishing enemy.

Replied the tortoise-Prince, "Be good cheer. Both of you keep well hind the lines and watch."

Saying this, he took out the ma wand and addressed it: "You h been starving all these days. Now, and annihilate the enemy hordes a fill your belly!"

Roaring like Indra's *vajrayud* the wand entered the enemy lines a broke the skulls of the soldiers like nutcracker. The entire army fell befo its onslaught like a pack of cards a those who remained fled for their li while the two brothers-in-law watch with bated breath the havoc the ang

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wand was inflicting.

When the enemy lines thus became deserted leaving a vast debris of dead and dying, the tortoise-Prince beamed towards his two brothers-in-law and waving his hand, galloped his steed to where he came from, namely the foot of the tree, where he replaced the magic wand, saying "You have had your fill today!"

Putting on his shell again and transforming himself into a tortoise, the Prince hurried back to the palace on his horse where the trumpets were deafening the ears with their victory music.

The Minister welcomed his two younger sons-in-law and complimented them on their valour in their total victory against the enemy, while he completely ignored his first son-in-law who was jogging along on the fatigued steed.

Going straight into his apartment, the tortoise-Prince asked his wife to run the bath with hot-water for bathing. When she did so, he entered the bathroom stating that no one should enter it while he had his bath.

The Prince's wife who nodded, was caught by curiosity. 'Why in heaven's name should a tortoise have hot-water bath?'

When a woman becomes curious, there is nothing on earth that can prevent her from pursuing it.

She therefore peered through the keyhole. The tortoise-Prince had shed his shell and was shining in his angelic lustre. The sight literally blinded her vision and she fell down unconscious for a time.

Waking up, she made up her mind to have him as he was then, at all costs.

She wriggled through a slit in a side door and managed to steal the tortoise shell which the Prince had cast aside, and before he could discover, threw it into a burning fire which reduced it to ashes in a second. With bated breath she waited outside for her glorious husband to come out.

The Prince in vain searched the entire bathroom for the missing shell to slide into before emerging.

In the end he came out as he was and who should it be but his wife, who clung to his neck sobbing!

[To be continued]

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NEWS & NOTES

SARDAR PATEL ENGINEERING COLLEGE

A COMMITTEE of prominent citizens with Sri S. K. Patil, Union Minister for Food & Agriculture, as President, Sri Shantilal H. Shah, Maharashtra Labour Minister as Chairman and Sri Dharamsey M. Khatau as Vice-Chairman has been set up to raise funds for the Engineering College proposed to be started by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in Bombay in June next and to be named after Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. The Committee, which was announced at a meeting held at the Bhavan's premises on the 15th of December to observe the Tenth Anniversary of the Sardar's death, includes the following among other members: Sri V. N. Desai, Mayor of Bombay, Sri Y. A. Fazalbhoy, Sheriff, M. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, Speaker, Lok Sabha, Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Sri Jaisukhlal Hathi, Dy. Minister, Government of India, Sri K. K. Shah, Sri Babubhai Chinai, M. P., Sri C. H. Bhabha, former Commerce Minister, Sri Chunilal B. Mehta, Sri B. P. Singh Roy, Sri Shriyans Prasad Jain, Sri Motilal Tapuriah, Sri C. D. Somani, Sri Pravinchandra V. Gandhi and Sri C. L. Gheewala.

Sri S. K. Patil, speaking on the occasion, promised ready and generous response from all quarters to the project. He said that the City badly needed an Engineering College of the scale and standard visualised by the Bhavan, and it would be some token of Bombay's great regard and gratitude to the Sardar to name the institution after him. The Bhavan's sponsorship of the scheme was in itself a guarantee of the early realisation of the scheme and its successful working, Sri Patil remarked. Recalling his close association with the Sardar, Sri Patil stated that every passing year showed what a formidable force the departed leader was. He was a tower of strength to the Congress and to the administration, and it was he who had laid the foundation of free India's unity and power. Growing public appreciation of the unparalleled services rendered by the Sardar was at last finding expression in memorials that were truly striking.

Speaking on the occasion Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi said that from his intimate knowledge of the working of the Congress he could declare that without the Sardar, the freedom struggle would not have succeeded and the Congress would not have been in power in 1947. Nor would the country have been integrated so closely and firmly. And it was a measure of the generosity and tactfulness of the Sardar that the very Princes who lost their kingdoms in the process of integration, grew to be his ardent well-wishers, praying for his health and long life. That was proof of the faith they had in the Sardar's sense of justice and fairplay.

Sir H. V. Devatia, Sri K. K. Shah and Sri C. L. Gheewala also spoke on the occasion. *(Please see the appeal published elsewhere in this issue.)*

SHASTRIYA SANSKRIT EXAMINATIONS

AT the request of several candidates the last date for acceptance of the applications (with 50 nP late fee) of the different Shastriya Examinations conducted by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has been extended to the 15th January 1961.

The *Praveshika, Poorva Madhyama, Uttar Madhyama, Shastri,* and *Acharya* examinations will commence on Monday the 10th April and end on Saturday the 15th April 1961. The detailed time-table will be available at all examination centres. For more information please contact the Pariksha Samipadak, Shastriya Examinations, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7.

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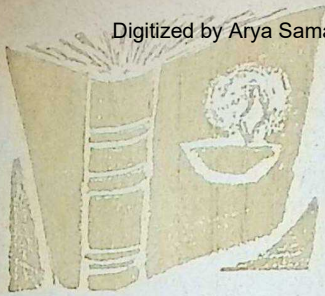

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AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN INDIAN ELOQUENCE. Compiled by R. K. Prabhu. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 258. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS is an excellent compilation of representative speeches and writings of famous Indians. It covers a large variety both as regards the matter chosen as well as the persons.

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Among others so chosen are such well-known names as Sir Surendranath Banerjea, Lal Mohan Ghose, Sir Narayan G. Chandavarkar, Bal Gangadhar Tilak, Bepin Chandra Pal, Sir J. C. Bose, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, Lala Lajpat Rai, Gopal Krishna Gokhale,

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Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, Mohammad Ali Jinnah, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, C. Rajagopalachari, Virendranath Chattopadhyaya, Justice P. R. Das, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Dr. K. M. Munshi, M. Asaf Ali, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Acharya Kripalani, S. Satyamurti, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Acharya Vinoba Bhave, Dr. Amarnath Jha and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

Swami Vivekananda's article on "Our Motherland", Swami Rama Tirtha's "This, This is Life", Mahatma Gandhi's article on "The Great Sentinel" (from *Young India*) find a place in this collection. A broadcast talk and a poem by Sarojini Naidu, two articles and a poem by Sri Aurobindo are also included. R. R. Sreshta's poem "A Light Unto Our Path" and a short poem by Harindranath Chattopadhyaya on the "Youth at the Barricade" add to the colourfulness of the selection.

In a review of this kind it is impossible to make any preferential selection. The speeches and articles give an insight into the characteristics of the personalities. The reader will find the book absorbingly interesting.

THE CULTURE OF INDIA AS ENVISAGED BY SRI AUROBINDO. By C.. C. Dutt. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 15. Price: Rs. 2.

SRI AUROBINDO was a mystic to the very core. His approach to any problem, be it politics, art or yoga was always that of a mystic. Every problem was to him in essence a problem of spirituality.

The author deals with the subject in four parts. In the first part Sri Aurobindo's views as regards India, philosophy and religion are brought out, very often in the mystic's own words. Part Two deals with India's society and politics. The synthetic turn of the Hindu mind has been shown to have coloured every activity. Sri Aurobindo's observations about Indian art are refreshingly virile and reveal keen insight and understanding of

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basis of Indian Art expression. Indian literature, beginning from the Vedic times and evolving through epics into classic literature forms the subject matter of the fourth part.

The author's intimate touch with the personality and mission of Sri Aurobindo has enabled him to present before us the views and reactions of the Seer that will make the readers feel that they are in direct discourse with him.

—*Prof. R. Srinivasan.*

SAYINGS OF SRI RAMAKRISHNA. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, Madras-4. pp. 404. Price: Rs. 5.

THE book contains 1120 sayings of the great saint Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa. This, the publisher claims to be the most exhaustive collection so far published.

The collections are divided into four parts under the captions: (1) Man and the World, (2) The Ascent of Man, (3) Man and the Divine, and (4) Maxims and Parables. The first part deals with man's relations to this world; the second with man's spiritual aspirations and ideals; the third with the manifestation of the Divine in man; and the fourth with many maxims of spiritual significance. The volume is certainly a valuable addition to 'Sri Ramakrishna literature' and it can enlighten the scholar as well as the commoner with the richness of spiritual elixir it contains.

MODERN CHEIROSOPHY. By G. V. Dass. Copies can be had of Higginbothams (Private) Ltd., Mount Road, Madras-2. pp. 576. Price: Rs. 12.50 nP.

THIS is perhaps the latest and the most copious volume on the ancient science and art of Palmistry. The author, Sri G. V. Dass, has collected in a single volume all the known facts on the subject, ancient and modern, and has explained the secrets of this fascinating science, interpreting and expounding the theories in the light of his thirty years' study of and re-

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search on the subject.

This volume can well serve as a text-book for the beginner and a reference book for the professional Palmist. The eighteen clear-print illustrations guide and enlighten the study of this science for all.

The book is divided into two distinct parts: Cheirognomy and Cheiromancy. While Cheirognomy treats the various characteristics of the individual as regards shape, size, colour, texture etc., Cheiromancy deals with lines, marks and signs. Both the sections are copiously treated and the book is well printed and got up.

SHASTRI REWASHANKAR BHAI CHARBHAI TRIVEDI "ABHINANDANA GRANTHA." Published by Abhinandan Granth Publication Committee, 27, Audiappa Naick Street, Madras. pp. 240.

THIS Commemoration volume contains many learned articles from distinguished scholars and men of eminence. Chief among them are Sarvasri K. M. Munshi, C. Rajagopalachari, V. Raghavan, P. S. Sastri, T. P. Mahadevan, Yogindra J. Tripathi, H. D. Sankalia and R. L. Somaya. The special articles are in English, Gujarati and Sanskrit.

FOOD LEAVES. By N. Ramaswami Pillai. Published by the Thiruvalluvar Health Home, Karuppur, Adiakkamangalam P.O., Tanjore Dist. pp. 66. 1960. Price: Re. 1.25 nP.

THIS book gives short notes on the use of various green leaves as food as well as medicine. It is suggested that leaves taken in as food should serve to cure the human system of ailments and all *sattvic* leaves are always universal, not specific. The book gives various ways in which the different leaves can be used as food. A list of *sattvic* leaves is also given.

THE STUDENT GUIDE (A fortnightly Educational Journal). Edited and published by Harbans Singh, 304, Model Town, Ludhiana. Price: 20 nP.

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THE Journal is packed with information of a general nature for students. Among the contributors are University Professors who have expressed their views on student problems. The Journal serves as a forum for the discussion of education problems by the teacher as well as the taught.

—*Sri H. R. Aiyer.*

SANSKRIT

THE CHANDRAKALAA NAATIKAA. By Vishvanatha Kaviraja. Edited by S. N. Raja Guru and Sarbeswar Das. Published by B. V. Nath, Superintendent of Archaeology and Museum, Government of Orissa, Bhubaneshwar. Price: Rs. 5.

SRI HARAPRASADA SASTRI was under the impression that Vishwanatha Kaviraja, the famous author of the work on poetics named *Sahityadarpana*, belonged to a Brahmin family of the Mukherji class of Bengal, while Dr. S. K. De believed that he was an Oriya Brahmin, but the present editors, after carefully scrutinising the evidence available, are not able to pronounce any opinion either way. They do not seem to be satisfied with MM. Kane's efforts in fixing up our author's date which puts it vaguely as between the 12th and 15th centuries. Sri S. N. Rajaguru thoroughly presents his new line of research by which he is able to show that this drama published by him for the first time was composed by this poet who was also the Foreign Minister of the Trikalinga country to be staged in the presence of his victorious patron Nisshaka Bhaanudeva of Orissa round about 1414 A.D.

The Orissa Museum and its authorities deserve the thanks of the world of scholars for their scholarly edition of this *Chandrakalaa Naatika* of the type of the famous *Ratnavali* of the great emperor Harshavardhana of Kanyakubja. Though the drama borrows almost all the incidents from its predecessors like those of Bhasa, Kalidasa and Sri Harsha, it is abundant proof of the fact that the dramatic flair of our ancestors has continued unimpaired through the ages, the dramatist having two more dramas as yet undiscovered, the *Narasimha Vijaya* and the *Prabhavati Parinaya* also to his credit and also abundantly proves another notable achievement of our critics, combining in themselves creative genius as well. All our critics were poets of a high order like Bhamaha, Dandin, Anandavardhana, and Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti. A good English translation (with explanatory English notes) follows the Sanskrit text. The printing leaves much to be desired since a number of misprints some of which alone have been noted in the corrigenda tacked on at the end have entered into the text.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao.*

TAMIL

SRI VAIDYANATHA DIKSHITIYA SRADDHA KANDA SANGRAHA. Price: 50 nP.

TEACHINGS OF BHAGAVAN KRISHNA AND METHOD OF MEDITATION. Price: 50 nP.

SRIMAD RAMAYANA SANGRAHA. Price: Re. 1.

All the three books are published by T. E. Sarangapani, Madurai Nool Man-

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dram, 221, Linghi Chetty Street, Madras-1.

THE author has already published the *Mantra-Prasna Sampoorna Bhashyam* and Vaidyanatha Dikshita's *Varna Asrama Dharma Kanda Sangraha* in Tamil with Sanskrit Mantras and Slokas. The first is an addition to that publication. A very useful book to every *astika* who wants to know about the Vedic rites.

The contents of *Srimad Bhagavat Gita* is given in lecture form in simple English. Those who want to know about meditation would be benefited by this book.

In the third book the Sundara Kanda story is narrated in 68 paragraphs, the story of each Sarga in a paragraph in a condensed form. These are the books to be preserved in libraries for reference. The author's effort in popularising Sanskrit works in Tamil has to be appreciated.

—*Sri V. S. Mahalinga Sastr*

SAMUDRIKA LAKSANAM: Edite by T. N. Subramaniam. Publishe by Government Oriental Man scripts Library, Madras. 19 pp. 131. Price: Rs. 6.90 nP.

THIS is a book of great labour, com piled after extensive research wor on palm leaf manuscripts found Tamil and Malayalam languages.

The book deals with a particul branch of fortune-telling or futur reading based on distinguishing lin and marks found on the human bo as well as the shape, size and colo of the face, fingers, nails, etc. The te and comments are given in Tamil a English. This volume is certainly valuable addition to that kind of lit rature that come under the fortun telling lore.

—*Sri H. R. Aiye*

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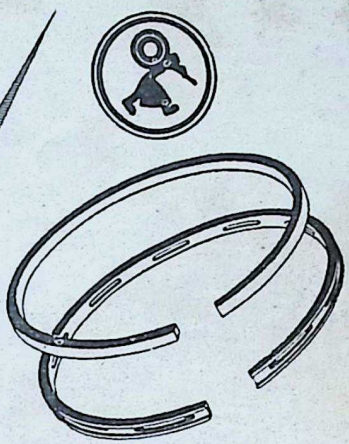

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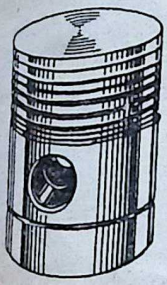

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY
FEBRUARY 19, 1961
Vol. VII No. 15

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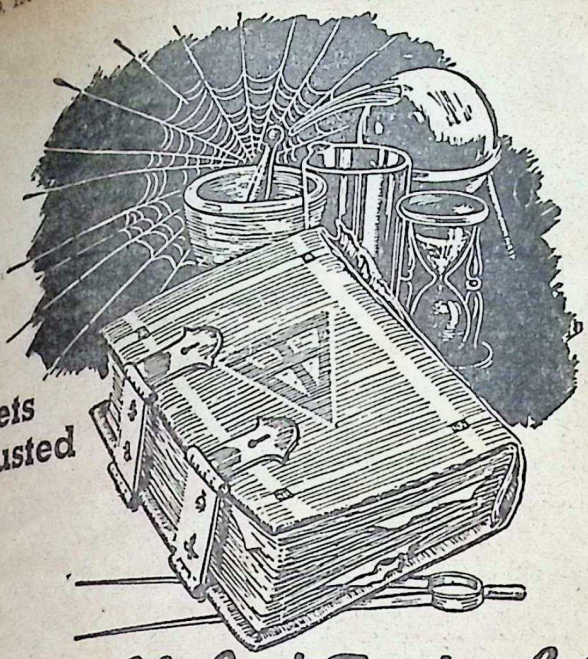

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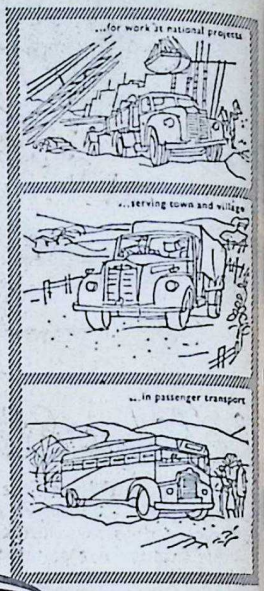

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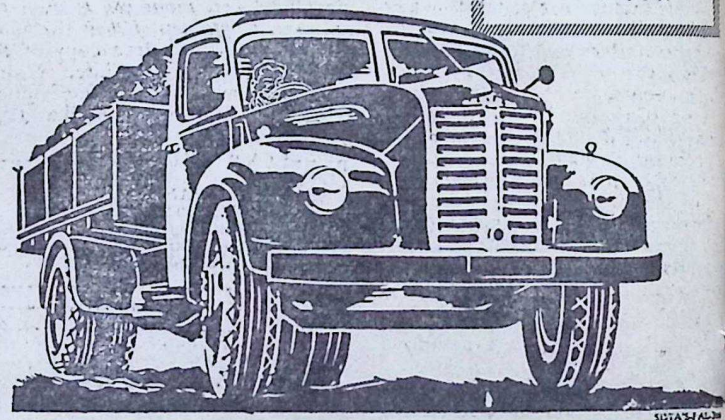

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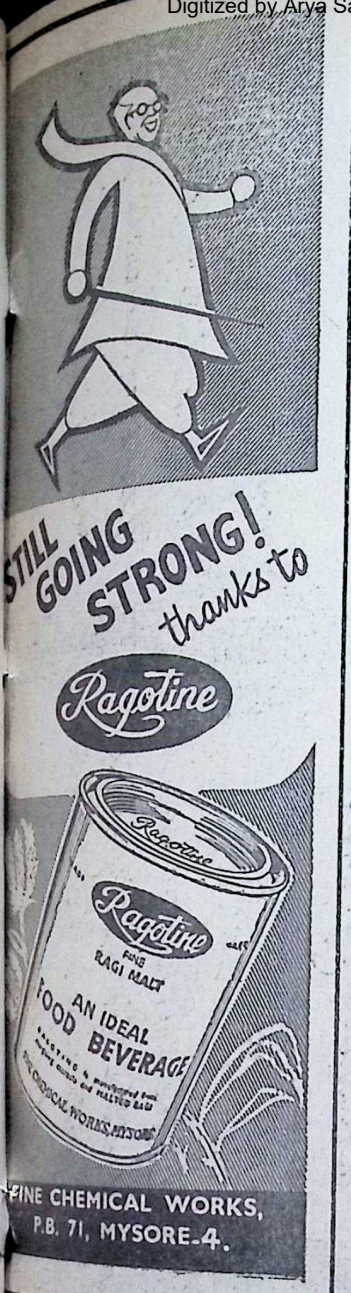

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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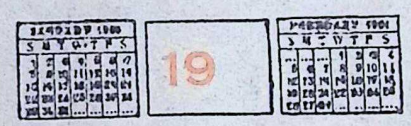

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FEBRUARY 19, 1961 No. 15

Vol. VII

THE MIGHTY MOTHER

महीम् ऊ षु मातरं सुव्रतानाम्
ऋतस्य पत्नीम् अवसे हुवेम।
तुविक्षत्राम् अजरन्तीम् उरूचीं
सुशर्माणम् अदितिं सुप्रणीतिम्॥

The Mighty Mother of those who sway is just, the Queen of Order,—we call on for our help;

We call on the powerful Ruler, the never-decaying, the wide-expanding.

Aditi—the good protectress, the gracious guide.

—Yajurveda.

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Munshi's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 225

★ *HALF-A-CENTURY OF FRIENDSHIP* ★ *SAD EXPERIEN*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHA
BOMBAY.

FEBRUARY 19, 1961

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON the 17th February 1961, the Bhavan celebrated the completion of the 75th year by its Senior Vice-President, Sir Harsiddhbhai V. Divatia, former Chief Justice of Saurashtra. In a sense, both of us celebrated a rare event in our lives—the completion of 50 years of friendship and camaraderie.

I was introduced to him in November 1906 in the pandal, when both of us appeared for our B.A. examination with logic and moral philosophy as our optional subjects.

In 1910, I joined the Gurjar Sabha, the members of which were all aspiring young literary men. In 1912, Harsiddhbhai, who had just started practice on the Appellate Side of the High Court, also joined it, and we became close associates.

He was then residing in the Maharaj Buildings on the Sandhurst Road. I was then studying for the Advocates' Examination for qualifying to be enrolled on the Original Side of the High Court, and was living in Morarji Building across the road. Naturally we became great friends, and in 1913, after I passed my ex nation and was enrolled as an A cate on the Original Side, we many cases together for an unr tionably low fee. We used to me the High Court and outside al daily.

In 1915 to 1917, we were among young workers of the Home R League founded by Mrs. A Besant, Mr. Jinnah being the P dent of the local branch in Bom Often we used to go to Gujarat political campaigning and tog attended the Godhra Conferenc which Gandhiji made his first pearance on our political stage.

We were staunch Home Leag and when Gandhiji, by a preside ruling—which we thought was un stitutional—got its annual meetin change the aims and objectives of Home Rule League from 'cons tional means' to 'legitimate me twenty-one active members, led Mr. Jinnah, resigned—among both of us.

In 1920, Harsiddhbhai and my with other friends, founded

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ujarat Sahitya Sanad, a group of
ters pledged to Romanticism. I
o floated the Sahitya Prakashak
mpany Limited of which Harsiddh-
ai, if I remember right, was one of
e directors. It published an illus-
ted monthly *Gujarat*, to which he
ntributed several articles.

In 1926, when the Gujarat Sahitya
rishad was reorganised we became
co-workers—a partnership which
ly ended when in 1958, we handed
er the control of the Parishad to
ew generation. In 1928, Harsiddh-
ai was a member of the Committee
framing the constitution of the
rishad. For several years after 1937,
was the vice-president, in 1940 the
esident of its exhibition and its
esident in 1952. We have been the
stees of the Parishad from its very
ception.

In 1934, both of us came to stay
flats adjoining in the same com-
ound on the Ridge Road. Since then
e have been like brothers—perhaps
ore, for we had no patrimony to
ide and Jollybehn Divatia and
ummy had no common mother-in-
w to share

●●●

As a Judge of the High Court of
mbay, Harsiddhbhai was esteemed
his fine courtesy, sound know-
ge and balanced judgment. I re-
mber conducting a few heavy cases
ore him; he was one of the few
dges in whose court it was an un-
ixed pleasure to appear.

In 1938, when the Congress Minis-
took office in Bombay, the City
the cockpit of Communism. The
nistry, therefore, decided to deal
th the problems of industrial

labour, and Sri B. G. Kher, then the Chief Minister of Bombay, at my suggestion, appointed Harsiddhbhai as the Chairman of the Bombay Textile Labour Enquiry Committee. As such, he commanded the complete confidence of both the employers and the employees, and smoothed the way for a better understanding between them.

In 1939, the Bombay Legislature passed the Bombay Industrial Disputes Act, perhaps the first Act of its kind in the whole country. The next year, Harsiddhbhai was appointed the first Judge of the Industrial Court which was set up under the Act. Perhaps he was the first to lay the foundation of the Judge-made law of industrial relations in the country.

In 1939 again, the Bombay Legislature passed an Act, whereby the lands forfeited during the civil disobedience movements and sold to outsiders, were restored to the original owners. Harsiddhbhai was appointed the one-man Tribunal to fix compensation for restoring forfeited lands.

Harsiddhbhai duly honoured with a Knighthood, retired from the High Court Bench of Bombay in 1946 and was invited to assume the office of the Chief Justice of the Deccan States. In the same year, however, he had to resign the office as he was invited to be the full-time President of the Industrial Court in Bombay.

In 1948, Harsiddhbhai was appointed the Chief Justice of Saurashtra, which office he held till 1951.

The confidence which he invariably commanded of the contesting parties led the Government of India to appoint him on several important tribunals and he was always in demand as an arbitra-

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tor. One of the most contentious matters in which I argued before him was when in 1950 he presided over a tribunal set up by the Government of India to decide the succession to the gadi of Sirohi.

When Gujarat University was set up, Sardar Patel, in order to lay at rest certain rivalries, pressed him to accept the office of the Vice-Chancellor of the Gujarat University. He joined the office in November 1949 and continued till November 1957, doing splendid spadework in an unenviable office, the duties of which he discharged without evoking criticism —a rare thing for Ahmedabad where the Congress Party considers the University a mere appendage of the Congress Committee. His success was due to an extraordinary gift of persuading without appearing to do so.

In 1938, Harsiddhbhai and I founded the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, and our happy partnership—of one who was thoughtful, wise and cautious, and of another who was impetuous, impatient and aggressive—is reflected in the phenomenal progress made by that institution.

Harsiddhbhai is not only a student of philosophy, but also one with a philosophic bent of mind. His book *The Art of Life in the Bhagavad Gita* has been in great demand as an introduction to that scripture.

Harsiddhbhai's articles contributed to Gujarati magazines are the product of deep and balanced thinking. He has taken a deep interest in the development of the Gujarati drama, and as President from 1952, he guided the Gujarati Natya Mandal.

He has led an exemplary life, sober, unostentatious; inspired by a l idealism and a judicious sense of p priety. Jollybehn Divatia has b a wise and helpful comrade; betw them they have built a home life mutual devotion, rare to meet in th days when hectic jostling is fast coming a feature of domesticity.

Sadly we took her to the crem rium.

When I saw her last she looked if she was sleeping. Her pale f though overspread with pallor, peared full. It was enveloped i multi-coloured *chundri*, the bri wear on the wedding day, and a l *kumkum* mark was on her ma forehead.

She came into my life at se when her mother was my comrad literature. She was then lovely a fairy.

Then Mummy and I married; Bala—her full name was Sarayu —became a daughter.

The magic of my mother's influ soon began to work. Her intense and solicitude impartially distrib tamed Bala's spirit. She becam daughter of the family, knit tog with other children in a bond of tual affection and respect. She gav the affection due to a father.

She graduated, got a diploma teaching in London, married, h son. She did social work and bore share of Bhavan's responsib shouldering with enthusiasm the den of running its women's sec the Stree Seva Sangh. Whatever did, she brought to the work the c of a warm and open heart.

She died in October 1960 came

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last illness. For sixteen days she lay suspended between life and death. A wide circle of relatives and friends were by her bedside all the time.

In her last moment when consciousness was failing she wanted us to read the *Gita* to her. And with the immortal words of the Lord running in her ears, she sank into oblivion.

She died on 16th November, 1960.

Only after her death, we discovered what had been hidden from us. Men and women in all stations of life came and told us of the affection and help she had lavished on them whenever they were in need—unknown to others without claiming credit for it.

Her great good nature hungering for love had been transformed into a magnificent gift for evoking responsive affection in all on whom she bestowed it.

In the last week of December, I visited the Sister Nivedita School at Calcutta conducted by the Sharda Mutt of the Ramakrishna Mission.

I was received by two *sannyasinis*. When I saw one of them swathed in saffron robes, her head clean shaven, tears were in my eyes. Kalpalata Munshi had become *parivrajika* Atma Prana a few days before.

I gained control over myself. Eight years ago, when she was a lecturer in Sanskrit and had just taken her Doctorate, I had given my consent to her joining Sharda Mutt and qualify for being ordained a *sannyasini*. I had appreciated her keenness to give up the world to lead the life of the Spirit in service of man and God. After all what is life worth, if it does not bring fulfilment in the way one yearns for?

She was made that way. From her childhood she had high moral sensibility and an equable temper. I never saw her angry, never found her harbouring malice. She then lived like an ascetic, maintaining and educating several girl students out of her meagre salary. She had already created an impression on some of her colleagues and those who came in contact with her by her uncompromising moral rectitude. After she joined the Mission, I saw how her mental contact changed easily and naturally, making it easy for her to overcome egotistic impulses, if any had been left in her.

In December, when I met her, I talked in general to her and other *sannyasinis*. But I could not find it in me to stay with them longer. Deep down in my worldly heart, was a little hurt—unreasonable, but real. But I rejoiced also. God had given me the opportunity to offer a priceless gift at the shrine of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa who, after Shankara and Chaitanya, has given a new validity to all that I hold dear.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

Yama, the outer god, is but a name; the One Self, Inner Ruler, is true Yama. Him who has satisfied that Inner God, Yama, the outer god, will never touch. Therefore, consult your own heart if you are in doubt.

—Mahabharata.

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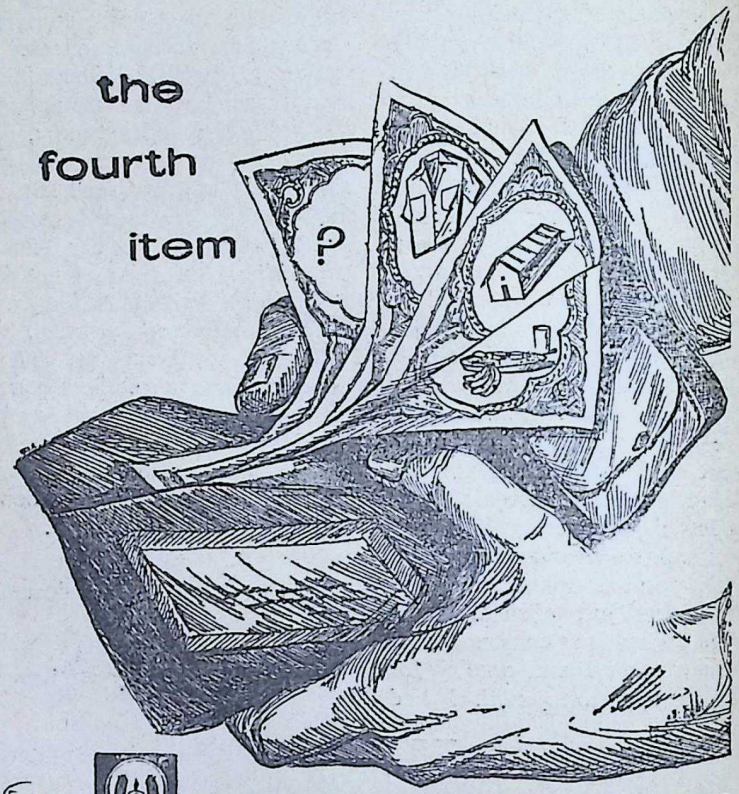

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nama Sankirtan

Keep your lips moist by repeating God's name.

—Prophet Muhammad

I discovered the great secret in uttering the NAME *and adhering to this quintessence of* Shastras,
I reached my Girdhar through prayers and tears.

—Bhakta Mira

Praise be to the name of Lord Krishna, which purifies the mind of all sensual images and unholy worldly desires; which allays the heat and fire of all those pains which man is heir to, that which offers eternal joy, which is the essence of all wisdom, and the veritable sea of happiness and fruit of all sadhanas, *and which satisfies all our holy yearnings towards the Lord.*

—Chaitanya Mahaprabhu

In the name of Sri Krishna dwells His form. The Supreme Being is incarnate as Sri Krishna. The name of Krishna is an invulnerable boat in which to cross the ocean of metempsychosis.

—Sant Tukaram

If you will constantly repeat the Lord's Name, with no hope of reward, so that you lose consciousness while chanting it, you shall obtain the supreme gift.

Very great is the power of the Name of the Lord—even when uttered in dream, or while yawning unawares; it will counteract such great sins as the killing of hundreds of cows and even of Brahman.

—Goswami Tulsidas

He who obstructs thee in repeating the name of the Lord, forsake him, and

Perform the worship of Lord Vishnu with thy body, mind and soul;

Renounce on that account thy caste, thy family, thy father, mother, brother, sister, wife and son as the snake discards the skin.

—Bhakta Narsi Mehta

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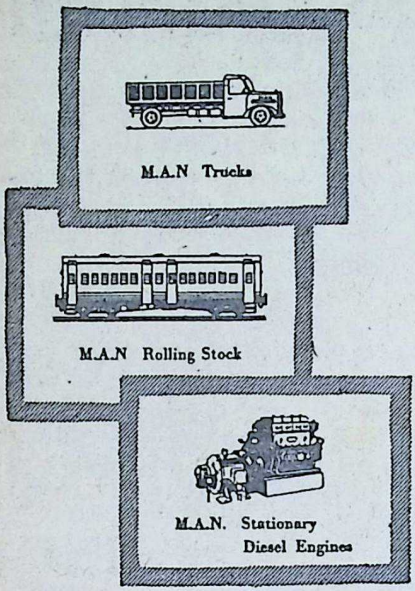

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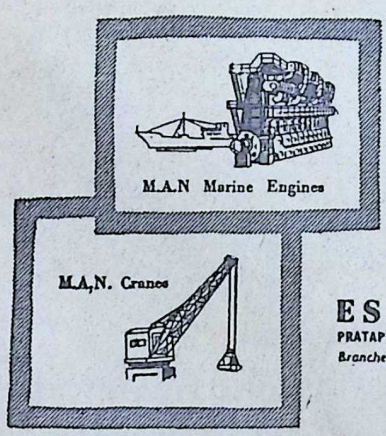

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TRUE AIM OF CHARITY
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Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

HARITY! Doing good!
How dare you say you can do good to others?
Man struts about so much: but if he pours foul water into his mouth when he is asleep, he doesn't even know it; his mouth overflows with it! Where are his boasting, his vanity, his pride, then?
A *sannyasi* must give up woman and gold: he cannot accept it any more.
One must not swallow one's own vomit.
When a *sannyasi* gives something to another, he knows that it is not himself who gives. Kindness belongs to God alone. How can a man lay claim to it?
Charity depends on the will of Rama.
A householder, of course, needs money, for he has a wife and children. He should save up to feed them.
They say that the bird and the *sannyasi* should not provide for the future. But the mother-bird brings food in her mouth for her chicks; so she too provides.
If a householder is a genuine devotee, he performs his duties without attachment; he surrenders the fruit of his work to God—his gain or loss, his pleasure or pain—and day and night he prays for devotion and for nothing else.
That is called motiveless work, the performance of duty without attachment.
A *sannyasi*, too, must do all his work in that spirit of detachment, but he has no worldly duties to attend to, like a householder.
If a householder gives in charity in a spirit of detachment, he is really doing good to *himself* and not to others.
It is God alone that he serves—God, who dwells in all beings, and when he serves God, he is really doing good to himself and not to others.
If a man thus serves God through all beings, not through men alone but through animals and other living beings as well; if he doesn't seek name and fame, or heaven after death; if he doesn't seek any return from those he serves; if he can carry on his work of service in this spirit—then he performs truly selfless work, work without attachment.
Through such selfless work he does good to himself. This is called *karma-yoga*. This too is a way to realize God. But it is very difficult....
Therefore, I say, he who works in such a detached spirit—who is kind and charitable—benefits only himself.
Helping others, doing good to others—this is the work of God alone, who for men has created the sun and moon, father and mother, fruits, flowers, and corn.
The love that you see in parents is God's love: He has given it to them to preserve His creation.
The compassion that you see in the kind-hearted is God's compassion: He has given it to them to protect the helpless.

From *The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*

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GOKHALE —my master

MAHATMA GANDHI

[Today, 46 years ago Gopal Krishna Gokhale breathed his last.]

DISCIPLESHIP is a sacred and personal matter.

I fell at Dadabhai's feet in s, but he seemed to be too far y from me. I could be as son to not disciple. A disciple is more n son. Discipleship is a second th. It is a voluntary surrender.

n 1896, I met almost all the known ders of India in connection with South African mission. Justice nade awed me. I could hardly talk his presence. Badrudin Tyabji ered me, and asked me to be ded by Ranade and Pherozeshah. e latter became a patron. His will d to be law. He taught me to take ders. He did not make me his dis- e. He did not even try...

I worshipped Dr. Bhandarkar with wise face. But I could not find him a place on that little throne. was still unoccupied. I had many es, but no king.

It was different with Gokhale, I not say why. I met him at his quar- on the college ground. It was meeting an old friend, or better , a mother after a long separa- .

his gentle face put me at ease in oment. His minute inquiries about lf and my doings in South Af- at once enshrined him in my heart. And as I parted from him, I said to myself, 'You are my man.' In 1901, on my second return from South Africa, we came closer still. He simply 'took me in hand,' and began to fashion me.

He was concerned about how I spoke, dressed, walked and ate. My mother was not more solicitous about me than Gokhale. There was no reserve between us. It was really a case of love at first sight, and it stood the severest strain in 1913.

He seemed to me all I wanted as a political worker—pure as crystal, gentle as a lamb, brave as a lion and chivalrous to a fault. It does not matter to me that he may not have been any of these things. It was enough for me that I could discover no fault in him to cavil at. He was and remains for me the most perfect man on the political field.

Not that we had no differences. We differed even in 1901 in our views on social customs, namely, widow remarriage. We discovered differences in our estimate of western civilization. He frankly differed from me in my extreme views on non-violence. But these differences mattered neither to him nor to me. Nothing could put us asunder.

[Courtesy: *Navajivan Trust*]

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... Ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country ...

God's Work Must Truly Be Our Own

President John F. Kennedy

Inaugural Address, January 20

WE observe today not the victory of a party but the celebration of freedom—symbolizing an end as well as a beginning, signifying renewal as well as change. For I have sworn before you and Almighty God the same solemn oath our forebears prescribed nearly a century and three quarters ago.

The world is very different now. For man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms of human poverty and all forms of human life. And yet the same revolutionary beliefs for which our forebears fought are still at issue around the globe—the belief that the rights of man come not from the generosity of the state but from the hand of God.

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage—and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.

Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and success of liberty.

This much we pledge—and more.

To those old allies whose cultural and spiritual origins we share, we pledge the loyalty of faithful friends

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...If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich...

United, there is little we cannot do in a host of co-operative ventures. Divided, there is little we can do—for we dare not meet a powerful challenge at odds and split asunder.

To those new states whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny. We shall not always expect to find them supporting our view. But we shall always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom—and to remember that, in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding the back of the tiger ended up inside.

To those peoples in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required—not because the Communists may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich.

To our sister republics south of our border, we offer a special pledge—to convert our good words into good deeds—in a new alliance for progress —to assist free men and free governments in casting off the chains of poverty. But this peaceful revolution of hope cannot become the prey of hostile powers. Let all our neighbours know that we shall join with them to oppose aggression or subversion anywhere in the Americas. And let every other power know that this hemisphere intends to remain the master of its own house.

To that world assembly of sovereign states, the United Nations, our last best hope in an age where the instruments of war have far outpaced the instruments of peace, we renew our pledge of support—to prevent it becoming merely a forum for invective—to strengthen its shield of the new and the weak—and to enlarge the area in which its writ may run.

Finally, to those nations who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request: that both sides begin anew the quest for peace, before the dark powers of destruction unleashed by science engulf all humanity in planned or accidental self-destruction.

We dare not tempt them with weakness. For only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed.

But neither can two great and powerful groups of nations take comfort from their present course—both sides overburdened by the cost of modern weapons, both rightly alarmed by the steady spread of the deadly atom, yet both racing to alter that uncertain balance of terror that stays the hand of mankind's final war.

So let us begin anew—remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

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...Civility is not a sign of weakness; sincerity is subject to proof...

Let both sides explore what prob-
ms unite us instead of belabouring
ose problems that divide us.
Let both sides, for the first time,
mulate serious and precise propo-
s for the inspection and control of
ms—and bring the absolute power
destroy other nations under the ab-
lute control of all nations.
Let both sides seek to invoke the
nders of science instead of its ter-
rs. Together let us explore the stars,
nquer the deserts, eradicate diseases,
p the ocean depths and encourage
e arts and commerce.
Let both sides unite to heed in all
rners of the earth the command of
iah—to "undo the heavy burdens
.(and) let the oppressed go free."
And if a beach-head of co-opera-
n may push back the jungle of sus-
cion, let both sides join in creating
new endeavour, not a new balance
power, but a new world of law,
ere the strong are just and the weak
cure and the peace preserved.
All this will not be finished in the
st one hundred days. Nor will it
finished in the first one thousand
ys, nor in the life of this Adminis-
ation, nor even perhaps in our life-
me on this planet. But let us begin.
Now the trumpet summons us
gain—not as a call to bear arms,
ough arms we need—not as a call
battle, though embattled we are—
a call to bear the burden of a
g twilight struggle, year in and
ar out, "rejoicing in hope, patient
tribulation"—a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself.

Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, north and south, east and west, that can assure a more fruitful life for all mankind? Will you join in that historic effort?

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility —I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavour will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.

My fellow citizens of the world, ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice that we shall ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own.

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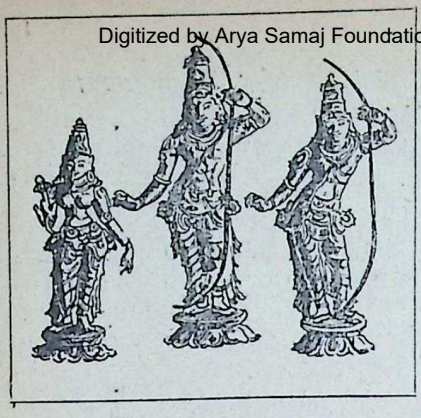

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

WHERE RAMA DWELLS

Sri Rama and party crossed the Ganga and arrived at the ashrama of Sage Bharadwaja. After being worshipped and entertained by the Sage, they crossed the Yamuna and reached the ashrama of Sage Valmiki at Chitrakuta. The Sage, on seeing him, embraced him and shed tears of joy. Reception over, Sri Rama asked Valmiki:

पितुराज्ञां पुरस्कृत्य दण्डकानागता वयम्॥
भवन्तो यदि जानन्ति किं वक्ष्यामोऽत्र कारणम्।
यत्र मे सुखवासाय भवेत्स्थानं वदस्व तत्॥
सीतया सहितः कालं किञ्चित्तत्र नयाम्यहम्।

"Obeying the orders of my father, we have come to the Dandaka forest. Since your holiness knows why, need I say it? I would like to spend some time here in the company of Sita. Can you tell me of a suitable place for our stay?"

इत्युक्तो राघवेणासौ मुनिः सस्मितमब्रवी
त्वमेव सर्वलोकानां निवासस्थानमुत्तमः
तवापि सर्वभूतानि निवाससदनानि हि

Asked thus by Raghava, the S smilingly replied: "You alone are best dwelling place for all created ings. And indeed, all created thi are dwelling places for you!

एवं साधारणं स्थानमुक्तं ते रघुनन्दन
सीतया सहितस्येति विशेषं पृच्छतस्तः
तद्वक्ष्यामि रघुश्रेष्ठ यत्ते नियतमन्दिर

"The above places, O delighter the Raghu race, are the common for you to live in; but since you ed me for a place to live in the pany of Sita, I shall presently p to those permanent temples for special purpose.

शान्तानां समदृष्टीनां अद्वेष्टॄणां च जन्तु
त्वामेव भजतां नित्यं हृदयं तेऽधिमन्दि

"The hearts of those beings wh imperturbable peace prevails; th who look upon dualities (like p sure and pain, heat and cold) eq ly; those who are free from hate those who sing your praise unc ingly—these are fit to be your temple.

धर्माधर्मान् परित्यज्य त्वामेव भजतोऽनि
सीतया सह ते राम! तस्य हृत्सुखमन्दि

"O, Rama! The heart of his casting aside all *dharmas* (to be d and *adharmas* (to be abandoned), your praise uninterruptedly— constitutes your temple where can enjoy comfort in the compan Sita.

त्वन्मन्त्रजापको यस्तु त्वामेव शरणं
निर्द्वन्द्वो निस्स्पृहस्तस्य हृदयं ते सुमन्दि

"Reciting your *mantra*, taking fuge in you without the 'I-and-

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> **The human mind, partaking of divinity, is an abode of the Deity, which is the Spiritual Essence. There exists no highest deity outside the human mind.**
>
> —Shinto-Dinju

mplex and non-desiring—that person's heart is fit to become your beaific temple.

रहङ्कारिणः शान्ता ये रागद्वेषवर्जिताः।
मलोष्टाश्मकणकास्तेषां ते हृदयं गृहम्।

"Devoid of ego; calm; neither desiring nor hating, looking alike on pebbles and gems—the hearts of these people are fit to be your home.

यदि दत्तमनोबुद्धिर्यः सन्तुष्टः सदा भवेत्।
यदि सन्न्यक्तकर्मा यः तन्मनस्ते शुभं गृहम्।

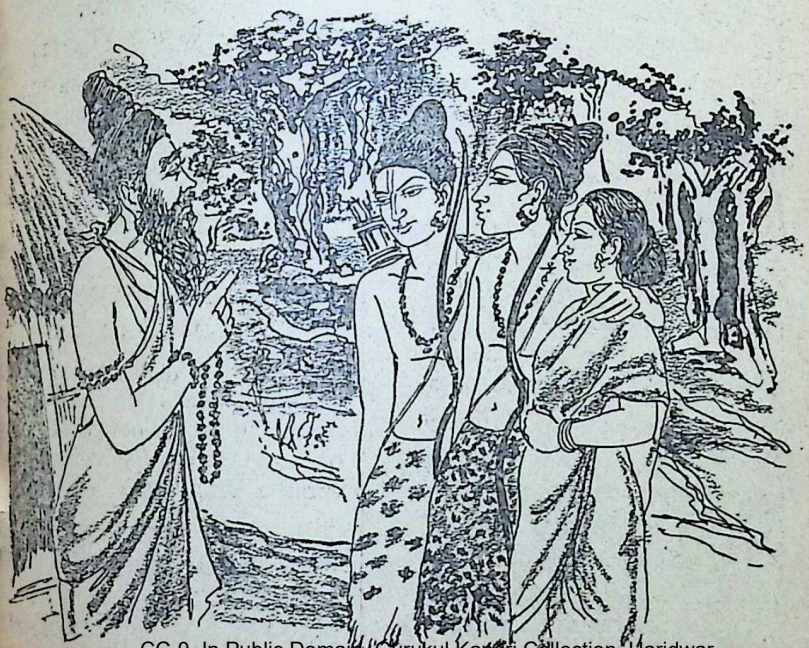
"With his mind and intellect dedicated to you; contented always; dedicating all his actions to you—the heart of that man is fit to be your auspicious home.

न द्वेष्टि अप्रियं प्राप्य प्रियं प्राप्य न हृष्यति।
मायेति निश्चित्य त्वां भजेत्तन्मनो गृहम्॥

"He who does not become hateful at unpleasantness and joyful by pleasantness; sure that all are illusory and worships you—his mind is fit to become your dwelling place.

षड्भावादिविकारान्यो देहे पश्यति नात्मनि।
क्षुत्तृट् सुखं भयं दुःखं प्राणबुद्धचोः निरीक्षते।
संसारधर्मैर्निर्मुक्तस्तस्य ते मानसं गृहम्॥

"He who equates the six-fold states



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(birth, existence, growth, change, decline and death) with the body not the soul; sees hunger, thirst, and sorrow as owing allegiance Prana; he who is emancipated f the dharmas (*punya, papa* etc.) life—their hearts are fit to be home.

पश्यन्ति ये सर्वगुहाशयस्थं
त्वां चिद्घनं सत्यमनन्तमेकम्।
अलेपकं सर्वगतं वरेण्यं
तेषां हृदब्जे सह सीतया वस।

"Live with Sita in the lotus-h of those persons who see you as indweller of all hearts; that you *Chaitanya-rupa*; you are the onl finite Truth; that although you all-pervasive, you are untouched that you are the Supremo.

निरन्तराभ्यास दृढीकृतात्मनां
त्वत्पादसेवापरिनिष्ठितानाम्।
त्वन्नामकीर्त्या हतकल्मषाणां
सीतासमेतस्य गृहं हृदब्जे॥

"Take your abode with Sita in lotus-hearts of those who, by un ing efforts, have firmly establi themselves in the service of your and those who by virtue of sin your name have been cleansed o their sins.

राम! त्वन्नाममहिमा वर्ण्यते केन वा क
यत्प्रभावादहं राम! ब्रह्मर्षित्वमवाप्त

"Rama! Who or how can one quately describe the greatness of name? Was it not out of the m of your name, O, Rama, that I came a Brahmarshi?"

I live, and yet not I, but Chr liveth in me.

—St. Paul.

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K.M.Munshi

krishnavatara

15 : PART II

Brihadbala Plays the Diplomat

EMPEROR JARASANDHA'S army and the contingents which his allies had brought with them, had camped on the banks of the Yamuna, two days' march from Mathura. The force consisted of over two hundred war chariots for warriors of rank, fifty elephants, five hundred riders and over two thousand bowmen.

Noon time was approaching. Grooms were busy washing the horses. Men were having their bath in the river or preparing their food. The mahouts were watering the elephants. On all sides, lances, swords, battle-axes made of copper were seen flashing in the sunshine as the soldiers went to and fro.

A little away, under a giant banyan tree, Jarasandha himself was preparing for his midday meal. He was tall and sinewy. A master wrestler, he was heavy of weight, and though due to age his stomach had begun to droop, he was as vigorous as he was twenty years ago. He had a shock of greying hair and a well trimmed beard. In spite of a powerful jaw, he had a mobile face, which could, when he wanted, express his mood forcefully, but when he did not so want, could conceal his thoughts. Just now it wore a malicious look as he washed his hands and feet.

Drupad, the King of Panchala, had declined to give Jarasandha's army a passage through his domains. It was an impertinence, Jarasandha felt. At any other time he would have simply marched on Kampilya and burnt it down. But now he did not want to be deflected from the purpose before him, though Drupad's refusal had made his task of marching on Mathura difficult.

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Then he smiled. Drupad will pay the price of this impertinence some day. But the day had not yet come. He must deal with Vasudeva's sons first.

His face again lapsed into a malicious grin as he thought of Krishna and Balaram. The two cowherds had killed his son-in-law, Kamsa, and by so doing offered him a mortal affront. Before everything, therefore, that death must be avenged. Both the boys must be cut to pieces at the very place where they had laid their sacrilegious hands on the Prince of Mathura.

A little away, the meal was being served on banana leaves. His allies and generals, who generally dined with him, were waiting for him. He glanced at them. King Damaghosh of Chedi had not yet come for the meal from his camp. It was unusual for Damaghosh, the soul of courtesy, who was very punctilious in such matters. Ordinarily he presented himself at the meals early enough to receive Jarasandha. Something unexpected appeared to have happened.

The Emperor, followed by two warriors armed with copper lances, strode over to the place where the meals were being served. His friends and generals offered him salutations as he took the central seat which was a little higher than those of the rest.

'Shalva, where is Damaghosh?' he asked Shalva, the King of Saubha, whose seat was to his immediate left. 'Does he suffer from indigestion?' he asked and laughed loudly.

'Lord, Chediraj just sent word that he would be a little late,' replied Shalva, with a smile which showed his flashing teeth against a swarthy face. He was the Emperor's trusted a prized for his cunning and ruthle ness. He was a wiry, dark-haired m with a handsome face and a cunn look.

'Messengers of peace have arriv from Mathura', one of the Magadh generals, who was standing in fro of his seat, said with folded hands

'Messengers!' exclaimed Jarasand with a frown. 'I want the heads Vasudeva's sons, not empty-hand messengers'.

They all sat down to meals silen for the Emperor was frowning all time. He did not like Damagh dabbling in this affair. His que Shrutasrava, a very powerful wom was Vasudeva's sister, and though had joined this campaign read Jarasandha was not sure what trick would be up to.

Soon Damaghosh came, offe salutations to Jarasandha and as to be forgiven for being late at me He was quiet, slow-spoken and s composed.

'You have men come from M thura?' asked Jarasandha with frown.

'Not for me, for the lord', s Damaghosh, smiling unperturbably

'Have they brought the heads Krishna and Balaram?' Jarasand asked loudly, so that others may ca his words.

'The boys have fled from Mathu said Damaghosh.

'What!' exclaimed Jarasandha surprise.

'Akrura has come accompanied Brihadbala, the King's grandson Gada to make his submissions to

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lord', said Damaghosh. 'And he would not tell a lie'.

Then feeling that his silence might be construed by the company as disappointment, he said, 'I don't believe it. I will talk to them after meals'.

'As the lord of Magadha commands,' said Damaghosh.

'Have we sent a contingent of bowmen in advance to prepare the camp for the night, Shaiva?' asked Jarasandha.

'Yes, lord, they left in the night', said Shalva.

●●●

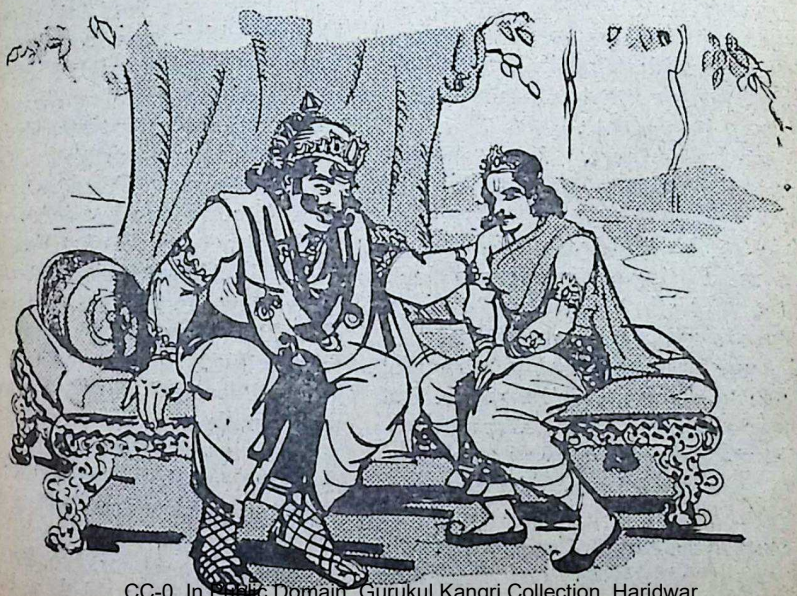
Jarasandha returned to the place where he generally rested under the banyan tree after meals, asking only Damaghosh and Shalva to keep him company. He stretched himself on his cot and ordered the officer in attendance to bring the leaders of Mathura to him.

It was a strange situation. He had announced to the world that he would avenge Kamsa's death. He was pledged to be satisfied with nothing but the heads of the two cowherd boys. He had summoned his allies to bring their contingents to achieve that purpose. And now the boys had slipped away from his grasp!

When Akrura, Brihadbala, the son of Vasudeva's brother Devabhaga and Gada offered salutations by prostrating themselves before him, Jarasandha suddenly sat up with a vicious scowl.

'What is this silly story that you have brought?' he asked in an insulting manner.

'Mighty Chakravarti, it is neither a story nor silly,' said Akrura, with



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that frank mildness which generally characterised his way of speaking. 'Krishna and Balaram left Mathura in the night three days ago'.

'I don't believe you. You must have concealed them somewhere', shouted Jarasandha, trying to frighten Akrura.

Akrura stood with folded hands, patience in his eyes and a smile on his face. Shrewd Jarasandha, in spite of a show of temper, did not fail to notice that Brihadbala was in fright.

'Chediraj, Shalva, leave me alone for a moment. I want to talk to the Best of Vrishnis,' said Jarasandha. He did not know how this interview would shape and did not want the camp to gossip about it. Also he did not want his allies to know that he was feeling undecided; he would only face them when his mind was made up.

'As the lord pleases', said Damaghosh and Shalva.

When the others were leaving, Jarasandha said: 'Chediraj, take Brihadbala with you. I would talk to him after you have done'.

Damaghosh placed a hand on Brihadbala's shoulders and took him away.

'Lord of Vrishnis, you have the reputation of being a saint. If you don't tell me the truth, I will burn Mathura to the ground', said Jarasandha.

'I know that the lord is powerful enough to do whatever he wants. But I never tell a lie', said Akrura.

'Why did they fly away, the cowards?' demanded Jarasandha contemptuously.

'They were not cowards. They did not want the Yadavas to die defending Mathura for their sake, so they sacrificed themselves. It was heroic of them to brave the charge of cowardice', replied Akrura.

'The Yadavas were not prepared to stand by them', sneered Jarasandha.

'We were ready to lay down our lives for them. But they were firm in their resolve,' said Akrura.

'I don't believe it', said Jarasandha with a dark frown. 'I am going to punish you all the same for sending away the cowherds.'

'We have already anticipated the lord's decision', said Akrura with a patient smile. 'A mighty Chakravarti when he is angry, is not likely to forgive us so easily.'

'Angry! Why do you say I am angry? I am out only to mete out just punishment. You call yourself a saintly person and want me to condone the assassination of my son-in-law and your Prince,' said Jarasandha with a sneer.

'Forgive me, lord of Magadha,' Akrura said in an unperturbed voice. 'I am not a saint, nor do I call myself one. I only try to follow *dharma*, though too very humbly. And it would scarcely be *dharma* to destroy Mathura for the fault of the sons of Vasudeva', he added as if correcting Jarasandha.

The Emperor looked at Akrura with a scowl. Akrura smiled patiently. 'I am not here to justify what Vaasudeva did. But how many Yadavas did Kamsa kill? How many did he drive into wilderness? How many women were made the victims of his lust? After a pause, he added: 'How many sons of Vasudeva did he kill at the very birth! Even you, lord, condoned all this for years'.

'You are a clever man. But I am going to destroy Mathura all the

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same', said Jarasandha, exercising great self-control. But he could not remain blind to the dangers of treating such a man offensively.

'We have no doubt about it, lord. Half the Yadavas have already left Mathura. The others are ready to do so the moment we return empty-handed. We will leave Mathura to you without striking a blow,' quietly said Akrura.

'I will pursue you wherever you go', said Jarasandha.

'I am sure you would. But the venerable Bhishma and King Drupad of Panchala both have promised to give us an asylum in their kingdoms', said Akrura.

Jarasandha was silent for a while. Drupad had already put him in a difficult position by declining to give passage through his territory.

'That is what I have come here to beg of you, mighty King. The boys whom you wanted have escaped ; your pledge will therefore remain unredeemed even if you destroy Mathura. What will you do with a city without men and women, cows and horses? It will be an empty reward for such an adventure on the part of so powerful a monarch as the Chakravarti of Magadha. Won't the world laugh at you?' asked Akrura in an appealing tone.

'Have you come to tell me this, Akrura? You know I can have your tongue pulled out for this effrontery', said Jarasandha, unable to keep control over his temper at the temerity of Akrura.

'I have already told you, lord, that there is no limit to your power, unless you impose it upon yourself. It is because you are so powerful that I have come with the confidence that you will listen to me. Be generous. It is only the strong who can forgive ; the weak can never punish and therefore can never forgive. If you listen to us, perhaps it will hurt your pride, but will surely raise your prestige', said Akrura slowly with due humility.

'You have a bold tongue, sweet yet dangerous. Tell me where the boys have gone and I will listen to you', said Jarasandha.

'How can I say where they are or where they would go? They would try to hide somewhere, where you cannot reach them', replied Akrura.

'You are very clever, Akrura', said Jarasandha after a little pause. 'Go now. I will talk to you tomorrow morning. In the meantime, send me Brihadbala, Vasudeva's nephew'.

'As the lord commands', said Akrura and withdrew.

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Jarasandha confessed to himself that Akrura was right. If he destroyed Mathura, the death of Kamsa would remain unavenged and his friends and enemies would condemn him for wreaking vengeance childishly on an empty city, while the infuriated Yadavas will augment the strength of the Kurus and the Panchalas. He thought for a while and called his confidential man, who, during the lifetime of Kamsa, had lived in Mathura for years as the adviser of his daughters, and got from him all the information he needed. Brihadbala was the second son of Devabhaga, the brother of Vasudeva, the lord of the Shooras. His mother Kamsa was Kamsa's sister and the favourite daughter of

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King Ugrasena. His younger brother, Uddhava, was Krishna's great friend.

When the confidential man left, Jarasandha saw Brihadbala standing timidly at a distance, awaiting the Chakravarti's command.

Brihadbala was in real fright. He had always heard the Emperor's name with trepidation, and when Kamsa was killed, he had felt certain that Mathura would be destroyed. He would have preferred to run away from the city, but he was the son of King Ugrasena's favourite daughter Kamsaa, and Vasudeva's nephew. He was the prisoner of his family connections and had to keep up courage lest his elders condemn him as a traitor.

Brihadbala was sure that now that Krishna and Balaram had been allowed to escape, Jarasandha would raze Mathura to the ground. At the moment, therefore, he felt as if he was walking into the jaws of death.

However, the Emperor looked at him and smiled. The frown had suddenly disappeared from his brows. The Emperor was in a happy mood, Brihadbala thought, when he beckoned to him cordially to come nearer. He went and prostrated himself before the monarch, who bent down from the cot on which he was sitting and patted him on the back.

Jarasandha was a good kindly man, Brihadbala thought. When his people in Mathura said he was a cruel, wicked man, they were wrong.

'Brihad, my blessings,' said Jarasandha in almost affectionate voice. 'I hope Grandfather Ugrasena is well. I know you well, dear boy. Sit down. How is your noble mother? I know how all these years she has served the old King—even when he was in prison. Do you stay with the King or with your father?'

'I live with Grandfather. My mother also mostly lives with him, lord', said Brihadbala. His heart was drawn to this monarch, who was so kind and cordial. He could not understand how his people did him so great an injustice.

'I know you are the favourite grandchild of the King. I wish you come to Girivraja some time. It will help to cement the bond between Mathura and myself', said Jarasandha.

Brihadbala was moved by the flattery, a luxury which he generally did not enjoy and which was lavished in the family on Krishna. Now that Jarasandha had put it this way, he was put in mind of his ambition to succeed his grandfather in Mathura kingship now that the old King had no sons left. With the Emperor so friendly, it struck him that his dream might come true now that Krishna was out of the way. And—who knows?—he might be as great a king of Mathura as his maternal Uncle Kamsa...basking in imperial favour.

'Lord, we are all very anxious to be loyal to you', Brihad improvised. Then he stopped in hesitation lest he had blurted out something which might contradict Uncle Akrura and thereby prove himself a liar.

'Yes, we can be friendly now that the two cowherds have run away', said Jarasandha smiling in a friendly way and watching Brihad with warm eyes.

Brihad was happy to find his sentiment echoed by so great a man. If

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could save Mathura—he thought—from Jarasandha's anger, he would now be the darling of the Yadavas, as Krishna was before he fled out of sheer cowardice.

'Now that Vasudeva's sons have left Mathura, if you could show mercy to Mathura —' Brihadbala could not help showing his extreme anxiety to please the Emperor.

'I have a mind to destroy Mathura, but if a young man like you were its leader, I might be merciful', said Jarasandha with an encouraging smile. He could read Brihad's heart as clearly as a villager could read the signs for the rain in the sky.

Brihad rose to the bait. 'Mighty Chakravarti, I beg of you to be merciful to Mathura. Uncle Akrura must have already told you about our request. If you do so, I will always feel obliged.' Brihad developed an anxiety to establish intimate relations with the powerful Emperor. He added, 'I am not a chief yet, but my Uncle Vasudeva is the chief of the Shooras and Grandfather loves me. He has great confidence in me', he corrected.

Shrewd Jarasandha saw the conflict which was passing in Brihad's mind between loyalty to the Yadavas and his personal ambition to acquire his favour.

'I like you very much, Brihad', said Jarasandha. 'If you had been the *yuvaraj*[1] of Mathura, I would have never thought of destroying Mathura. But who knows?'

Brihadbala's heart opened out to the warmth of Jarasandha's friendly interest in him. The time had come to strike a bargain too, thought the diplomat in him....

'Lord, listen to me. Give me the credit of saving Mathura, and perhaps what you wish might come to pass', said Brihad, as the prospect of his dream coming true appeared to come near.

The wily Emperor smiled in a friendly way—in fact he smiled at the way the young man was playing up to his expectations. 'But what if Krishna returns?' he asked.

'Krishna will never return', Brihad said and added, 'I am afraid.'

'How do you know? He might have just gone over to the kingdom of the Kurus to seek Bhishma's aid', said Jarasandha.

'Oh, no. He went south,' Brihad blurted out.

'To? ———' asked Jarasandha innocently and waited for a reply.

'To some far off place', Brihad tried to evade the reply.

'To some forest on the bank of Narmada, perhaps?' asked Jarasandha.

Brihad did not feel like being rude to such a kindly monarch who asked him so directly. 'No, I think to the banks of Venya', he said in a fit of obliging frankness.

'Perhaps to Karvirpur', said Jarasandha as if it was a matter of no importance. Brihad was confused and Jarasandha could read an admission on his face. Then he continued: "Well, Brihadbala, if I comply with your request, it will be only for your sake. I hope some day you will be appointed the *yuvaraj* by King Ugrasena and then succeed your grandfather. It is only your due."

Brihad was modestly silent. 'Who

[1] Crown Prince.

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knows, your own uncles Vasudeva and Akrura might come in your way,' added Jarasandha as if talking to himself. 'So, watch your steps, my boy. And let me know if I can do something to help.'

With this parental benediction spoken in the most affectionate voice he could command, the Emperor dismissed Brihadbala.

●●●

Next day, Jarasandha called his allies and his generals in council and also commanded the presence of Akrura, Brihadbala and Gada.

'I have thought over the request of Akrura and Brihadbala. I think they are right. To destroy Mathura, when the two sinners have fled, will be wanton destruction', said Jarasandha.

Damaghosh, the King of Chedi, who knew well the great depth which lay behind the swift changes of mood which Jarasandha often developed to confound his friends and foes alike, was not surprised. The others, however, were surprised at this outburst of generosity.

'Akrura, Brihadbala, I want Mathura Yadavas to be my friends,' continued Jarasandha. 'I have great regard for King Ugrasena, and particularly you two. With a young chief like Brihadbala and an adviser like Akrura, Mathura may some day become worthy of our friendship.'

Then Jarasandha paused. King Damaghosh sensed that something sinister was now going to follow.

'I will not levy a heavy tribute on Mathura. I would want only twenty-five elephants, a hundred chariots and two men's weight in gold. They should be delivered before the full moon day of this month—ten days hence,' said Jarasandha, and added in a friendly tone, 'Akrura, if ever Krishna and Balaram returned to Mathura, they should be handed over to me.'

Akrura thought for a while. 'We shall have to meet the demand, if you make it,' he said.

'That is very clever,' Jarasandha laughed. 'Now you can go, Akrura, Brihadbala, pay my respects to your Grandfather, Ugrasena.' Then he turned to his allies. 'Shalva, please go with Akrura to ascertain whether King Ugrasena agrees to my terms.'

Akrura and Brihadbala, after due salutations, left the Emperor accompanied by Shalva.

Then Jarasandha turned to Damaghosh, who stood expecting a next move. 'Chediraj, we have now to unearth the boys who have gone underground. My pledge—to secure their heads—stands. We will now go and hunt them out.'

'We must find them, lord,' said Rukmi, the Prince of Vidarbha.

Damaghosh was in a difficult situation. If he appeared in the least hesitant to accede to the Emperor's wishes, there would be an end of him. He summoned all his astuteness. 'But how do we know where they have gone?' he asked, playing for time to think. 'Where can we find them?'

'It will be easy to find them, I know. We will only take twenty chariots and fifty riders, so that we can catch up with them. What do you say, Chediraj?' asked Jarasandha and then added, 'If you cannot come with us, send your son Shishupal with the prompt in his reply.'

(Continued on p. 4

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K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

(*Continued from issue dated January 22, 1961*)

THE next questions of the Yaksha are as follows:

किमर्थं ब्राह्मणे दानं किमर्थं नटनर्तके।
किमर्थं चैवभृत्येषु किमर्थं चैव राजसु॥

What for does one make gifts to the Brahmins?
What for does one make gifts to actors and dancers?
What for does one give presents to servants?
What for does one give to kings?

Yudhishthira answered:

धर्मार्थं ब्राह्मणे दानं यशोर्थं नट नर्तके।
भृत्येषु भरणार्थं वै भयार्थं चैव राजसु॥

It is for Dharma that one gives to Brahmins.
It is for fame that one gives to actors and dancers.
It is for maintaining them that one gives to servants.
It is on account of fear that one gives to kings.

For the performance of all rites and rituals, the recitation of mantras by persons who have knowledge of the Veda is necessary. By making gifts to such persons, the *yajamana* or householder is enabled to perform these rites and rituals in an efficient and effective manner. Hence for every yagna, *dakshina* is necessary for the *Ritviks*. In all other domestic rites, gifts and hospitality to the reciters of the Veda are necessary adjuncts. Hence Dharmaputra says that, for the proper observance of Dharma, gifts to Brahmins are useful.

By the patronage of the Fine Arts, one attains great popularity. This is so even at the present day. The gifts to dependents are a great service to society and that it is the duty of every one to see that there is no discontent among one's dependents. That one has to give his dues to the king so as to avoid coercive processes is also very clear. It is not often that such dues are paid voluntarily. The element of fear of the consequences of nonpayment is always there. Whether it is the king in olden days or the Government in the present day, it makes no difference in this matter. Dharmaputra has, therefore, stated that on account of fear of consequences gifts are made to the king.

The next questions of the Yaksha are:

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केनस्विदावृतो लोकः केनस्विन्नप्रकाशते
केन त्यजति मित्राणि केन स्वर्गं न गच्छति।

By what is the world enveloped?

On account of what is it that a thing does not shine?

For what reason does one give up friends?

For what reason is it that one does not go to heaven?

Yudhishthira answered:

अज्ञानेनावृतो लोकः तमसा न प्रकाशते।
लोभात् त्यजति मित्राणि सङ्गात् स्वर्गं न गच्छति।

The world is enveloped by ignorance.

It is on account of darkness that things do not shine.

It is due to avarice that friends are abandoned.

On account of attachment one does not go to heaven.

The Lord says in the *Gita*:

अज्ञानेनावृतं ज्ञानं तेन मुह्यन्ति जन्तवः।

It is on account of ignorance or avidya that man suffers from delusion and is unable to attain the knowledge of reality. It is by the *avarana* and *vikshepa sakti* of avidya (the concealment of the real and the projection of the false) that the soul is prevented from the true perception of the Paramatman and gets involved in the endless cycle of samsara. The self-luminous Atma does not shine on account of the veil of darkness that surrounds it. It is attachment to things of the world that is the cause of delusion and suffering and that prevents one's attainment of heaven.

How sanga or attachment prevents the attainment of Heaven is clearly demonstrated by the Lord in the *Gita* in the following verses:—

ध्यायतो विषयान् पुंसः सङ्गस्तेषूपजायते
सङ्गात् सञ्जायते कामः कामात् क्रोधोऽभिजायते
क्रोधात् भवति संमोहः संमोहात् स्मृति विभ्रमः
स्मृतिभ्रंशात् बुद्धिनाशः बुद्धिनाशात् प्रणश्यति

"Constantly thinking of the objects of the senses arouses attachment in a person. From attachment is born desire, and from desire is produced anger. From anger arises delusion. From delusion is caused the loss of remembrance, and by the loss of remembrance is produced the extinction of intellect, and by the extinction of intellect everything is lost."

[*To be continued*

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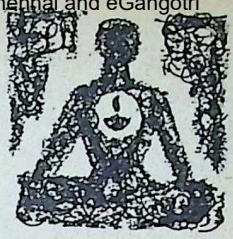

India and Spirituality

R. R. DIWAKAR

MOST Indians and many foreigners have associated India with a high degree of spirituality. India's religion, its systems of philosophical thought, its social and economic theories, its arts and culture are said to be full of spiritual content. It is also often emphasised that the basis and foundation of Indian life and activities is spiritual; so much so, that many critics have characterised India's philosophy of life as 'otherworldly'.

It is certainly very interesting and even fascinating to see what 'spirituality' exactly means; what are its main features and how it operates in life. That, however, has to be a separate subject for an article. Here it is enough to know that 'spirituality' is something which is somewhat opposite to 'materiality' and that a man of a spiritual bent of mind values achievements of the spirit more than material gains.

Perhaps the following quotations from the *Upanishads* illustrate the difference: (i) *"Amritasya Tu Na Asha Asti Vittena,'* wealth or material possessions are not the gateway to immortal life. (ii) *"Tyagenike Na Amritatwam Anashuh,"* they attain immortal life through renunciation of material wealth.

In the present context, when after centuries of political slavery, India is free to mould her own destiny, it is highly relevant and extremely significant to pose the following questions: "Has India the same 'spirituality' of which it has been justly proud? Was India's 'spirituality' otherworldly? If so, how was it possible for India to be in advance of most other countries even in positive sciences, industry and commerce upto the dawn of the eighteenth century? Are political bondage and economic dependence consistent with real 'spirituality? Had India the same degree of 'spirituality' throughout her history? Had there been any intimate relationship between India's 'spirituality' and her political, social, economic and cultural life and status? What had been the nature of that relationship, if at all? Had the 'spirituality' been an individual or a group trait or a national trait?

All these questions crowd in one's

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mind when one thinks about India and spirituality.

But the most important question poses itself as a challenge to us: "Have India and Indians real spirituality today? If so, can it be consistent with the present-day material and moral conditions obtaining in the country? Can 'spirituality' ever agree with poverty, ignorance, disease, laziness, inertia and such other weaknesses which are found on a large scale in parts of India?

Is it not a matter for deep introspection for all those persons and institutions such as saints and sadhus, mosques and churches, temples and mutts and ashrams, which are looked upon as centres of spirituality by the masses? Is it not time to realize once again that 'spirituality' is not an escape but a conquest of 'materiality' a triumph over material forces, and their control and use for the cultural and spiritual benefit of mankind?

The material and moral conditions not only in India but in several other countries in the world are a challenge to the higher self and nobler elements in man. Humanity itself is in a crisis of faith and nothing can save it except its own 'spirituality', its own conscience, its love of its own kind.

At such a time, would it be too much to say to India and to every Indian: if you have 'spirituality' come forth with it and use it for the conquest of all that is gross and mean and sordid and build a world of noble men and women, free from fear of every kind and eager to pursue the path of Truth?

Figures That Speak For Themselves

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Year	NET PREMIUM INCOME	TOTAL FUNDS
1959	Rs. 8,86,32,677	Rs. 10,14,11,024
1958	Rs. 7,53,85,594	Rs. 9,10,84,124
1957	Rs. 6,30,28,931	Rs. 8,49,40,826

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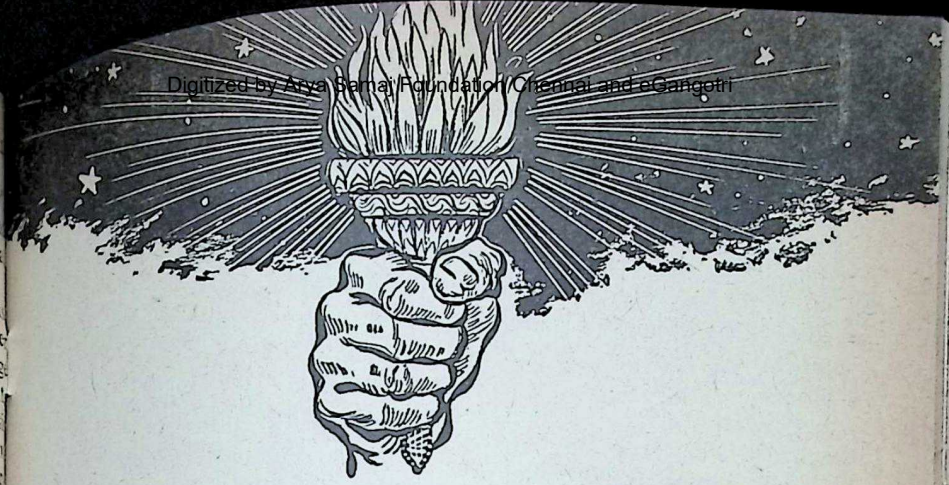

Pageant of Great Lives--17

SRI RAMAKRISHNA

THAT Religion is one though religions are many has been affirmed again and again in the course of India's spiritual history in accord with her genius for harmony. To vindicate this truth by verifying it in his own experience, to establish it firmly in humanity's heart and mind, to set at rest credal quarrels and metaphysical disputes, to stabilize the votary of every religion and sect in his own belief, these were obviously the self-chosen purposes for which the *avatar* that was Sri Ramakrishna came into the world.

His descent into the earth was in response to the needs of the times. The integral character of the Hindu religion had been disrupted by schismatic sects. The Arya Samaj denied the value of the conventional rituals and took its stand on the Vedas to which it gave its own interpretation. The Brahmo Samaj considered that the Hindu religion was not modern enough and tried to make it appear 'respectable' by exotic affiliations. The youth of India in general and of Bengal in particular, fascinated by western modes of thought and forms of life were becoming strangers to their own inheritance. Christianity and

Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan

Islam invaded many a Hindu home and, by persuasion or compulsion, deployed its members from their native faith. Thus, in all ways, there was an alarming decline, *glani*, of the strength and vitality of the Hindu religion and people were growing oblivious of its universality and were accustoming themselves to the partial and the particular.

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It was not a fortuitous coincidence, but a fact pregnant with great significance that at the time when Chattapodhyaya, the pious devotee of Sri Rama heard at Gaya the voice of Vishnu that He was 'about to be reborn for the salvation of the world', at the same hour, in his distant hamlet in Kamarpukur, his wife Chandramani Devi dreamt of being possessed by a God and a ray of light penetrated her being from the image of Siva while she was worshipping at the temple. The dual God whom she thus conceived came into the world on the 18th of February 1836.

The Spirit of such divine origin and of such pious parentage could not be dormant for long in its physical confines. When Gadadhar—that was the name of the new one—was barely six years of age, the sight of snow-white cranes flying aloft in the sky against a background of dark clouds filled him with a thrill of ethereal joy in which he forgot himself, and falling down in a trance, he remained in it for a long time.

Some months later, the part of Siva that he acted at a festival drama became so much of a reality in his person that he was lost in a transport of ecstasy.

Thus the years of his boyhood were the seedbed of what was later on to fructify into the rich harvest of long spells of *samadhi* into which he used to lapse so naturally with the least effort, and so easily under the slightest stimulus.

From the time that Sri Ramakrishna —the name by which he became known in later years—took his brother's place as the priest in Rani Rasmani's temple for Kali at Dakshineswar, everything seemed to arrange itself in accord with a predetermined design for the metamorphosis of the half-literate Pujari into the full-grown Prophet.

That the liturgy of worship, if punctiliously observed with faith and fervour, would fructify into intense devotion and earnest yearning was abundantly illustrated in the ways in which Sri Ramakrishna was irresistably drawn to the Divine Mother who so enveloped him body and soul that he could not think of himself, physically or mentally, in separation from Her. He fell into frequent delirium of intense longing to possess Her and be possessed by Her and often cried to the Mother in extreme anguish to reveal Herself to him.

One day, by an impulse which he did not know to control or to direct, he made a dash for the soul-sight of the Mother. In a split second of terrible frenzy, racking with pain as his heart was wrung like a wet towel, he snatched the sword from the uplifted hand of the Mother's image and had all but thrust its point into his bosom when, in his own words, "lo! The whole scene with its doors and windows, and the temple itself vanished. It seemed as if nothing existed any more. Instead, I saw a shoreless ocean of the spirit boundless, dazzling. In whatever direction I turned, great luminous waves were rising. They bore down upon me with a loud roar as if to swallow me up. In an instant they were upon me. They broke over me, they engulfed me. I was suffocated. I lost all natural consciousness and I fell. How I passed that day a

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the next I know not. Round me rolled an ocean of ineffable joy. And in the depths of my being I was conscious of the presence of the Divine Mother'.'

From that moment, Kali was not merely a stone image set on the pedestal of the sanctum of the temple, but a living Goddess with whom Sri Ramakrishna moved in terms of the most tender and intimate relation and he passed his days and nights in her continual presence.

"One evening," says his biographer, "when the rites were over for the day and the Mother was supposed to be asleep, Sri Ramakrishna had returned to his room outside the temple above the Ganges. But he could not sleep. He heard her get up. She went up to the upper storey of the temple with the joy of a young girl. As she walked, the rings of her anklet rang. He wondered if he were dreaming. His heart hammered in his breast. He went out into the court and raised his head. There he saw Her with unbound hair on the balcony of the first floor, watching the Ganges flowing through the beautiful night down to the distant lights of Calcutta."

After this experience, Sri Ramakrishna became a different person altogether. No longer capable of performing the temple rites, he was found in frequent paroxysms in which there was a supression of his normal being and his spirit was a furnace whose leaping flames were the Gods that he saw in his Mother. He became so fully impregnated with divinity that God lived in him as intensely as he lived in God. What is more, he appeared as God to others too. For, when Mathur Babu, the son-in-law of the foundress of the temple, saw him 'pacing up and down the balcony, alternatively, he appeared in the form of Siva as he walked in one direction and of the Mother as he turned and walked in the opposite direction'.

As always happens in such cases, Sri Ramakrishna's kinsfolk diagnosed his madness for God as a disease of the mind. They sought to remedy it by bringing about his marriage. Sri Ramakrishna, to whom sex had no meaning, consented, when he was twentythree years of age, to wed a girl of five. The tender creeper that was Saradamani was made to twine round the sturdy trunk of a tree in full bloom which accepted it with knowing affection. Neither fable nor history records a marriage such as this whose sequel was an immaculate companionship in the pilgrimage of the soul during which the husband became the Guru to the wife and the wife became the Divine Mother Herself to the husband.

When, in due course of time, Saradamani came to his home, Sri Ramakrishna was prepared to render unto her the things that were due to her and he said: "I have learnt to look upon every woman as the Mother. That is the only idea I can have about you. But if you wish to draw me into the world as I have been married to you, I am at your service."

Without a moment's pause, she replied, "I have not come to be a hindrance to your spiritual practices. I shall be happy to do everything in my power to stand by you and help."

That was a declaration in the high and noble tradition of a Hindu wife who came in the line of Arundhati and

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Anasuya, of Sita and Savitri and who was willing and eager to be the *sahadharmachari* to her lord and husband.

From that day, the body and mind of Sri Saradamani were converted into a laboratory of the Spirit which yielded phenomenal discoveries blazing a new trail of marital relation.

Not many days were to pass before Sri Ramakrishna performed the most extraordinary and revolutionary experiment on the holy person of Sri Saradamani. One night, when everything was ready for worship, he made his wife sit on a pedestal and performed to her the *Shodasi Puja,* directing to her body all the sixteen rituals to the accompaniment of the *mantras* that he chanted the while. The worship had not advanced far before the simple rustic woman lost all awareness of her individuality and lapsed into a state of super-consciousness in which she merged in the being of the Divine Mother whom, for his part, Sri Ramakrishna saw in the physical frame that he had set in front of him for worship. The separate consciousnesses of the worshipper and worshipped became lost in the *samadhic* realisation of the Divine Mother.

By this ceremony, Sri Saradamani, the wife, achieved her spiritual graduation and earned the title of the Holy Mother by which she is adoringly referred to with reverence and affection by her countless disciples and devotees.

Albeit that Sri Ramakrishna had, in his own naive manner, stormed the citadel and conquered it at one bound, he took it upon himself to traverse the conventional pathways subjecting himself to the disciplines of formal instruction. And so, first came Bha[ravi] Brahmani who taught him th[e] intricate ramifications of the Tantri[c] cult and helped him to master th[e] several attitudes in the devotee-deity relation and obtain in an incredibly short time the rich and colourful experience of *Savikalpaka Samadhi.*

Then came Tota Puri, the Advaitin ascetic who was to prepare him for the assault on the Absolute void of name and form and realise his identity with it.

When the wandering monk offered to teach Vedanta, Sri Ramakrishna would not agree unless the Mother gave him permission. Upon Her granting it, he consented, at Tota Puri's command, to divest himself in form and substance of every trace of his ego-sense. In fact, Tota Puri demanded of him to die symbolically and perform his own funeral rites which he did.

When it came to giving up his devotion to a personal God and obliterating from his mind the consciousness of the Mother, Sri Ramakrishna simply could not do it try however he might. In a flush of consternation and anger, Tota Puri struck forcibly between the eyebrows of Sri Ramakrishna with a broken piece of glass saying, 'Concentrate your mind on the point.' 'Then', says Sri Ramakrishna, 'I began to meditate with all my might, and as soon as the gracious form of the Divine Mother appeared I used discrimination as a sword and I clove Her in two. The last barrier fell and my spirit immediately precipitated itself beyond the plane of the conditioned and I lost myself in *Samadhi*'. In that state 'the universe w[as]

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extinguished; space itself was no more. At first the shadows of ideas floated in the obscure depths of the mind. Monotonously, a feeble consciousness of the Ego went on ticking. Then that stopped too. Nothing remained but Existence. The soul was lost in the Self. Dualism was blotted out. Finite and Infinite space were as one'. Sri Ramakrishna passed into a region beyond word and thought. The knower of Brahman had 'attained' Brahman. Thus in one day he realised what took forty years for his teacher to do who then bade farewell to the disciple and went on his way wiser and more chastened than he came.

Sri Ramakrishna remained for more than six months in this *nirvikalpa samadhi* providing in his person the verification of a phenomenon which was so common among the sages and saints of prehistoric times. It was a period which emaciated him considerably reducing him almost to the point of death which calamity was averted by the tender ministrations of a loving nephew.

While to Tota Puri and others of his ilk, the *nirguna Brahman* was higher than the *saguna,* Sri Ramakrishna could see no difference between the two and there was no question of the superiority of the one over the other.

Says he: "My Divine Mother is none other than the Absolute. She is at the same time the One and the Many, and beyond the One and the Many. My Divine Mother says, 'I am the Mother of the Universe, I am Brahman of the Vedanta, I am the Atman of the Upanishads. It is I Brahman who created differentiations. Good and bad works alike obey Me. The Law of Karma in truth exists, but it is I who am the law-giver. It is I who make and unmake laws. I order all Karma, good and bad. Come to Me! Either through love (*Bhakti*), through knowledge (*jnana*) or through action (*karma*), for all lead to God. I will lead you through this world, the ocean of action. And if you wish it, I will give you the knowledge of the Absolute as well. You cannot escape Me. Even those who have realised the Absolute in *samadhi* return to Me at My will? My Divine Mother is the primordial Divine Energy. She is omnipresent. She is both the outside and the inside of visible phenomena. She is the parent of the world and the world carries Her in its heart. She is the spider, and the world is the web she has spun. The spider draws the thread out of Herself and winds it round Herself. My Mother is at the same time the container and the contained; She is the shell, but She is also the kernel."

Holy Mother

The Upanishads advise the spiritual aspirant to know that by knowing which everything is known. The knowledge of *nirguna Brahman* in terms of realisation that Sri Ramakrishna had attained in such a magnificent manner and the Brahman—Mother equation that was cardinal to

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his religious philosophy helped him to see that the Impersonal and the Personal were but the obverse and the reverse of the same coin; or, to vary the metaphor in his own words, that the one was water and the other was ice. Nay more; he felt intuitively—and it was confirmed by his experience—that the Personal God whom the Vedas speak of as the *Supreme Purusha* may be a *sahasra sirsha, sahasraksha* and *sahasrapat*. He may have a thousand heads, a thousand eyes and a thousand feet, yet He has a single heart. He may reveal Himself to His devotees in different forms, but He pulsates identically in all of them. As if to assure himself of this, Sri Ramakrishna converted himself in his mind into a Moslem and began to live as such in the fullest measure giving up wholly and entirely his customary ways of life as a Hindu and taking a holiday, as it were, even from the worship of the Mother. He felt and saw Mohammed enter into his frame and come out of it later. Earlier, when, at the house of a Christian, his eyes fell on the picture of Madonna with the child, he went into a trance and had a similar experience of Christ. The Son of God and the Prophet of Mecca were as much of a reality to him as the Prince of Ayodhya or the Cowherd Boy of Brindavan. And he said to his disciples, 'I have practised all religions, Hinduism, Islam and Christianity, and I have also followed the paths of the different Hindu sects. I have found that it is the same God towards whom all are directing their steps through many different paths.'

Whether Sri Ramakrishna thought of Sri Rama or Sri Krishna or of the Mother, or of Christ or of Mohammed, he had obviously an identical *samadhic* trance occasioned by a story that he heard, or a song that was sung or a picture that he saw.

Paropakaraya phalanti vrikshah: the trees bear fruit for the benefit of others. Flowers in full bloom give off a fragrance which others enjoy. Even so, the spiritual realisation of the great saints of the world is not intended to secure only their personal salvation. They are the path-finders for others to tread on the roads that they have laid. Sri Ramakrishna once said that a man who has ascended to a height lets fall a rope for others to hold and climb by. It has always been the Indian tradition to pass on to apt disciples the knowledge and wisdom that one has acquired. Thus the teacher seeks the pupil as ardently as the pupil seeks the teacher.

When the Bhairavi Brahmani first met Sri Ramakrishna, she burst out and said, 'My Son, I have been looking for you for a long time.' In like manner, Sri Ramakrishna was filled in the fullness of his God-realisation with a passionate desire for his future disciples and every evening he prayed for their advent with loud cries. And soon, there gathered about him impelled by a mysterious force a galaxy of earnest souls who were later to carry the flaming torch of Sri Ramakrishna's message to the distant parts of India and then to the remotest corners of the world.

Some of them came tardily and sceptically at first while others less sophisticated allowed themselves to

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be drawn as iron filings to the mighty magnet that was Sri Ramakrishna. The greatest among them all was Narendranath Dutt, who, later as Swami Vivekananda, led the lion of Vedanta to roar in the lecture halls of the West.

The story of the Master's conquest of the young intellectual Naren is a unique romance of spiritual guidance and leadership. The impetuous question of the incredulous sceptic youth, 'Have you seen God?' brought forth the immediate answer, 'Yes, I have seen Him as clearly as I see you, and I can make you also see Him.' Under the hypnotic spell of that reply, Naren allowed himself to be touched on the head by the Master, upon which, to his great consternation and dread, he saw and felt as he had never done before. A second and a third meeting with the Master wore off his resistance and he was conquered. Great was Sri Ramakrishna's delight when he exclaimed: 'Oh! lord, I have longed to pour out my spirit into the breast of somebody fitted to receive my inner experiences!'

From this time onward a number of young intellectuals gathered round him and they came from all strata of society, from many professions and persuasions. He conversed with them day and night, spoke parables to them, sang with them, laughed with them, and, in a manner which was a fine art with him, conveyed the most profound truths with sparkling wit and humour.

The Master carried on his spiritual experiments in a variety of ways. The periods of ecstasy which became increasingly frequent and long and the prodigal manner in which he constantly gave himself away to crowds hanging on his lips levied a heavy toll on his none-too-strong physical body. His health was seriously affected in 1884.

An inflammation of the throat was the signal of the approaching danger. It grew worse despite every effort to assuage it. But in the midst of sufferings, the most acute, the gentle smile never fled from the Master's lips. Unmindful of the physicians' warnings and of the importunities of his disciples, he was talking till the last.

A few days before the end, Sri Ramakrishna looked lovingly at Naren and fell into *samadhi*. Naren felt galvanised by this *drishti diksha* and the Master then spoke to him words which conveyed a command and contained a prophecy. He said: 'Today I have given you my all and am now only a poor fakir, possessing nothing. By this power you will do immense good in the world and not until it is accomplished will you return."

August the 15th, 1886 was the last day of his sojourn on earth. After full two hours of continuous talk to his disciples, at nightfall, 'the River re-entered the Sea'. As he himself put it, he 'passed from one room to the other'.

Sri Ramakrishna did not found a new religion, a new creed or a new sect. The apostle of religious co-existence, he accepted all religions as of equal value, practised them with equal fervour and verified their equal validity. *Mati bhedat mata bhedah.* As many men, so many paths. Men

Continued on page 44

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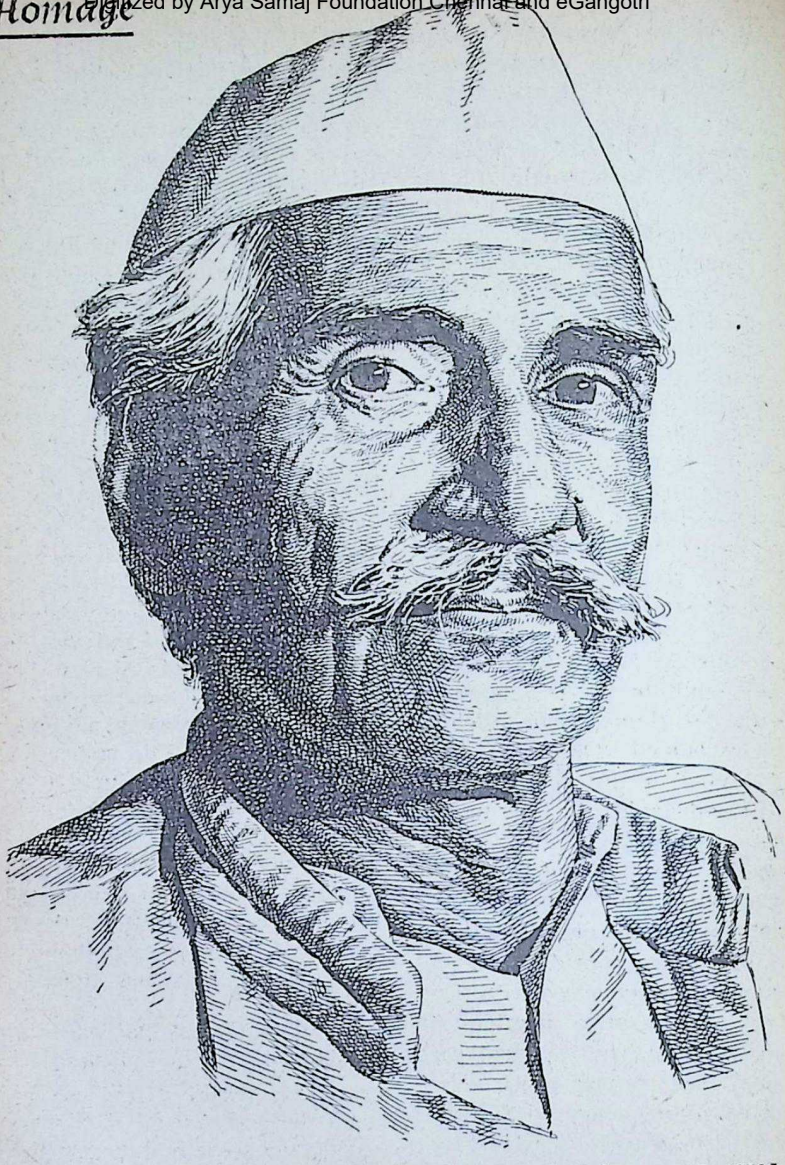

[Acharya Narendra Deva, b: October 31, 1889; d: February 19, 1956.]

His captivating manners, unassuming but gigantic scholarship, his gifts of character and intellect...endeared him to hundreds of thousands.

Yusuf Mehera

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[Gopal Krishna Gokhale, b: May 9, 1866; d: February 19, 1915.]

He seemed to me all I wanted as a political worker—pure as crystal, gentle as a lamb, brave as a lion and chivalrous to a fault.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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PAGEANT OF GREAT LIVES-*Contd.*

may—and do—differ in their mental make up. But they are all pilgrims to the Eternal. They may start at different points; they may traverse different paths; they may follow different leaders and chant different gospels. They may carry different spiritual equipages in their ascent. But, once they reach the hill top, the voice of the preacher and the noise of the scripture are hushed in Eternal Silence before the One who is the goal of all religions. Sri Ramakrishna, the Master-Spirit of the present age, delivered for all time this unique message of a united Religion to a divided World.

KRISHNAVATARA—*Contd.*

'Why? We should go straight from here, no sooner the tribute is paid.'

'One of my generals had been to the King of Karvirpur once. With that King's help, he will trace where these cowherds have hidden themselves,' said Jarasandha.

Damaghosh was convinced that Jarasandha knew where the sons of Vasudeva had gone from Brihad, the stupid son of his brother-in-law.

Damaghosh saw through Jarasandha's game that he wanted to eliminate him from the affairs of the alliance. He was a subordinate ally dependent on the Emperor for whatever independence Chedi enjoyed. But he had always wanted a balancing factor to counteract the overshadowing imperial power, and in the ruin of Krishna, his kinsman, in Mathura he had seen the possibility of such a factor. He had joined this invasion himself to intervene judiciously at an opportune moment in order to save Mathura. And now he did not want to place Vasudeva's sons completely at the mercy of Jarasandha, which would inevitably happen if his son Shishupal, who was under the complete influence of the Emperor, were to join this new adventure in his stead.

[*To be continued*

It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong.

—Plat

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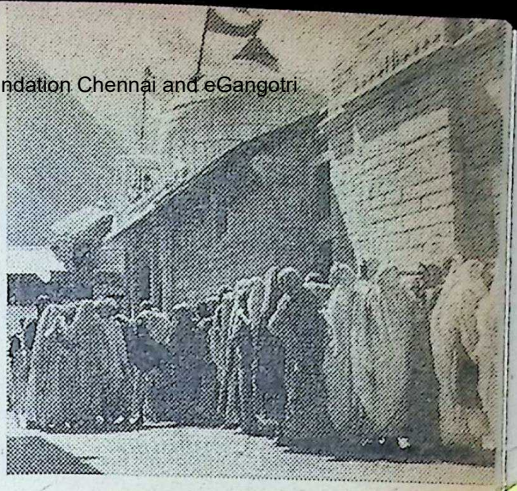
. . . We at last reached Badrinath . . .



Pilgrimage to KEDAR & BADRI

SRI PRAKASA

[*Continued from last issue*]

WE started our return journey from Kedarnath in good weather (September 5) ; and so we could have magnificent views of the snows on the surrounding mountains not only up to Gaurikund where we rested for the night of the 6th, but also Phata where we reached on September 7. On the 8th morning, we left Phata, and passing through Guptakashi at noon, found our jeeps waiting for us at Kund Chatti whence we travelled in comparative comfort to Rudraprayag where we passed the night in the fairly well-appointed P.W.D. inspection bungalow. The next morning (September 9) we started off for Badrinath. We took our jeeps up to Joshimath (6150 feet) 70 miles away, stopping only for a short while for meals at midday at Pipalkoti at a distance of 50 miles from Rudraprayag. The mountain road from Pipalkoti to Joshimath (20 miles) is very narrow, and can be quite dangerous at its many bends. Although we were thinking of remaining over at Rudraprayag for one whole day, we did not do so. We felt we should hurry on as we have had alarming news about breaches that had occurred in the roads owing to heavy rains after we had come through, and we were becoming increasingly anxious about the return journey. Joshimath is a very large place ; and I was happy to meet and greet one of our Banaras Pandits who had been a colleague at the Kashi Vidyapith and Congress work (including jail), Pandit Gopal Shastri, and who is now in charge of the Veda Vedanga Vidyalaya there. It was such joy meeting him after long years.

It is said that Shankaracharya per-

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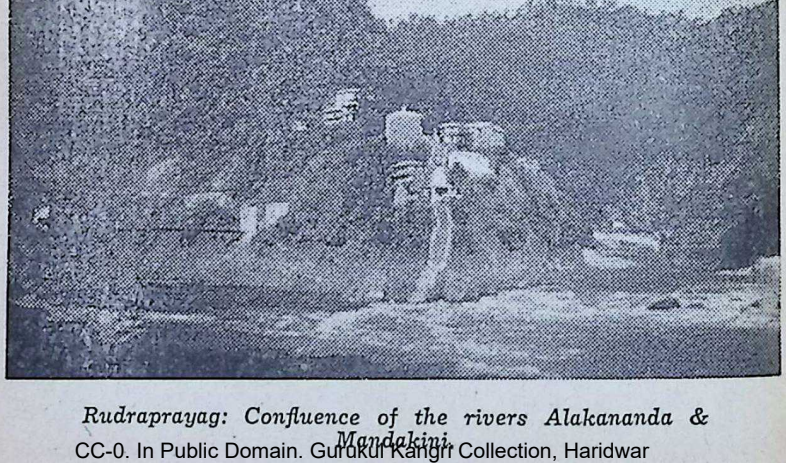
formed his devotions here; and this may in a way be regarded as the seat of his Jyotirpith, his Puri one being known as Govardhan—and the Dwaraka one as Sharada-pith. Visiting various temples and listening to their interesting legends and stories, and passing the night there at the P. W. D. inspection house, we abandoned our jeeps; and started trudging as usual. The night of the 10th we passed at Pandukeshwar (6450 feet), an enchantingly beautiful spot embedded in the midst of high mountains, nine miles from Joshimath; and thence travelling another 11 miles on the 11th morning, we at last reached Badrinath, which marked our journey's end. On the way from Rudraprayag to Badrinath, we saw three more Prayagas or confluences of rivers—Karnaprayag where Pindar joins Alakananda; Nandaprayag where Mandakini joins her; and Vishnuprayag where Dhaval Ganga—white Ganga—meets her. Both these valleys—of the Mandakini leading to Kedar and of Alakananda leading to Badrinath—are real valleys with high mountains on either side, and the rivers Mandakini on the Kedarnath side and Alakananda on the Badrinath side, flowing in deep gorges below with the sweet, soothing, eternal music of their waters. The bridlepath winds parallel to these rivers at a high elevation. Very often we have to step very carefully lest a false step should hurl us down not hundreds but thousands of feet below.

No one would know of the world of men and women in which our lives are cast, in the solitude of these mountains, for one only sees nature in her



Rudraprayag: Confluence of the rivers Alakananda & Mandakini

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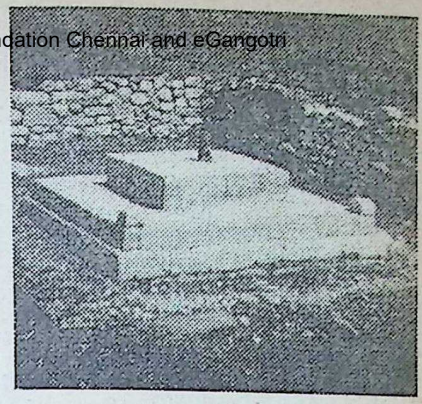
varied aspects of grandeur, of awesomeness and attractiveness. The eternal greenery is soothing to the eyes; and man is lifted, if he wants to be, from the daily concerns of his life, and has leisure to think of other things. I believe man primarily seeks two things—health of body and peace of mind. Unfortunately, he can neither leave behind his body nor his mind as he goes in search of health and peace, and so the troubles both of the body and the mind pursue him unless he can practise real self-control as, indeed, few of us can. Thus busy-politicians like ourselves unfortunately feel lost if they do not get the news of the world, or are not able to communicate with it all the time. Gadgets are now available to us for the purpose; and so I carried a portable radio with me. We used to start off fairly early in the mornings. When the watch, which also is our constant companion, showed 8, I stopped on the wayside and switched on the radio to get the news. The 9 o'clock night news came at some resting place for I was not on the road at that time, but the 8 o'clock morning news I almost always heard as I walked. It was wonderful how the little machine gave me all the important news of the world in such solitudes with only mountains and rivers as companions. Thus the sad and glad news of the world used to come to me regularly. The post also was delivered from place to place that brought newspapers and letters. The Government of Uttar Pradesh had very generously placed a wireless set at my disposal with the help of which I could keep in contact with Lucknow, Delhi, Bombay and other



At Kedarnath: Said to be Adi Sankaracharya's Samadhi.

centres as necessary. Thus I cannot say I was really completely out of touch with the world at any time. The enchanting scenery gripped my heart. The green trees, high mountains and their eternal snows, the endless streams flowing and coming down in torrents all around made me feel that life was worth living. I wish the journey itself were not so fatiguing, or had not to be performed so hurriedly for otherwise I might have stopped for longer periods from time to time and enjoyed myself a little more than I was generally able to do.

Kedar is dedicated to the great Lord Shiva; but Badri is the resting place for Vishnu. There is a Raval who presides over the temple. He comes from Kerala from where the Adi Shankaracharya came, and he continues to belong to the founder's caste, namely, that of Nambudiri Brahmin. The latest law of Uttar Pradesh regulating the management of the temple, has also made it incumbent on the head priest being a Nambudiri Brahmana. The present incumbent is a young man whom I was

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The Milk of the cow in reality pervades the whole body of the animal through its blood, but you cannot milk it by squeezing the ears or the horns; you can get the milk only from the teats. Similarly, God pervades the universe everywhere, but you cannot see Him everywhere. He manifests Himself more readily in sacred temples which are full of the spirit of devotion diffused by the life and spiritual practices of the devotees of former times.

—Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa.

glad to meet. He, unfortunately, is a very lonely person with no one who speaks his own language around him. One of the members of my staff, an A.D.C., comes from Kerala, and the Raval was more than delighted to meet a person speaking his own language. I can very well understand the feeling. One thing that one is bound to mark in the Badrinath Temple is that though the Raval himself is decently and cleanly dressed in the prescribed costume—and as he comes from the South where they are very particular about clean clothes, he naturally has clean ones on his body—all the others are very dirtily clad. The man who assists him near the image itself in the *garbha-griha,* the holy of holies, has dirty clothes on his body; and the priests who chant Vedas, *stotras,* etc., just outside, are all dressed in very unclean garments. I was in Badrinath for three days as is customary to be, and visited the temple morning and evening; and I almost felt that they had the same clothes from day to day, and that they had even slept in those very clothes at night. I think those in charge should prescribe decent clothes and insist on them to bathe every day and come only in those clothes and none else when on duty. I know that is a very cold place; and generally speaking, people there are not at all careful about baths and change of costume.

That brings me to the general poverty that prevails in the hills. The making of these motorable and jeepable roads right up to 28 miles to Kedarnath and 20 miles to Badrinath, has deprived hundreds of persons who were engaged in the work of taking pilgrims and their luggage to and fro, of their livelihood. Now they have to begin at Kund Chatti on the Kedarnath side and Joshimath on the Badrinath side, instead of Hardwar and Rishikesh as before, so far as carrying pilgrims and their luggage goes. As the men concerned themselves told me, this has hit them hard. I did not see a single person who had clothes that were not tattered or without scores of patches. I enquired of the *dandiwallas,* and they told me that they bathe only once a fortnight or so. This means that the perspiration with which they are covered as they carry their heavy loads, just dries on their skins, which is a bad thing in itself. Even this limited trade they can only have for about six months in the year, and not certainly every day of these six months either. Their wages at best are about four rupees per day. Indeed the people of the hills are very very poor. At places, I saw hill folk using their native talent in utilising water power by making wooden turbines which enable them to work their grinding stones to grind corn, and their lathes to make wooden toys. I have a feeling that there is sufficient water power potential there to enable numerous small industries to be established. The wood that is plentiful in the forests, can be well utilis-

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ed. Pots and pans in wood and stone of all sorts can also be made.

The only sign of any little absence of poverty in these hills, is in a few women that belong to comparatively well-to-do peasantry who have thick black woollen shirts and skirts on their bodies, and silver ear-rings and long necklaces with a lot of silver tit-bits. With the loss of their trade of carrying pilgrims on their shoulders or backs, it is essential that some alternative occupation should be found for these good, honest and innocent people. Surveys have already been made to take up the roads almost right up to Badrinath. All this will hit the hill folks further. Their case has to be sympathetically and carefully considered—and that too as early as possible. I should not forget to add that the Chinese border is less than 30 miles from Badrinath at what is called the Mana Pass. Talking to men on the road, I learnt that all their trade with Tibet have been ruined because of Chinese incursions and activities, and that the monastery of the Lamas just beyond the Pass, has been completely destroyed. These hill people carried on a flourishing trade with Tibet in the earlier days, and it is a pity that it should be ruined. All that makes the finding of alternative occupation for them a very pressing need of the moment. I should not forget to add that not far away from here is Hema-kund, sacred to the Sikhs; and I saw scores of Sikh men and women on their way to it worshipping at the Hindu shrines as well, as they passed these. Luckily they made no difference.

[To be continued]

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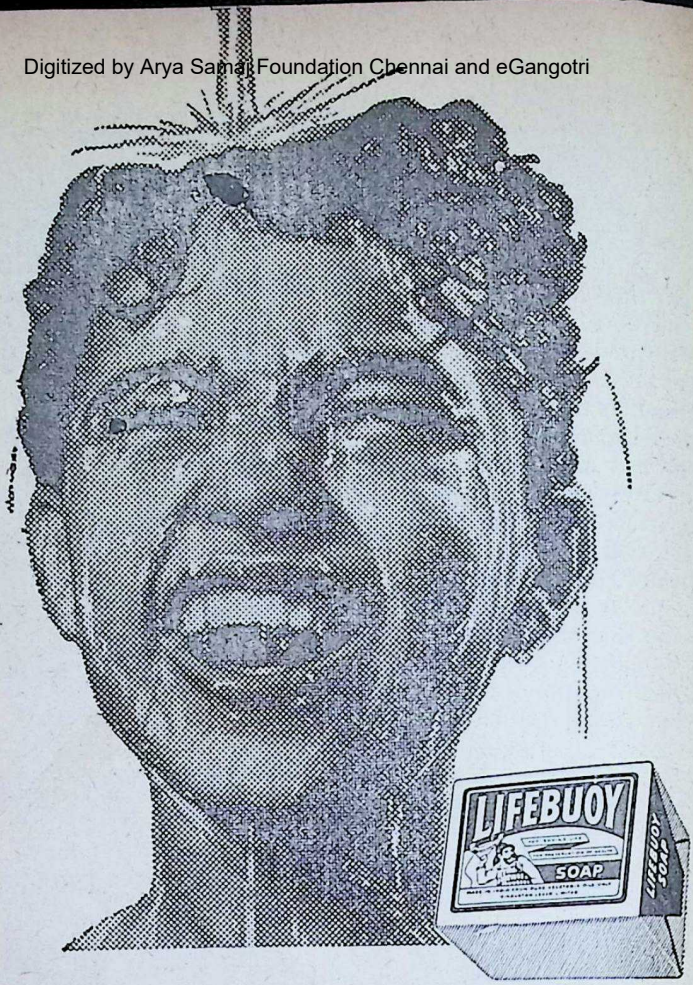

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Musings on M.R.A.

Smt. LILAVATI MUNSHI

THE other day R. D.[1] asked me to speak in this assembly.[2] I told him that he should have given me notice beforehand. When I started for Kerala, I began to think sitting in the plane 'if R. D. asked me again to speak, what should I say?' I began to write my thoughts on a piece of paper. Here they are.

I hesitated to speak in the assembly because I am not a committed M.R.A. I call myself a friend of M.R.A. Why? Because I do not want to sail under false colours. I like M.R.A., its philosophy, I like its members' clean way of living and I like their zeal and crusade against evil. I admire them for trying to follow the four absolute standards, but I admit that liking is one thing and following an ideal is quite another. I have so much attachment for my home, my husband and the life that I am accustomed to live that I am not yet prepared to go all out and give up everything which this ideology demands.

Besides, I am aware of so many imperfections in me. For instance, I like to be honest, but I have no courage to say what I think of others. If I do not like anybody, I try to conceal my thought, try to be polite and say what is convenient for the occasion. Not untruth, but not very much of the truth either.

Then I am not sure of my motives for all my actions. Why do I do things? Is it because those actions are good in themselves or I want something out of them? It may be name, may be fame, may be influence, it may be anything and that is not being absolutely unselfish. Then I am not absolutely loving either. I have enjoyed good positions and prosperity and generally do not like being crossed.

So I fail in all absolute standards. For instance, if I have to take a stand on absolute love, how am I to distinguish between my children and the children of other people, say the children of beggars even?

And because of all these, I do not consider myself ripe for being an M.R.A. But that does not mean that M.R.A. has not affected me. It has. It has set me thinking. It has set me striving towards the path of a little more love, a little more service, a little more honesty, a little more harmony with people round me, a little more charity while judging others, a little more selflessness and so on.

Besides, M.R.A's fight against Communism is a straight fight. They do not beat about the bush. The Indian people do not realise the horrors of Communism as Europeans do. The Europeans have passed through two world wars; they have seen vast destruction and great massacres. They have seen people disappearing behind the iron curtains and losing their lives or individuality. They have seen the hypocrisy of Communism, of fighting for the liberation of other people and keeping their own people in bondage —may not be always the physical

1. R. D. Mathur.
2. Held in Bangalore in December 1960.

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bondage—but worse, the bondage of the mind and the spirit. No individual in their land can speak freely and honestly if he does not agree with the official policy of the party.

The Communists can fight for the Congolese, the Africans, the Laotians, the Asians, even the Japanese, but not for the freedom of Hungarians, or the Tibetans. If any of their satellites aspires to be free, that State can be crushed ruthlessly. According to them only Communists can 'liberate' people, people of Tibet or people of India. In the name of liberation they can invade anybody's territories and the local Communists who are so eloquent about the freedom of other people, turn against their own people in order to enslave them for Russia or China. That is what is happening in India today.

The Communists can prepare the weapons of destruction openly or in secret but they raise a hue and cry if other people do it. They must control, not only bodies, but thoughts of their subjects as well. Their new morality teaches that a child or a wife can spy upon a father or a husband for the Communist Government and denounce them. A Communist cannot be trusted to meet alone a foreigner and talk to him. On their foreign service ladder, men on every step spy on the one who is above. Praying to God is forbidden because that is not permitted in Communism. Hate and secrecy are the chief weapons in their armoury.

Because of these and other reasons, I do not like Communism; I believe in being free in mind and in spirit. I dislike weapons of destruction and I dislike their greed of world domination. I dislike their methods and crookedness. To have enough for every one is not a slogan of a Communist monopoly. We all want that there should be equality of opportunity for everybody, that there should be enough for everybody to eat. Everybody should have work and be allowed to build up their own destiny, so long as they do not interfere with other people's lives.

Why do I like M.R.A.? Because they fight for a clean life and honesty of purpose. If we see the mess which is created around us, if we see how children and young people are corrupted through cinemas, through obscene literature, through providing opportunities for clandestine pleasures, through Godless teaching in schools and colleges, we will understand the significance of the fight put up by M.R.A. We see families disrupted, homes getting ruined because of the cumulative brutalising influences of these forces. Unless we wake up, the world would be peopled by bad human beings.

If we, or people like me, who may not be cent percent M.R.A. are interested in having a world of honest and God-fearing people, we should help M.R.A. as much as we can. Here are people, who take God's guidance every day, strive to live a life of dedication, the majority of whom live a clean personal life and always are ready to help, trying to root out dishonesty, impurity, selfishness, hatred and greed. Their principles may not be new to us, they are embodied in every religion, but the difference is that they try to live it and we don't

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Our Fortnightly Profile—149

DEAN RUSK

MR. DEAN RUSK took charge of the office of the Secretary of State, U.S.A. on January 20, 1961, but his designation early in December 1960, created very little reaction either in the United States or in other countries. This is perhaps due to the fact that Mr. Dean Rusk is not a professional politician and as such had not been popularly known even in his own country. Therefore the only doubt that assailed the general opinion in U.S.A. was whether the new Secretary of State with practically no parliamentary experience would be able to stand up to the flamboyant personalities of the Senate.

But having had a distinguished career as an academician and public servant, and being an expert on Far Eastern Affairs, and being a convincing and effective speaker, Mr. Dean Rusk will not have much difficulty in carrying the Senate with him by the force of his intellectual ability and expert knowledge. In knowledgeable circles it is opined that with a strong President to shoulder the responsibilities of leadership of the nation, the duties of the Secretary of State would only be to offer expert advice in the formulation of policy and the willingness to be led by the President.

Viewed from this angle, Mr. Dean Rusk is the best choice, for he brings with him nine years' experience of administration in the Rockefeller Foundation. During these nine years Mr. Dean Rusk, as President of the Rockefeller Foundation, came face to face with the economic and social problems and developments in all parts of the world, especially in Latin America, Asia and Africa, and his knowledge in this respect will certainly help him mould the Foreign Policy of his country directed towards the establishment of world peace.

That Mr. Dean Rusk is a man of convictions, and that he can be as tough as good spring steel when occasion demands it, can be illustrated from his record of service as Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs between 1950-51. It was a period when Senator McCarthy was delivering his most blistering attacks on America's Far Eastern Policy and when General Douglas MacArthur was urging an attack on Communist China on her own territory by extending the Korean War. The then Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, leaned heavily on Mr. Dean Rusk for advice and the latter strongly advocated limiting the Korean War in the

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interest of world peace. And his advice prevailed. Therefore, the world can reasonably hope that during Mr. Dean Rusk's tenure of office as Secretary of State, American Foreign Policy will be formulated on the weighty consideration of maintaining world peace.

Mr. Rusk was born on a small farm in Cherokee County, Georgia, on February 8, 1909. He went to public schools in Atlanta, and attended Davidson College in North Carolina graduating in 1931 with a Bachelor of Arts degree and Phi Beta Kappa honours.

Having won a Rhodes Scholarship, Mr. Rusk attended St. John's College, Oxford, England, during 1931-34. He was graduated with Bachelor and Master of Arts degrees. He took additional studies next at the University of Berlin.

From 1934 to 1940 he was associate professor of Government at Mills College, Oakland, California. During the latter part of this period, he was dean of the faculty. He also studied, during 1937-40, at the University of California.

With World War II looming, Mr. Rusk went on active duty, in December 1940, as a captain in the Army Infantry Reserve. During the war his energy, dedication and quick grasp of complexities converted Mr. Rusk from a scholar into Deputy Chief of Staff for U.S. Armed Forces in the China-Burma-India theatre. When the war ended, Mr. Rusk held the rank of Colonel.

Then he went to work for the War Department, handling political questions. Mr. Rusk's abilities came to the attention of the State Department which recruited him to deal with United Nations planning.

The War Department induced Mr. Rusk to return to serve as a Special Assistant to the Secretary in the Pentagon. However, in 1947, Secretary of State Acheson gave him the job of running the office of United Nations Affairs.

Mr. Rusk's rise in the State Department continued. He was named Deputy Under-Secretary of State in Charge of Operations in 1949. In March, 1950, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs.

It was during this tenure, before he resigned in 1952 to become head of the Rockefeller Foundation, that he took part in decisions concerning the Korean War, defence of Taiwan against Chinese Communists, the recall of General MacArthur and the Japanese Peace Treaty.

President Truman said of Mr. Rusk in accepting his resignation from the State Department that few men have been able "to serve their country so long and so ably.... always with tact, skill and efficiency.... wisdom and patience."

Mr. Rusk has a charming wife, the former Virginia Foisie of San Francisco, and they have three children—David, now 20, Richard, 14, and Margaret, 11.

Those closest to Mr. Rusk—those who have watched his career—agree with President Kennedy that he is the "best man available" for the top Cabinet post as Secretary of State.

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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

865

Sri Bimal Nath Chowdhury, Silchar, Assam.

Q: *What do we mean by saying 'composite culture' of India? Is there in reality any composite culture in India? If so, how?*

A: Culture cannot be 'composite' in the sense of more than one cultural co-existence in a country. If by it is meant that culture, as it flows through time, gets influenced by other cultures, all cultures are so influenced, and the word composite is inappropriate.

It has become fashionable to use the word 'composite' to satisfy the hope of some people that some day different cultures in India would blend to produce harmony.

866

Sri C. L. Prabhakar, Anantapur.

Q: *If a young woman becomes adament and compels her husband to lead an isolated life from the parents of the husband who are good enough, old and dependent, what is the solution that you would suggest?*

A: (1) A wife who drives her husband to leave his old parents to helpless separation is not a true and dutiful wife. She is just a selfish egotist who has no sense of responsibility. She has no love for her husband either, for she inflicts upon her husband the cruelty of parting him from his parents whom he would love to serve in their old age, because she is too self-centred to adjust herself to their ways. By this cruelty she will lose her husband's love in the end, for he is sure to feel, when youthful glamour is gone, that his wife forced him to leave his parents uncared for.

(2) If a woman accepts a man as a husband, she by that act accepts him, his people, and his children by the first wife, if any, as her own. Without such acceptance, absolute love and absolute identity between husband and wife are not possible. Don't forget that by marriage the husband and wife pledge themselves to be one and indivisible.

867

Sri C. Thammanna, Virupasandra, Bangalore.

Q: *"All things to their destruction draw ; only love hath no decay—" this is the 'motif' of many poems. How far is this true in your opinion?*

A: It is absolutely true. Buddha, Christ, St. Francis of Assisi, Gandhiji and Schweitzer have lived and will live till the end of the time, surviving all Bhakra Dams, for the salvation of man lies in his spiritual growth, which is imbedded in Love.

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Tapasvini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

41. 'The Arrow'

As Uday did not feel well the following day he was almost confined to his bed. Sheela dropped in, in the forenoon, to enquire after his health. Kaviraj also had decided to look in and converse with Sheela. It was evident that Kaviraj liked the company of beautiful women; perhaps he drew inspiration from their very presence.

Sheela received yet another telegram on that day:

"WHY NO REPLY? WHEN ARE YOU COMING?
AM ANXIOUSLY AWAITING—AM MOST UNHAPPY WITHOUT YOU—SHYAM".

After reading the telegram, Sheela tore it into bits. She had become familiar with the methods of persuasion her husband usually adopted! In the evening she felt restive and went for a walk with Kaviraj. The following day which was a Sunday, Uday felt a little better and the three of them spent the whole day gossiping.

That evening, the holidays being over, most of the visitors left. Mathe- ran and the hotel became almost empty. Kaviraj appeared to have become enamoured of Sheela. He kept close watch on Sheela's movements: as soon as she emerged from her room, he would join her. His action seemed to suggest that if some old person like himself were not present, someone was sure to make an attempt to molest Sheela. In any case he had convinced himself that Sheela regarded him as her Guru and took upon himself the responsibility of improving her learning and culture. Kaviraj could talk interestingly, when surrounded by his admirers. Moreover, it was his nature to be possessive. If he took a fancy to a disciple, he would think that the disciple belonged to him. He regarded Sheela as an admirer of his, and since he liked her, he decided that he alone must have the monopoly of all her time.

Sheela was amused at the way in which Kaviraj had appointed himself her guide and mentor. She would have been pleased to escape him, but she realised that there was no other place she could go to. She had decid-

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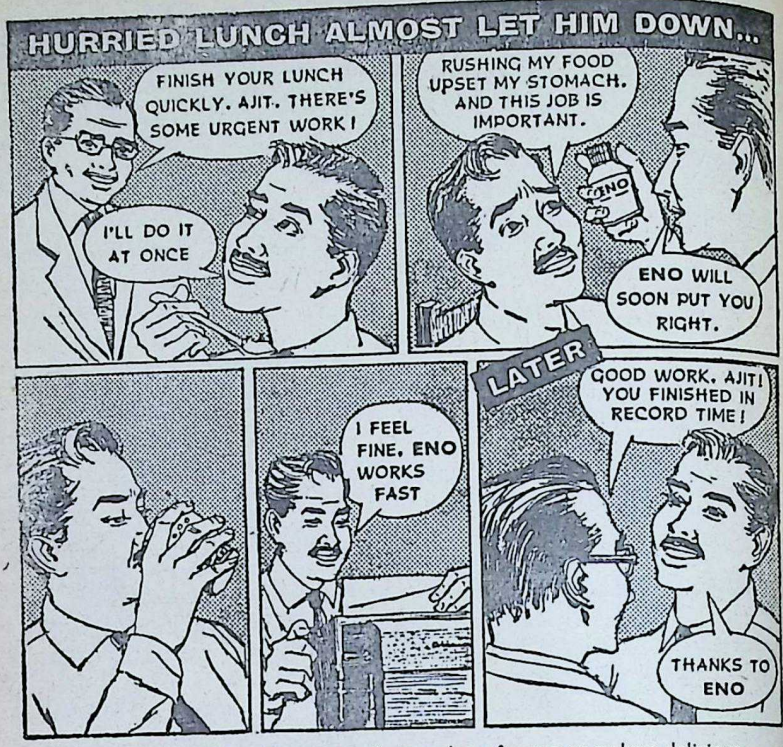

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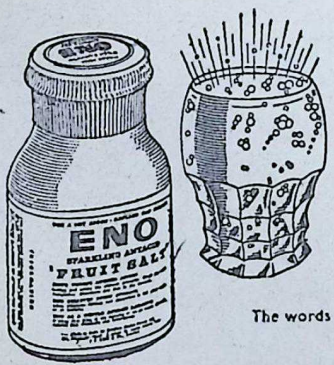

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ed to be independent, and not to take any notice of Radharaman's telegrams, besides, she was not in the least disposed to give up Uday's company.

Uday was also most anxious to have an opportunity of talking freely and frankly with Sheela. But he realised that if he were to ignore Kaviraj and meet Sheela in private, Kaviraj was quite capable of behaving like the legendary 'Durvasa' and of doing something wicked. It was also not possible for him to leave the hotel and go elsewhere. He would then be cutting himself off from Sheela's company altogether.

Although Kaviraj's guardianship was not very welcome either to Sheela or Uday, they saw that it was unavoidable. On Monday morning Uday felt better and expressed a desire to accompany Sheela and Kaviraj on their walk. Sheela advised him to have more rest, but since Kaviraj was not likely to let Sheela go out by herself, Uday felt he must go too, weak though he was, if only to save Sheela from having to listen to the un-interrupted flow of Kaviraj's eloquence.

When the three of them came out of the hotel, they saw a couple about to go out for a ride. Uday thought he recognised the young, handsome bearded horseman; he was almost certain the young man could be none other than Shastriji's grandson, Ravi Tripathi. He was not sure however if

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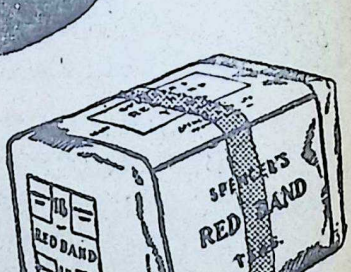

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he had come across his companion before, a slim but bold looking woman of a rather non-descript age; but he was not sure. How could such a learned man possibly be there in such clothes and with such a woman. He felt he must be making a mistake and therefore decided to say nothing about it.

The young man, for his part, the moment he saw Uday and Sheela, seemed anxious to get away. He immediately called out to his companion: 'Hurry up, Mona' and rode off. Mona unfortunately found her mount not very docile. Uday, therefore, approached her and offered to help. Mona gratefully accepted the offer. Uday steadied the horse, while she got on it. As soon as she was mounted, she rode off after her companion pausing just for a moment to say 'thank you'.

Kaviraj was a well-read person. Though he was somewhat self-centred, he had led an interesting life. Whenever, therefore, he was in the right mood, and he liked his listeners, his conversation would be both fascinating and absorbing. That day he was in such a mood and had something to say on a variety of subjects. Strangely enough that day almost every topic he touched seemed to lead to 'Piyush' and *Tapasvini*. Uday and Sheela were therefore forced to listen to whatever was said with a smiling face.

The young riders offered a new topic for discussion for the Poet. "Solanki, you are a surprising man. Why did you go to the help of that long, emaciated female? She has been here the last few days. Heaven knows who she is! How strangely does she conduct herself and how unmannerly is her behaviour! One cannot help asking oneself why such a person was born as a woman!"

"Kaviraj", interjected Sheela, "I must say that when you proceed to damn a person, you do it rather thoroughly."

"Oh!", he exclaimed, "I can see through things clearly. I can recognise culture wherever it exists. I can always spot out a genuine and well brought up person with ease. I wonder where this woman comes from. She dresses as a Gujarati woman but doesn't know how to don a sari. I doubt if the young man with her is her husband or someone else. The miserable woman does not even wear the auspicious mark on her forehead."

"May be the mark was there, but might have been erased later," remarked Sheela.

Uday was most unhappy at this strange demonstration of 'good' manners on the part of Kaviraj. He himself was feeling so weak, however, that he felt it best to conserve his energy by keeping silent.

"If it was rubbed out later, what prevented her from putting it on again?", asked the Poet. "When I talk of improper behaviour, it is to this kind of conduct, that I refer. You can see for yourself the difference between you and that thin, long bamboo of a woman. Can it be said that the two of you belong to the same class or group?"

"I do not know whether we belong to the same kind or class, but I am certain that we are living in the same hotel!"

It is difficult to make a guess about

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her husband's profession. He looks thoroughly irresponsible."

"At any rate he is handsome", remarked Uday.

"Have you seen his clothes? I judge a man by the way he wears his clothes."

By this time they had arrived at the hotel and there, once again, was a telegram from Radharaman awaiting Sheela: "WHAT IS THIS? — NO REPLY. PLEASE, PLEASE DO NOT BE ANNOYED. I AM FEELING MISERABLE. BESEECH YOU. START IMMEDIATELY. EXPECT YOU—SHYAM"

Sheela smiled wanly as she looked at the telegram and then at herself before she tore it off and deposited it in the waste-paper-basket.

Radharaman had sent a telegram to Uday also asking him to put in a word, but he was not able to evade the watchful eye of Kaviraj, so as to have a word with Sheela alone. When Kaviraj went into his room for a change he handed over the telegram he had received to Gangoo asking her to give it to Sheela.

As the three of them entered the dining room, they met Durlabhji. Kaviraj could not control his curiosity and enquired of Durlabhji, who his new guests were.

"The less we talk about them the better. In the register they have given their names as Mr. & Mrs. Chudgar," replied Durlabhji, adding: "That lady seems to be a difficult person.

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Gangoo has just come out crying from her room."

"Why? What happened?" asked Kaviraj.

"Gangoo had gone into their room to leave their washing, but she was rebuked by Mrs. Chudgar, Mona."

"And then what happened?" enquired Kaviraj, who could scarcely contain his curiosity.

"I would rather not say anything more." "But, why, is there anything very bad about it?"

"What a husband and wife would not take the liberty of doing in front of a stranger, this lady did to Gangoo; she actually kissed her! and...."

"And what else?"

Durlabhji all but blushed as he replied: "Gangoo has been weeping and keeps rubbing her cheeks."

"Well, well, let us see how they behave when they come down to dinner."

"But, Sir, Mrs. Chudgar has sent word that as her husband is not well, I should send their meals to their room."

"That shows they are not altogether shameless. Anyhow, let us go in and dine."

"Sir, there is something else you may like to know," interjected Durlabhji in a soft voice: "That lady smokes!"

"I knew there was something wrong", remarked Kaviraj with a chuckle.

"It is my bad luck that such people should come to my hotel where only the best of families come!" exclaimed Durlabhji.

Sheela, Uday and Kaviraj were still at dinner, when Durlabhji came in again and said: "Kaviraj, someone called Kalidas Vidwan, has come down from Bombay to meet you. He says he will not eat food cooked by anyone else, but will cook his food himself."

"Very well, I hope you will be able to give him a good room. Solanki, do you know Kalidas Vidwan? He is the Editor of *Sanatan Yug*.

Uday had a premonition of disaster. He was certain that Kalidas' coming meant trouble, and that the hunt was on. Fever had already heavily taxed his health. On top of it he had been out for a walk, and he was feeling very weak. He could not bring himself to eat anything. From time to time he would look at Sheela and would take a mouthful almost as an offering to her!

By the time they had finished their lunch, it was two o'clock, and they retired to their rooms for the mid-day siesta. Try as he would, sleep evaded Uday. At four o'clock Kaviraj called out to them all to come for tea. They all complied. To disregard Kaviraj's invitation was to run the risk of his vehement wrath.

For the past several years, Kalidas had been campaigning against the habit of drinking tea; but the more vigorous his campaign the greater was the increase in the consumption of tea in Gujarat! Though short in stature, Kalidas was well built, thanks to the athletic habits he had cultivated in his youth. He sported a large turban very similar to the one worn by the famous poet 'Narmad' in his standard portrait. Uday was certain that he had copied it from a photograph of Narmad.

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Kalidas looked as if he were responsible for the morals of the whole world, and was feeling the strain of the effort. When Uday and Sheela came down they found him giving Kaviraj an account of his activities.

Kaviraj's critical articles had already appeared in *Girgaum Samachar, Baroda Vijay* and *Evening News* of Ahmedabad. "I have brought extracts with me", said Kalidas.

It seemed to Uday that the hunters were about to kill the spent-up deer. "What extracts are you talking about?" enquired Sheela in a somewhat agitated manner.

"Reviews of *Tapasvini,* of course. What else? The whole of Gujarat has been shocked at the book and is violently angry. Everywhere the author is being condemned. What do you say Kalidas?" enquired Kaviraj.

"Quite true, Kaviraj. One can put up with much in literature but one cannot possibly tolerate licentiousness of this nature."

"What do you propose to do now?" enquired the Poet.

"I have come for an article from you. If you write for me today, I can take it with me, when I go back tomorrow."

Just then, Mona came out of her room with a cigarette in her mouth. As she came towards them and started talking to them, she took out the cigarette from her mouth and threw it away.

"Forgive me if I appear unmannerly. I have been here for the last four days but have not had the occasion to introduce myself to you. I am also a Gujarati." Her accents were those of a Bengali. She continued: "My

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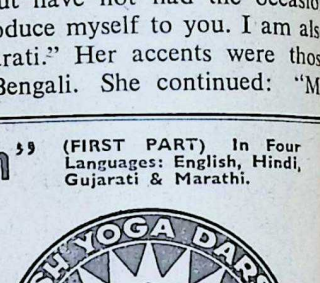

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husband, Chudgar, has had a nervous breakdown and is not allowed to see anybody. Now will you kindly introduce me to everybody? And first of all who are you?" asked Mona, as she stretched out her hand to the Poet somewhat rudely.

No one of their circle of friends had so far dared to speak to him in the way in which that shameless and impertinent woman was doing. Naturally Kaviraj was taken aback. Surprise was followed by irritation and that gave place to anger.

"First of all, then, tell me who you are," retorted Kaviraj with a stern expression on his face.

"My name is Rewa Chudgar, Mrs. Chudgar", replied Mona smiling superciliously. She had instinctively judged Kaviraj's true nature, and could not resist the temptation to provoke him. Without waiting for an invitation, she sat down and helped herself to a cup of tea.

"In the morning, you called yourself Mona", commented the Poet in the most rude manner possible. "How many names do you have?"

"Don't you worry. My parents used to call me 'Mousie.' My husband prefers to call me 'Mona'. Both these are my pet names. My political party calls me 'Comrade'. You may call me 'Rewa Chudgar.' Anyhow, do not let us quarrel. I shall finish my tea, and since my husband cannot come for a walk, I would like to go with you." Before anyone could say anything, Mona continued: "I do not like to go for a walk alone. Please tell me, who you all are." Then turning towards Sheela, she placed her hand on her shoulder and said: "My friend, don't be afraid, I shall not ask you what your husband calls you."

Uday felt it was time; he intervened and put an end to Mona's monologue by a show of sweet reasonableness.

"Mrs. Chudgar, this is our Kaviraj. He is the leading poet of Gujarat. The world knows him as 'Mattamayur'."

"Oh! Mattamayur? I see. Proud Peacock", said Mona breaking into loud laughter. The Poet stared at her in anger. "Poet, I do not like poets. They are the most useless set of people in this world."

Kaviraj stood up trembling with anger. But before he could say anything, Mona resumed: "Oh! Forgive me, Mr. Proud Peacock. You are a dear. It is just my way of talking. Please do not take offence. I cannot help talking lightly. Please sit down. Please do. I have to learn many things from you." She caught hold of the Poet's hands and made him sit down.

"This is Sheelaben, the wife of the well-known Barrister-at-Law, Radharaman," said the Poet.

"Oh! Thank you. Were you not both living at the 'Arrow'?"

It suddenly dawned upon Uday that Mona was under the impression that he was Sheela's husband. He thought it best, therefore, to intervene immediately and said: "Now let me introduce myself. I am Uday Solanki. I too am a Barrister-at-Law."

Mona looked at him and Sheela in turn and then started laughing, as if something had greatly amused her. She remarked: "Oh! now I see. I would have committed a blunder. I thought you were husband and wife.

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Now I understand." Sheela was greatly put out and could not bring herself to look up.

"Just a moment. This is Mr. Kalidas Vidwan, the editor of the well-known *Sanatan Yug*, a weekly paper."

"I did think he was a character straight from a Seventeenth Century canvas. "How do you do?" Kalidas merely brought his hands together; his face mirrored the disgust he felt towards the woman.

"Now, Mr. Barrister, let us go for a walk and let us show these people a thing or two. Why are you behaving like a raw school boy?"

"Mrs. Chudgar, before you joined us, we were discussing poetry and the joys of travel. Now will you please let us continue our conversation?" remarked Kaviraj. "You say you are a 'comrade', presumably such topics will not interest you."

"I take a great deal of interest in cultural affairs. It is pure nonsense. What is your culture? You keep your women-folk imprisoned in your houses as if they were nothing more than machines for bearing four children."

"I suppose you would prefer to put yourself to auction." The poet's interest was aroused and he became ready to join issue with Mona.

"Your Ramachandra banished Sita into the forests. Would it not have been better had he auctioned her? After all, what did the Dharmaraja do except to auction Draupadi?" Mona's manner began to irritate everybody.

"You are talking nonsense. You do not appear to have the slightest

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of culture and polite society. Did you go to any good school?"

"Oh! I would like to have an opportunity of teaching all of you in my school." Mona was completely self-possessed and indeed took particular delight in angering her opponents. "What is all this talk about culture? Is it anything different from making the poor realise the humility of their poverty? How are the hungry to satisfy their hunger? How are the naked to obtain clothes? Why Mrs. Barrister, why do you not say something?"

Mona took a cigarette and started lighting it. Sheela had enough of Mona and she felt she had to hit out.

"Rewaben, it would be a good thing if you too were to spend a little time in our school. You and I live in two different worlds. You do not seem to understand wherein lies the true culture of India. Do you understand the Indian woman? You do not seem to have heard of 'jauhar': Do you know that the Rajput wives preferred to burn themselves in order to protect their virtue. You do not seem to know of the hundreds of women who have immolated themselves out of love for their husbands. You have no understanding of Sita. Much less can you have any understanding of Draupadi. And perhaps you have not heard of Savitri. If our culture has survived, it is only because we have had women such as Savitri. It is difficult to make you see such matters. We do not talk the same language."

Sheela stood up as she finished speaking and walked away. Today Rohini followed her. Mona retorted with a

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derisive laugh, and a broad meaningful wink.

The enraged poet also approved this method of showing their displeasure, but before going, he could not resist making one last dig at her: "So you see. That lady is our ideal of Indian womanhood and people like you are monsters."

Kalidas accompanied the poet. Mona, a cigarette in her mouth, was thus left alone to gaze around her in triumph. She was angry at this empty victory and had no alternative but to go back to her room. She kept muttering to herself: "These old fossils, all dead, not one of them, a live personality!"

In the meantime, in his room, Ravi was repeating Sanskrit verses as they came back to his memory. The sight of Uday and Sheela had made him think of his grandfather and his early life. His mind dwelt upon Sanskrit works he had studied and memorised. What great changes had taken place in his life!

While he was thus engaged, Mona entered the room, looking both annoyed and happy. "Ravi," she called out, "I gave all those persons a little bit of my mind. One of them is a poet, Proud Peacock. I have shorn him of some of his feathers. And those two lovers whom we saw on the first day we arrived here near the "Arrow" making love to each other, are also here."

"Oh, you mean Uday Solanki and Sheela Dalal?"

"How do you know who they are?"

Ravi immediately realised his mistake and tried to cover it up: "I went through the names registered in the hotel. Besides, I have met them before. And that is why I have kept myself to my room. I do not wish to be recognized."

"Oh! I see. They were all talking about culture and I frankly told them what it was. I gave my interpretation of Sita and Draupadi; that immediately aroused the anger of the beauty, Sheela. She started to give me a lesson in India's cultural history. She does not realise that I had learned all this long before she was born.

"I did not know that you were that old!" remarked Ravi jocularly.

"If I had married early enough I would now have had a son of your age", rejoined Mona spiritedly. "Medical books show that women have given birth to children at the age of ten! But you wait. I shall teach that beauty a lesson. That Peacock dares to tell me that she is the very model of Indian culture and I am the exact opposite, a degenerate Indian woman. I shall show them what I am. How dare anyone insult me!" Mona stamped her foot, and went to her room.

After Mona left him, Ravi once again became immersed in all manner of old memories and thoughts. Sheela had once saved him, looked after him when he was not well and had seen to his education. He recollected her as she sat by his side and made him drink his milk. It was then realised that his life with Mona had been hotel and He re-created before his mind's eye Sheela's face, her gentle manner, the grace with which she moved about and the meaning and friendliness in her conversation. How was he to compare Mona with such a woman—M

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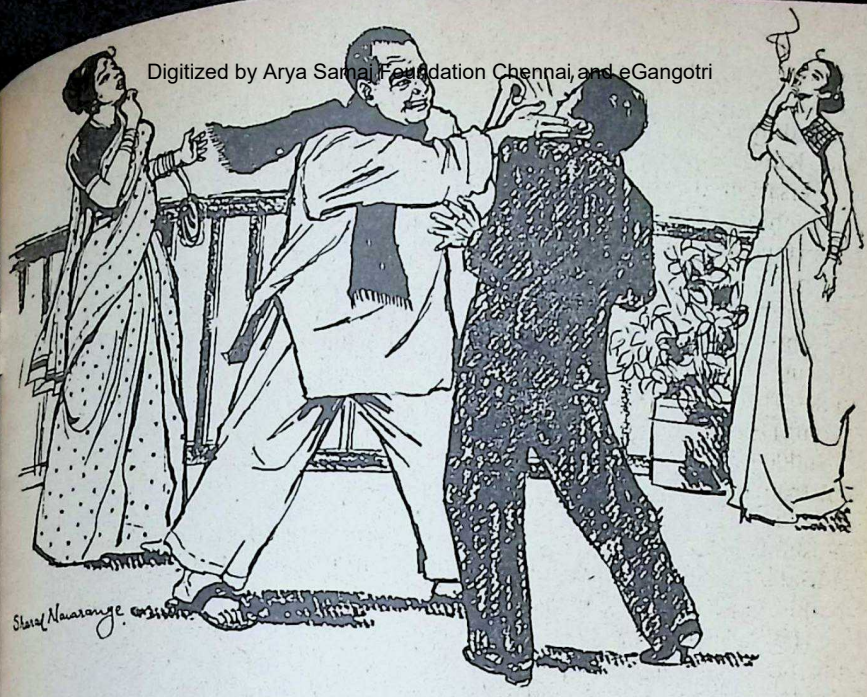

who, had she been in the service of Kaikeyi, would have outclassed her Manthara in intrigues? But now his life was tied up with Mona's.

Mona, Ravi realised, was certain to be vindictive. There was only one way he could save Sheela from Mona's anger: she and he must leave Matheran immediately.

The hotel rooms looked out upon a wide and long verandah. And opposite every room, some chairs and a table had been placed for the visitors to sit. After leaving Kaviraj and Mona to their bad temper, Sheela and Uday, instead of going into their rooms, sat down in the chairs in front of Sheela's room. "I wish we could leave this hotel and go somewhere else", said Sheela when they were seated.

"There is unfortunately no other good hotel."

"It seems I have landed from the frying pan into the fire. Wretched Mattamayur seems to think that he must monopolise all my time. I am really very angry, but what is to be done?"

"I can understand your irritation, and indeed am myself very angry. As it is, don't let us forget it, there is one advantage in having the poet as our watchman. Don't you agree? Otherwise these people would be making your life really miserable."

Sheela smiled at Uday as if to indicate her appreciation and asked in surprise: "Uday, why are you trembling in this manner? Are you feeling feverish?"

"No, I have just a headache."

"I am afraid you are going in for a temperature again. Let me bring you an aspirin. In the meantime you go and put on some warm clothing."

Uday complied immediately. As he

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entered his room, he found Kaviraj and Kalidas engaged in confidential conversation. They stopped talking on seeing him. Uday did not attach any importance to this. He changed into a warmer coat and went out again to the verandah. Sheela had in the meantime brought a glass of water and an aspirin, which Uday immediately took. Then they sat quietly awaiting Kaviraj for their usual walk.

Suddenly they saw Kaviraj emerging from his room, his eyes bloodshot with anger. "Durlabhji, Durlabhji", he shouted at the top of his voice. Durlabhji came running in response to this imperious summons.

"Have my luggage taken out from this room and put it in Kalidas' room."

Uday and Sheela were dumbfounded at this display of anger and could not understand what had happened. Kaviraj came towards them, waving his stick as he remarked: "Come along Sheelaben, let us go for our walk." Sheela, still at a loss, stood up to accompany him.

Uday was not sure whether to follow Sheela or not and while he was still debating this point in his mind, he took a couple of steps after Sheela. Kaviraj immediately turned round and shouted in a loud voice: "How dare you come with us? You have forfeited your right to the company of good women."

Quite understandably, Uday's first reaction was that of anger, and he was tempted to hit out, but he controlled himself with an effort. Whatever the provocation, it would have been foolish to have hit an aged person like Mattamayur, who was, in addition, a well-known poet. Instead, therefore, he inquired quietly and with such dignity as he could muster: "What exactly do you mean?"

"Do you want to know? Well, then take this," said Kaviraj as he slapped Uday. He then turned his back on him and started walking away.

Sheela was both surprised and angry at this display of bad manners. Without a moment's hesitation, she remarked: "You call yourself a poet and a guardian of our culture! Is this how cultured people behave? I do not care to go out for a walk with you." Saying thus she ran off into her room.

Uday had guessed and guessed correctly that Kalidas must have discovered from Suryashankar who 'Piyush' was, and had passed on the information to Kaviraj. Angry as he was he thought it best, therefore, to ignore the whole incident.

Mona, who along with one or two hotel servants had witnessed the entire incident, approached Kaviraj Mattamayur who further enraged Mona's appearance at this moment raised his stick as if to hit her. Mona, however, kept herself at a safe distance, and said, venomous cat that she was: "Peacock, you are a fool. You had better ask that model of Indian womanhood, what she was doing on Thursday night round about 11 o'clock near the 'Arrow'. If you want evidence, you have mine and Chudgar's."

[*To be continued*

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Stories of King Madana Kama

The Intrepid Gambler

IT was the turn of the younger Princess on the eighth night to keep the company of Chaturya in the nuptial chamber. She therefore dressed herself appropriately for the occasion and entered the room.

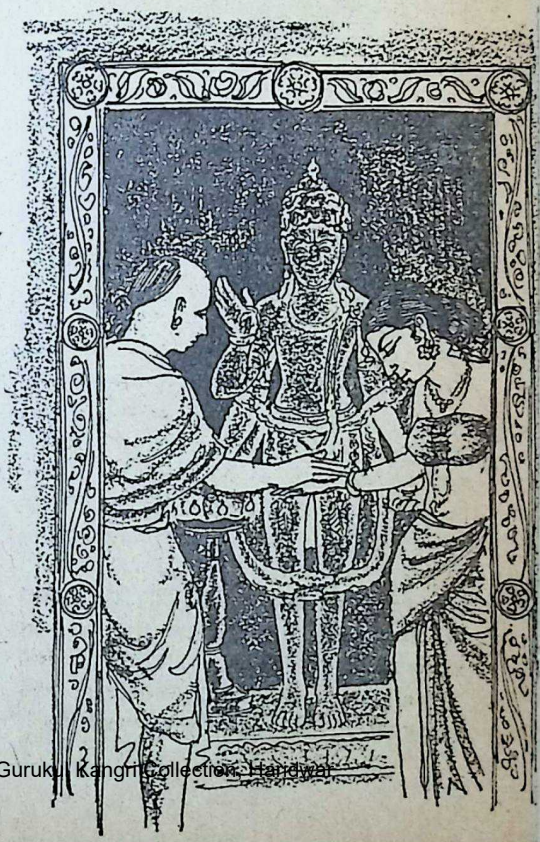
After exchanging pleasant banters, the girl left Chaturya in no doubt of her eager intentions when Chaturya cleverly switched on to a wonderful story to which the Princess listened with rapt attention. Said he:

There lived in a village of the Chola country a not very well-to-do Brahmin. He could not boast of any properties nor for that matter did he follow any regular profession for earning his livelihood. Gradually he drifted into the notorious avocation of gambling. In course of time he developed such cunning tact in it that he always came out as the victor.

Having exhausted all big quarries he was forced to challenge even the meanest man on the road for a bout and rob him of what little money he had in his pocket on the gambling board. So much so, people were afraid of meeting him in the streets. As soon as the people saw his silhouette at the end of the street, they would duck for safety and bolt the doors. Yet he managed to earn a rupee or two each day from some forlorn men.

One day it came to pass that not even a stranger came his way. As he was returning home broken hearted, he saw the door of the local Vishnu temple open. It flashed across his mind that the temple-priest must surely be inside and him he decided to victimise that day.

South Indian temples are notoriously dark inside the sanctums and the priests who have cat-like eyes could easily spot others without being seen and prove often of great comfort to visitors. But the gambler was no welcome visitor and so the priest



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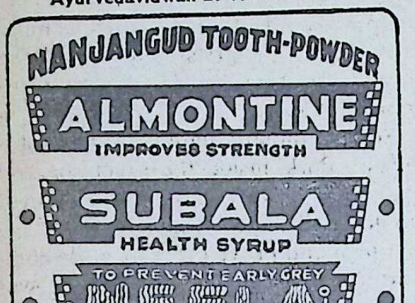

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ran for cover behind the huge figure of the deity.

Puzzled at not finding the priest anywhere about, the gambler shouted: "O priest! Don't you see a pilgrim come for worship? What are you doing?"

The priest was too worldly to rise to the gambler's bait and so kept mum. Indeed he even subdued his breathing lest the other man should detect him.

Not having any reply, the gambler was nevertheless loath to return home empty-handed. As he started thinking of his next step, the image of Lord Vishnu standing before him suggested itself to him as a possible quarry. There was little doubt about his own victory in a game, but how could he make the idol pay him in that event? Easy! With a [illegible] could walk out with any piece of jewellery belonging to the deity should the Lord become indebted to him!

So he spread the mat and threw the dice, first on his behalf and next on behalf of Lord Vishnu. Indeed the gambler became so comfortable with the choice of Lord Vishnu as his partner that he lavished all his attention and artistry both on his own and on the Lord's side. Jettisoning all his hat-tricks he came out, quite fairly, the victor.

Wrapping up the dice tenderly, he addressed the Lord: "Thank you Lord for obliging me today. I hope I have your permission to take the idol of your noble spouse Lakshmi with me in lieu of your payment. That will do for the present. See you later. Ta-ta!"

The priest who was an eye-witness to all that happened had his tongue parched out of fright. Although he saw the other man walking away with the idol, he did not have the courage to stop him for obvious reasons.

Lord Hari who was a silent witness to this drama could not help admiring the gambler for his temerity and so called out to him and said: "My boy! Why are you in such haste about the money? Leave the idol here and come for the money tomorrow when I shall pay you!"

The gambler looked back with a smile and said: "Ha ha! I knew Lord you will call me back. It all depends on which button you press. Now, listen ; will you promise me you won't default, for, I don't want to take any chances?"

"Surely I shall pay you" replied Lord Vishnu and the gambler replied

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ed the idol at the feet of the Lord and went home.

The divine dancers Rambha, Tilottama, Urvasi and the lot of them had the practice of appearing before that deity of Lord Vishnu each midnight and dance before Him and offer their obeisance. That night when they had completed their worship and were about to start home, the Lord asked Rambha to stay back at his temple asking the others to return. Rambha obeyed.

Early next morning the gambler appeared before the Lord of the temple right in time and demanded payment.

The Lord replied: "My child! You are expecting a paltry sum of money from me, but I am going to present a magnificent gift to you as a mark of my esteem for your conduct. Look! This is Rambha, the divine damsel. I am giving her in marriage to you. Go and live with her. Rambha! This is your husband; you should obey him to the letter, do you hear? Now, both of you come near and be united. Bless you!"

Greatly pleased with Rambha's beauty and divinity the Brahmin took her to his dwelling place and introduced her to his first wife.

Finding the habitation too small, Rambha by her powers conjured up a huge mansion and furnished it with all amenities. She next hugged the gambler's wife and said: "We are now sisters; let us make our husband as happy as we can!" She made the gambler's wife look as divine as herself with her touch and fitted her with all the jewels she could think of. No wonder the other woman took to Rambha as her own Mother Goddess and preferred to serve her like a dog while allowing her husband to have all the fun with the other. Thus they started life in right royal manner.

After the lapse of a week Rambha said to her husband: "Lord! Give me permission to go to Devaloka for a few hours, for it is my turn to dance before Devendra today. If I don't go, he will become angry which may prove calamitous to us!"

"What nonsense do you talk? Once you are married to me, no one else has any power over you. I won't permit you to go anywhere," replied the gambler angrily.

"Excuse me, Lord! The rules of Devaloka are different. I promise I shall not fail or default you. Pray allow me to go!"

"If you so insist, I too shall accompany you to Devaloka!"

As it is not possible for mortals to proceed to Devaloka in human bodies, Rambha caused him to become a flower-garland. Wearing it she proceeded to Devaloka. Reaching it, she reconverted him to his original form and leaving him at the foot of a tree in the outskirts of Devaloka, went inside and performed her wonted dance —recital before Indra.

As the gambler was witnessing the performance unseen by others, he saw that at a certain stage Rambha became so exhausted in her performance that she fell down, when all Devas including Devendra came running to her and with great deference gave her first aid.

At this the gambler's chest heaved with pride at the thought he was the husband of that lady whom even the

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Devas treated with great respect.

After taking leave of the Devas, Rambha came to where she had left the gambler and turning him again into a flower-garland descended down along with it and touched the earth on the banks of the holy Kauveri where she reconverted him into human form.

They had to go further on to reach their distant home, but seeing some of the angels taking their bath in the sacred river, the gambler changed his mind and told Rambha: "Rambha, you had better go by yourself to our place. I want to stay behind for a short time and shall follow you later!"

Accordingly Rambha started on her onward journey while the gambler went near the Devas who were taking bath. He spotted some of them as the same people who had reverred his wife in the Devaloka a short while ago. He strutted before them like a vain peacock but none of the... took note of him. It stung him to t... quick at the thought that those Dev... did not consider him, the husband ... one whom they revered, fit enou... even for recognition, not to speak ... reverence.

Infuriated by their neglect, the gam... bler reached out for a couple of wir... twigs from a nearby tamarind tr... with which he started flogging the... shouting at them "You don't con... der me, Rambha's husband, go... enough for your reverence, you wait... Eh, you are drunk with power, are... you? To hell with you all."

Bewildered by this unprovoked ... tack, the Devas were first inclin... to think that he was a mad man, b... his recognition of them and his r... ference to Rambha made them al... their opinion and hie themselves ba... to Devendra to report.

[*To be continue...*

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SMILES AND TEARS. Edited by R. K. Dalal, 'Pallav', Garden Colony, Andheri, Bombay.

THIS is the first anniversary Number of the popular bimonthly Journal *Smiles and Tears* edited by R. K. Dalal. This Number under review like the previous ones contains the usual features which are the delight of the heart and soul. Although the whole Number is filled with quotations from the great authors, they have been selected with an eye to Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram of the Soul. There are quotations which make you smile as there are passages—like Mahatma Gandhi's Last Moments—which bring tears to your eyes. The Journal, true to its name, is replete with '*Smiles and Tears*'. It is distributed free to the lovers of the 'Beautiful', except they are invited to bear the cost of postage of just one rupee and no more. We heartily recommend the Journal to all the lovers of the 'Beautiful'.

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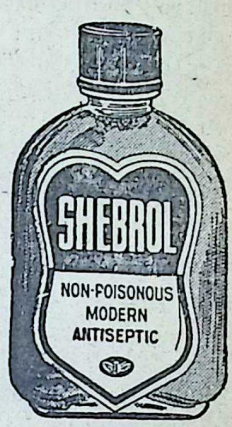

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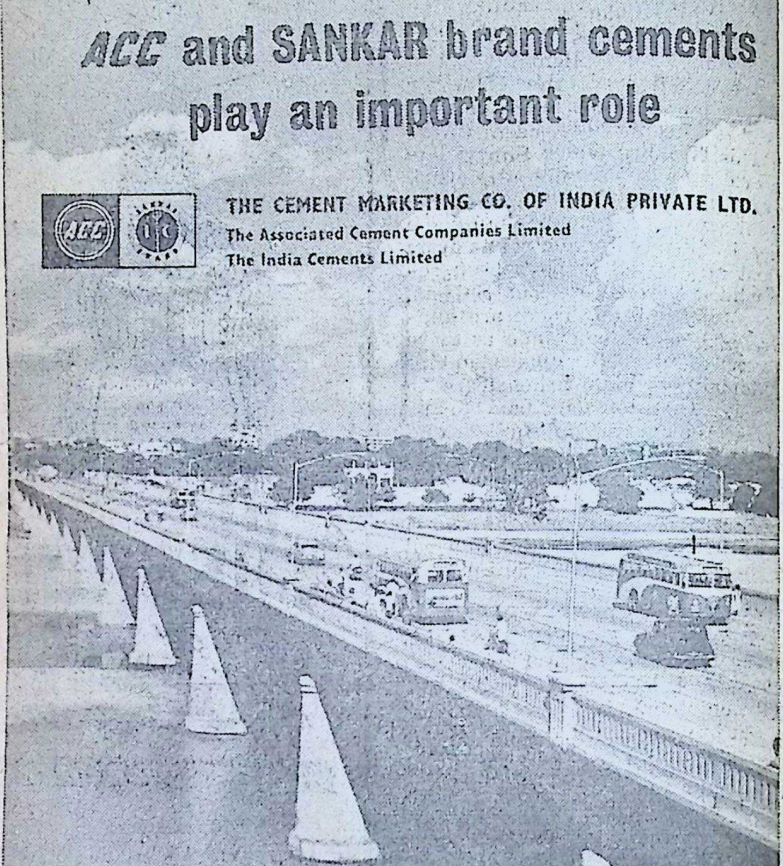

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ing the best letters written by representative writers from all over the world. And not merely letters but their knowhow too. Private letters; business letters; official letters; public letters; applications for jobs; resignations; testimonials; condolence; advice; complaint; humorous letters, satirical letters, etc. Not content with these, the publishers have added hints on public speaking; self-improvement; tips for excursion parties; hobbies; forms of etiquettes; legal drafts; effective English; postal information, etc. The excellent quotations with which the volume abounds, particularly on the most important aspects of life, make the volume really fragrant. The little encyclopaedia at the end is a thoughtful addition as it helps bring our knowledge of men and things up-to-date. Altogether this new edition, which makes for a complete education by itself, along with the aromatic, artistic metal container, constitutes an admirable gift for all occasions and a valuable addition to our library.

—V. A. K.

BENGALI

UPANISHAD PRASANGA. A translation in Bengali of a collection of Sri Aurobindo's writings on the Upanishads. Translated by Sri Nalini Kanta Sen. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. pp. 104. Price: Rs. 3.

THE Veda and the Upanishads are universally regarded as the fountain-head of all forms of spiritual self-culture, religions, and philosophies that have fertilised the soul of Indian humanity from pre-historic times to the present-day. But, in later times, each religion, each school of Yoga and philosophy fixed its attention on one of their manifold aspects, and based its whole system upon it. This was inevitable in the decline epochs of Indian spirituality, when the consciousness of Indian humanity was losing its hold upon the vast and complex oneness of Reality and concentrating on some of its facets in preference to others, so that it could, with its shrinking powers, better succeed in realising it in its fulness. The decline of spirituality was accompanied by a waning of national vitality. Gone was the large sweep of vision of the ancient Rishis, which embraced the unity and harmony of all existence from Spirit to Matter, from the supreme Light to the densest darkness. There followed, instead, a narrowing of the spiritual vision, and an exclusive and intense pursuit of the Spirit in one form or another, or as the Formless, the Unthinkable, the relationless Absolute. The tragic result of this narrowing of vision was a neglect of life and matter with all their spiritual possibilities.

There is, however, a marked tendency in the present times to heal this divorce between Spirit and Matter by a return to the integrality of the ancient vision and experience. There is a growing aspiration for the realisation of Purna Brahma or Param Purusha, the all-embracing Reality, by the integrated being of man. There is a swelling note of life-affirmation.

Sri Aurobindo is the prophet and pioneer of this integrality of vision and realisation. His is the most inspiring message of the unity of existence and the divine fulfilment of man. His interpretations of the Vedas and the Upanishads in the light of his own yogic experiences is a new revelation. It is a clarion call to the soul of humanity to hark back to the ancient gospel of the all-reconciling truth of existence and make that the pivot of a divinised, creative life on earth.

In the book under review, some of Sri Aurobindo's interpretations and expositions have been translated into Bengali by Sri Nalini Sen, who is himself a follower of the Integral Yoga of Sri Aurobindo. The translation has been done with scrupulous care and fidelity to the original, and in a diction which is chaste and dignified. The book will open up a new vista to lovers of ancient Indian culture. The get-up of the book is excellent.

—*Sri Rishabhchand*

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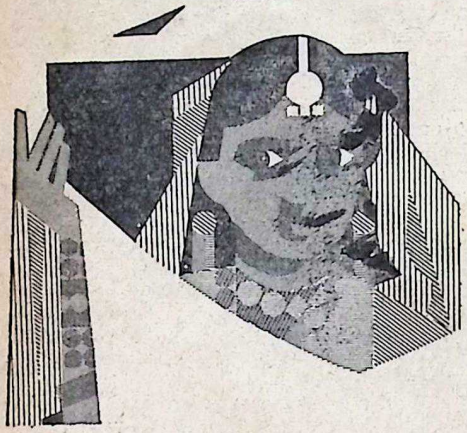

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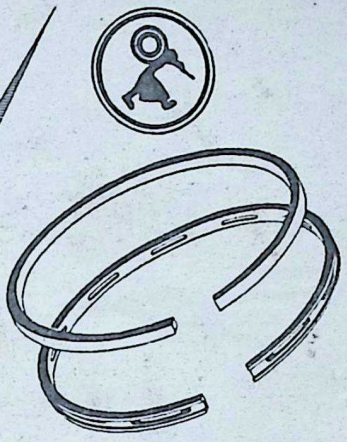

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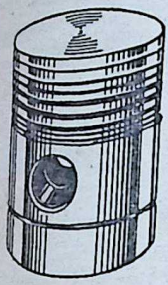

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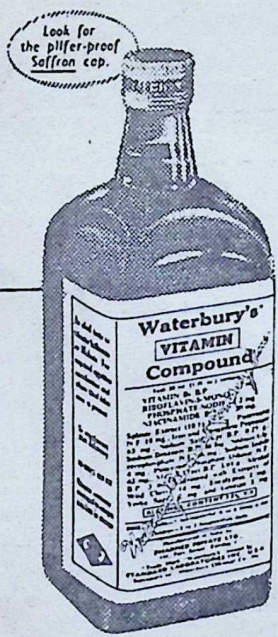

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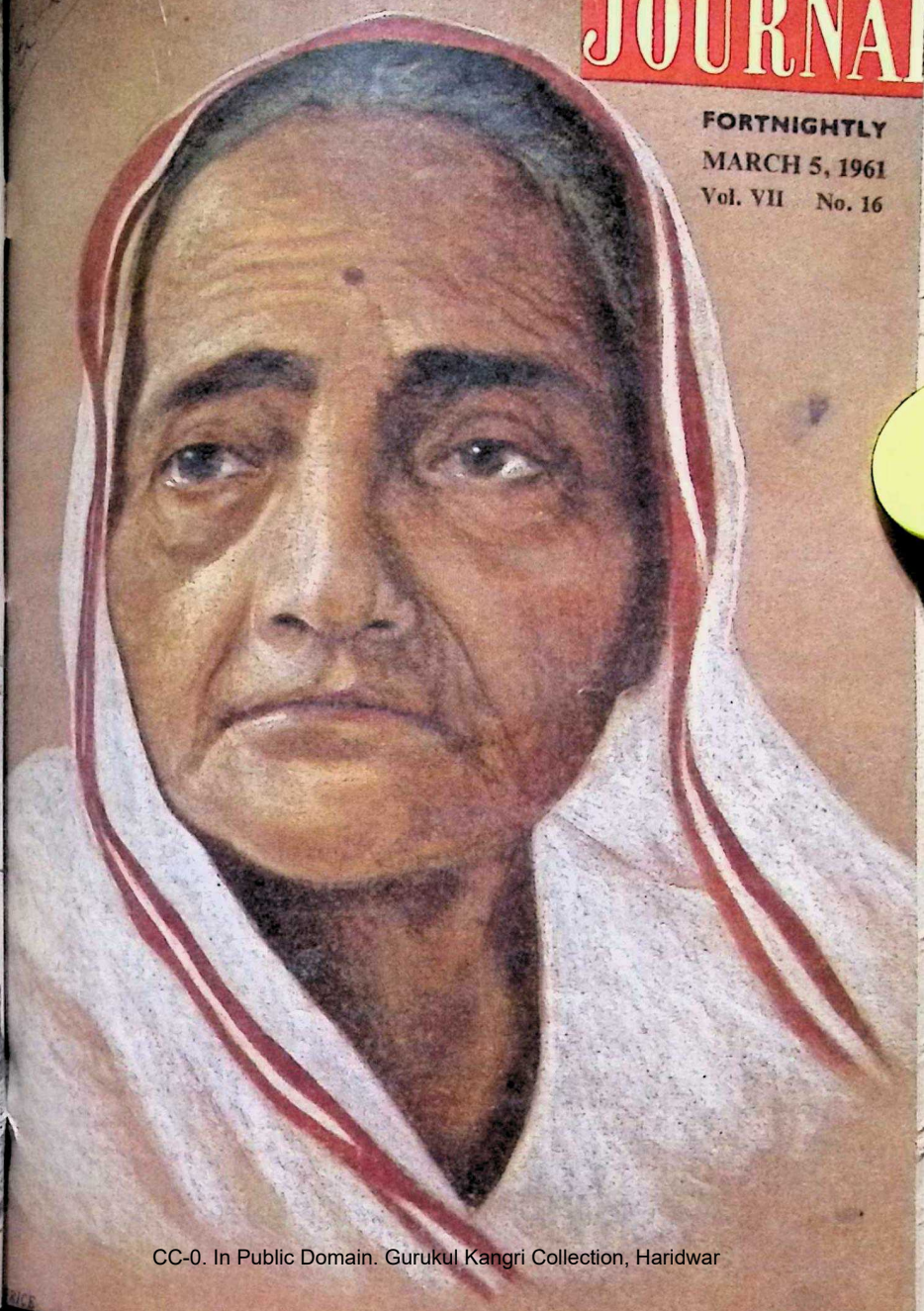

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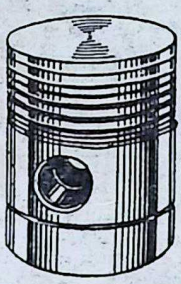

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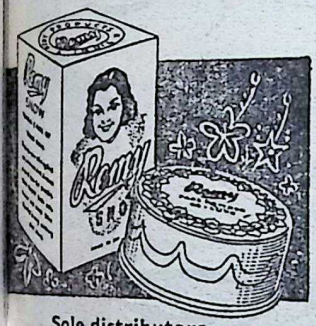

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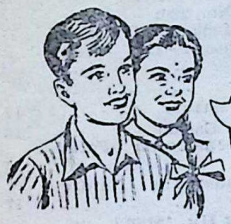

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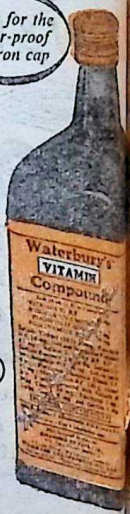

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Vol. VII

THE HALLOWED GALAXY

प्रह्लादनारदपराशरपुण्डरीक-
व्यासाम्बरीषशुकशौनकभीष्मदाल्भ्यान्।
रुक्माङ्गदार्जुनवसिष्ठबलिविभीषणादीन्
पुण्यानिमान् परमभागवतान् स्मरामि॥

I contemplate on these great and virtuous devotees of God—Prahlada, Narada, Parasara, Pundarika, Vyasa, Ambarisha, Shuka, Shaunaka, Bhishma, Dalbhya, Rukmangada, Arjuna, Vasistha, Mahabali, Vibishana and others.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 226

★ *FOUNDATIONS OF INDIAN CULTURE* ★ *GATHERI*
OF ELEMENTS ★ *THE VEDIC ARYANS*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHA
BOMBAY.
MARCH 5, 1961

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

WHAT is important in the study of a culture is the way in which it is approached.

The first approach is that of the humble and sympathetic student. He asks himself the questions: How did the culture come into existence? What were the conditions which gave birth to its characteristic form and its fundamental values? What were the forces that gave them direction? What was the Central Idea which radiated them?

The second approach is related to the practical needs of the time in which it is studied. What are the fundamental values and the Central Idea which have given vitality to the culture in the past? What adjustments are required to be made in the cultural norms and institutions to maintain their vitality under modern conditions? What changes should be made in the old forms and institutions without breaking up their continuity and thereby opening the gates of disintegration?

The third approach is the sup attitude of the arrogant modern. approach is characterised by this tude: If I had been Vyas or M 3,000 or 2,500 years ago with my m ern outlook, how would I have ed this culture?

This attitude is both illogical unhistorical. It ignores the diffe between conditions in which Vya Manu worked, and the modern ditions which, consciously or u sciously, have moulded our ou and provided the standards by to judge values. With such a superior attitude, it is assumed the inquirer had been born years ago, he would have been than the wisest of the day.

I want you to approach the stu our culture as an humble student wants not merely to know it, but to feel it. How did the Indian C come into existence? What we forces which led to its growth? patterns and fundamental valu it throw up? What was the C

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Idea which shaped those values, and through them, the cultural norms, traditions and institutions? How did it meet the vicissitudes through which India passed during the last 3,000 years? What was the source of this vitality?

●●●

With this approach, let us consider how Indian Culture came to be founded.

The first step in the enquiry is, what were the geographical determinants in which our culture came into being and who were the carriers of its basic ingredients?

Millions and millions of years ago, India as we know now did not exist. Its area south of the Aravalli Mountain was a part of a land mass named by the geologists as Gondwana land, which was connected with Mauritius in the west and the South-east Asian archipelago in the east. The Himalayas and the whole of North India were under the sea, similarly named the Sea of Tethys.

Then the Himalayas rose out of the Sea of Tethys inch by inch. As ages went past, a huge land mass arose in its place. The rivers flowing from it brought down silt, to be deposited to form what is now North India. The waters of the Sea of Tethys spilt over to what is now the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal. The rivers of the Deccan flowing to its shores were buried under the alluvial plains of Rajasthan, U.P., the Punjab, Bihar, Bengal, Assam and Manipur.

It was this geological upheaval which formed the India of today, the Himalayas providing the land with immense fertility and with comparative seclusion from the rest of the world, a factor of great importance in the evolution of our culture.

Ages ago, peoples of different races possessing varied speech-forms migrated into this newly-formed land. Geographical determinants began to shape their life. A composite race began to come into existence by contact.

Among the early migrating races were the Negritos who came to India from Africa; the Proto-Australoids, an Early Mediterranean people; the Mongoloids found in small numbers only in the northern and eastern fringes of the country; the Later Mediterraneans identified with the Early Dravidians; the Alpines considered a pre-Vedic, Aryan people, and, later, the Vedic Aryans who are racially considered Nordics.

The languages of our country can be traced to four distinct speech-families. The Austric speech-family, otherwise called the Kol or Munda, is mostly confined to the hill tribes. The Tibeto-Chinese or Sino-Tibetan is confined to the eastern fringes of the country.

Of them, the Dravidian and the Aryan or the Indo-European, speech-forms are the most important. The speech of the Early Dravidians and that of the Vedic Aryans combined to produce the texture of most of our modern Indian languages, the Dravidian elements predominating as we go south of the river Godavari.

The inter-mixture of these two speech-forms is evidenced by the common words and idioms found in the Indo-Aryan languages of the North

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and the Early Dravidian languages of the South.

The Early Dravidians, who arrived in India prior to 2,000 B.C., possessed a highly developed material culture, as would appear from their early speech-forms and the finds in Mohenjo-daro, Harappa and Lothal. They had forts, public baths, shipping activities, international commerce, a special feature inherited by the Later Dravidians of the historical period. We also know many things of their habits, their dress, their burials and their gods.

We have little information about the other races occupying regions north of Narmada at the time, but from stray references we find that there were large tribes which went by the generic name of Nagas.

At the time, U.P. and Bihar were occupied by a race called Copper-heads by the archaeologists from the copper weapons they used. It is likely that the non-Aryan people of the region, the Nagas, the Nishadas, the Asuras, whom we come across in the *Mahabharata*, belonged to this stock.

We have no information about the races which lived south of Narmada at this period, nor do we know of the races which opposed the Early Dravidians when they pushed to the South.

Before 2,000 B.C., the Aryans entered history and in about a thousand years they spread over Europe and Asia, from Lithuania and Finland to North India upto Kanauj and Lucknow. This is proved by the evidence of the language they used and by the finds of grey-ware pottery distributed

> Nations, like individuals, derive support and strength from the feeling that they belong to an illustrious race, that they are the heirs of their greatness, and ought to be the perpetuators of their glory. It is of momentous importance that a nation should have a great past to look back upon. It steadies the life of the present, elevates and upholds it and heightens and lifts it up, by the memory of the great deeds, the noble sufferings and the valorous achievements of the men of old.
>
> —Samuel Smiles
>
> A people that takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything to be remembered with pride by remote posterity.
>
> —Lord Macaulay

from Thessally in Greece to Lucknow in India.

There is also further positive evidence of clay tables of the period about 1400 B.C. showing that the Aryan gods like Indra and Varuna and certain Aryan speech-forms were known to the people of Cappadocia and Syria.

There is evidence to show that the Indo-Iranian Aryans pushed their way into North India through Afghanistan. At one time these Indo-Iranians had a common religion. The *Avesta*, the sacred books of Zoroastrianism, contain several verses which are found in the *Rigveda*. The Vedic Yama is the Yima of *Zend Avesta*, Vivasvat is Vivagnant; Atharvan is Atharnan; Asur Maghaba is Ahura Mazda.

Sometime before 1,500 B.C. there may be an error of a couple of centuries either way—the Vedic Aryans entered India with their [illegible] gods, their sacrificial rituals, their

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cows and horses, and their conquering zeal. They came into conflict with the Dasas and Dasyus, the Harappans in the West and the Asuras, the 'Copper-heads' of U.P. and Bihar.

The excavations at Rupar in the Punjab show that for some centuries there was a settlement of Later Harappans on the spot. About 1,500 B.C., a new settlement was built on the debris of the Harappan settlement, which lasted for about 500 years. It was built by a people with a different material culture from that of the Harappans. They used the painted grey-ware; all available evidence points to their being Vedic Aryans.

Similar excavations at Hastinapur show that the lowest settlement belonged to the Copper-heads, and on its ruins, about the same period of 1,500 B.C., rose an Aryan settlement which flourished for about 500 years. It was destroyed by the floods of the Ganga. This supports the evidence of the *Brahmanas* that Hastinapur had to be abandoned by the Kurus on account of floods, when King Nichakshu, a descendant of Arjun, the Pandava hero of the *Mahabharata*, led them to Kausambi.

During this period, roughly covering five centuries, the Aryans waged unceasing conflicts with the non-Aryans and even fought among themselves. During their victorious march through the country, the races mingled, customs and beliefs were adjusted, a new harmony was evolved. The Aryan kings, referred to in the *Mahabharata*, ruled over the Punjab, Delhi, Mathura, U.P. upto Kashi and parts of Rajasthan.

The military conquests of the Aryans were of minor significance compared to their cultural vitality and influence. Their culture flourished in the *ashrams* of the Vedic rishis which were mostly situated in the heart of Sapta Sindhu, the Land of Seven Rivers, and particularly on the banks of the river Sarasvati, profusely lauded in *Rigveda*. It was a mighty river which flowed from the Himalayas westward into the sea which covered parts of modern Rajasthan. What was left of the river now is the dry bed of Ghaggar. About the end of the Vedic period, evidently there was a geological upheaval, which dried it up and diverted its waters eastward to become the Jamuna.

By the end of the Vedic period, the use of the painted grey-ware disappeared among those who inherited the Aryan material culture. Evidently life had undergone a change by large scale inter-marriages between the Aryans and the non-Aryans; the new woman perhaps ceased to be particular about using the characteristic Aryan pottery.

Several definite events preserved by authentic tradition are recorded in *Rigveda*, indicating the conquest of the Aryans. For instance, the Aryan king Divodasa fought Shambar, the king of Dasyus of the ninety-nine forts. About the same time the Harappan settlement disappeared from Rupar and the Copper-head settlement from Hastinapur.

I shall deal with the subject in another letter.

Yours sincerely,

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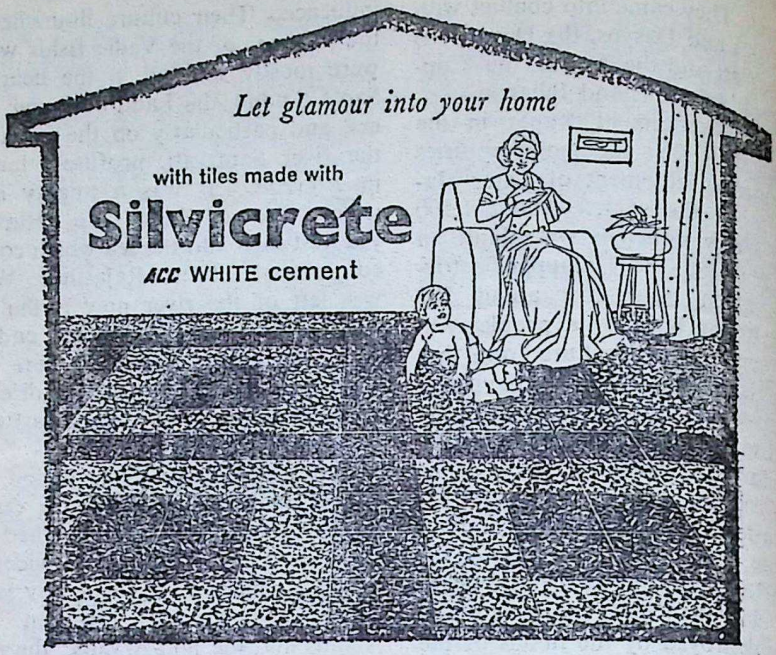

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If once the Name Krishna is repeated, with or without faith, believe it, it gives emancipation to the utterer of it.

—Prabhas Purana

Even if I forget you, let my tongue go on muttering Your Mantra Namah Sivaya.

—Sunderamurti Nayanar

Let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent.

The Psalm

The Name is the teacher, and Nama is the only pathway. There is no other road but the Name, and that is the only door in this Kaliyuga.

—Guru Nanak

My Lord! I am fascinated by Thy name,
Who can count the merits of Thy name, which could float stones on which it was inscribed?

—Bhakta Mirabai

If you clap your hands standing under a tree, the birds perching on it will fly away. So, if you chant the 'name' of Hari clapping your hands at the same time, the birds of evil thoughts will fly away from the tree of your body.

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—Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

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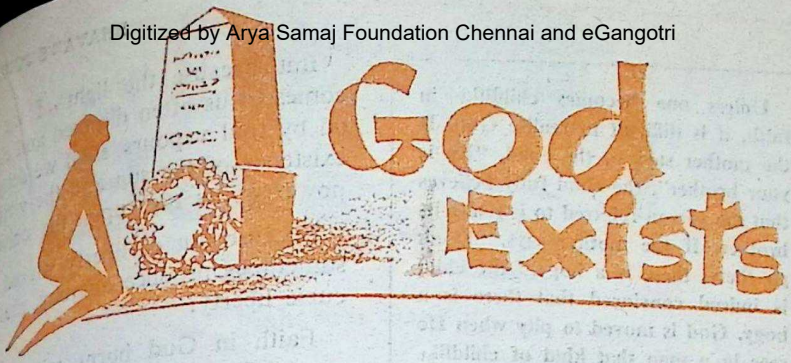

Joseph Mazzini

THE origin of your duties is in God.

The definition of your duties is found in His law.

The progressive discovery and the application of His law is the task of Humanity.

God exists.

I do not need nor do I wish to prove it to you; to try to do so would seem to me blasphemy, as to deny it would seem foolishness.

God exists, because we exist. God lives in our conscience, in the conscience of Humanity, in the universe which surrounds us.

Our conscience invokes Him in the most solemn moments of grief and of joy.

Humanity has been able to transform, to pollute, but never to suppress His holy name.

The Universe manifests Him in the order, the harmony, the intelligence of its motions and of its laws.

He who can deny God on a starry night, or beside the graves of his dearest ones, or in the presence of martyrdom, is greatly unhappy or greatly wicked.

The first atheist was doubtless a man who had hidden a crime from all other men and sought by denying God to rid himself of the only witness from whom he could not hide it, and to suffocate the remorse which tormented him.

Perhaps he was a tyrant who had stolen half the soul of his brothers from them with their freedom, and who tried to substitute the worship of brute force for faith in duty and in Eternal Right.

After him there came now and again, from century to century, men whom philosophical aberration led to insinuate atheistic doctrines; but they were very few, and much ashamed.

Then in days not long ago there came a multitude who, irritated by a false and stupid idea of God which some caste or tyrannic power had set up for its own advantage, denied God Himself; but it was for an instant only, and during that instant their need of a divinity was so great that they had to worship the goddess Reason, the goddess Nature.

Today there are men who abhor all religion because they see the corrup-

From his *Essays*

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Unless one becomes childlike in faith, it is difficult to realise God. If the mother says to the child, "He is your brother", the child fully believes that the person referred to is really its brother. If the mother says, "Don't go there, there is a bogy," the child is indeed convinced that there is a bogy. God is moved to pity when He sees in a man that kind of childlike faith. None can attain God with the calculating nature of the worldly-minded.

—Ramakrishna Paramahamsa.

tion in actual creeds, and do not divine the purity of those of the future; but not one among them dares to call himself an atheist.

There are priests who prostitute the name of God to venal calculations, or to fear of the powerful; there are tyrants who blaspheme it by invoking it as the protector of their tyranny.

But because the light of the sun comes to us often dimmed and clouded by foul vapours, shall we deny the existence of the sun and the vivifying power of its rays upon the universe?

Because out of liberty wicked men sometimes produce anarchy, shall we curse liberty?

Faith in God burns with an immortal light through all the lies and corruption with which men have darkened His name.

Lies and corruption pass away, tyrannies pass away; God remains and the People remains, God's image upon earth.

Even as the People, through slavery, suffering, and poverty, conquers, step by step, conscience, strength, emancipation, so out of the ruins of corrupt systems of religion the holy name of God arises resplendent, surrounded by a purer, a more fervent, and more rational worship.

We who have seen Italia in the throes,
Half risen but to be hurled to the ground, and now,
Like a ripe field of wheat where once drove plough
All bounteous as she is fair, we think of those
Who blew the breath of life into her frame:
Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi: three:
Her Brain, her Soul, her Sword; and set her free
From ruinous discords, with one lustrous aim.

—George Meredith.

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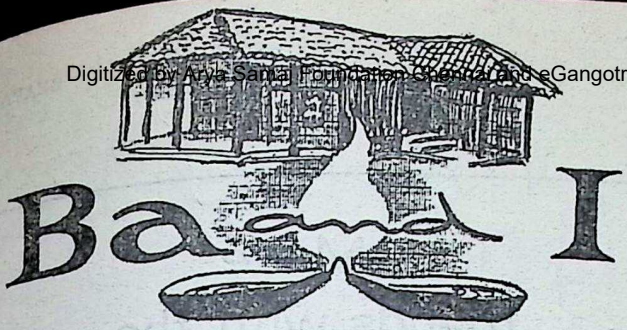

I

Mahatma Gandhi

[At 7-45 p.m. on February 22, 1944, Kasturba passed away on Gandhiji's lap during their detention at Aga Khan Palace, Poona].

IT seems to me that the root cause which attracted the public to Kasturba was her ability to lose herself in me.

I never insisted on this self-abnegation. She developed this quality on her own.

At first I did not even know that she had it in her.

Accordingly to my earlier experience, she was very obstinate. In spite of all my pressure she would do as she wished. This led to short or long periods of estrangement between us.

But as my public life expanded, my wife bloomed forth and deliberately lost herself in my work.

As time passed, I and my service of the people became one. She slowly merged herself in my activities.

Perhaps Indian soil loves this quality most in a wife.

Be it as it may, to me this seems to be foremost reason for her popularity.

What developed the self-abnegation in her to the highest level was our Brahmacharya.

The latter turned out to be more natural for her than for me.

> **"I cannot imagine life without Ba. I had always wished her to go in my hands so that I would not have to worry as to what will become of her when I am no more. But she was an indivisible part of me. Her passing away has left a vacuum which will never be filled. How God has tested my faith!....And she passed away in my lap! Could it be better? I am happy beyond measure."**
>
> —Mahatma Gandhi

She was not aware of it at first. I made a resolve and Ba, as she was affectionately called, accepted it as her own. Thenceforward we became true friends.

From 1906, really speaking from 1901, Ba had no other interest in staying with me except to help me in my work. She could not live away from me.

She would have had no difficulty, if she had wished, in staying away from me. But as a woman and wife she considered it her duty to lose herself in me ever after.

She did not cease looking after me till her last breath. ● ●

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the core of DEMOCRATIC FAITH

Earl Attlee

[Earl Attlee, a distinguished world statesman and former Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, is currently on a visit to this country.]

OUR Western civilisation has been built up in the main on the acceptance of the moral standards of Christianity. Even those who find themselves unable to accept Christian dogma accept in the main its ethical standards. In our everyday intercourse we assume that most men are honest, truthful and kindly, and in general we are not disappointed. We do not expect that we shall be violently attacked or maltreated by our neighbours. This mutual confidence is the foundation of a civilised peaceful life.

At no time in history have these standards been fully maintained in the relations between States. There have always been those who have been prepared to put apparent national interests before moral principles, but they have done it shamefacedly.

It is essential to remember that civilisation takes long to build and is easily destroyed. Brutality is infectious.

Christianity affirms the value of each individual soul.

The Labour Party owes its inspiration not to some economic doctrine or to some theory of class domination. It has always based its propaganda on ethical principles. We believe that every individual should be afforded the fullest opportuntiy for developing his or her personality. The founder of our Party, Keir Hardie, always made his appeal on moral grounds. He believed that the evils of society were due to the failure to put into practice the principles of the brotherhood of man.

The struggle for the freedom of the individual soul takes different forms

> We have to stand for those whose freedom is threatened all over the world. We have to fight for the freedom of the human spirit. I believe that everyone of us knows what is the thing of most value in life, what we prize above anything else. Life without liberty is not worth living. Let us go forward and win that liberty and establish that liberty for ever on the sure foundation of social justice.
>
> —Earl Attlee.

From a broadcast

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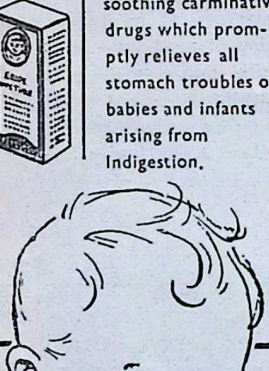

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at various periods. In Britain we h
achieved freedom of conscience, fr
dom of thought, freedom of spe
and action within the law, freed
for workers to combine together. T
are victories which we will not all
to be reversed, but the fight for fr
dom continues.

We are fighting the battle of civil
sation against barbarism. To do t
successfully we must bring to our
the spiritual forces in all countr
We must see to it that in this con
we do not allow the evil things wi
we fight to master our own souls. O
aims must be such as commend th
to the conscience of mankind. If
seek a peace wherein moral princi
are to prevail, we must carry out th
principles ourselves. If we are c
scious all the time that our pract
is not in accordance with our prece
we shall be weakened.

If we want to persuade others t
we wish for a world free from i
perialist domination, we must put o
selves right. We must press forw
the policy of extending self-gove
ment wherever that is practica
We must rid ourselves of any taint
imperialism. Only so can we put o
selves into a position to ask for
world organised on the democra
principle.

But it is not enough to put i
practice moral principles in our re
tions with those outside our own bo
daries. We have to moralise our soc
relations at home.

If we really believe in the supre
value of every human individual, a
this is the core of our democra
faith, we must change a system
society which does not express thi
its institutions.

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ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

THE NATURE OF ATMAN

Learning about the arrival of Bharata, Sage Vasishtha went to the palace, accompanied by ministers, where he saw Bharata weeping. Vasishtha therefore consoled Bharata saying that King Dasaratha had departed after living a full life and was presently sharing half the seat with Devendra. He added:

तं शोचसि वृथैव त्वमशोच्यं मोक्षभाजनम्।
आत्मा नित्योऽव्ययः शुद्धो जन्मनाशादि-
वर्जितः॥

"You are unnecessarily grieving over what you ought not to be sorry for; his (Dasaratha's) is a liberated one. Atman or the soul is eternal; it is indestructible; pure; it has neither birth nor death (and the like).

शरीरं जडमत्यर्थमपवित्रं क्षिनश्वरम्।
क्षिप्यमाणं शोकस्य नावकाशः कथञ्चन॥

"Body is inert; exceedingly unholy; decaying. When you look at it in this light, there is no room at all for lamentation (at death).

पिता वा तनयो वापि यदि मृत्युवशं गतः।
मूढास्तमनुशोचन्ति स्वात्मताडनपूर्वकम्॥

"Be it one's father or son that is dead; only fools lament over him beating their breasts.

निःसारे खलु संसारे वियोगो ज्ञानिनां यदा।
भवेद्वैराग्यहेतुः स शान्तिसौख्यं तनोति हि॥

"(On the contrary) to Gnanis (who know life to be without substance) berievement in this worthless life should help develop *vairagya;* and indeed it does bring about the ineffable peace (of mind).

जन्मवान् यदि लोकेऽस्मिन् तर्हि तं मृत्यु-
रन्वगात्।
तस्मादपरिहार्योऽयं मृत्युर्जन्मवतां सदा॥

"Once taken birth in this world, death will surely follow. Therefore, for embodied beings death can never be averted.

स्वकर्मवशतः सर्वजन्तूनां प्रभवाप्ययौ।
विजानन्नपि अविद्वान्यः कथं शोचति बान्धव-
वान्॥

"Even a layman knows that these (life and death) flow out of one's past Karma; therefore how can even he grieve over the death of a relative?

ब्रह्माण्डकोटयो नष्टाः सृष्टयो बहुशो गताः।
शुष्यन्ति सागराः सर्वे कैवास्था क्षणजीविते॥

"Crores of Macrocosms have dissolved; innumerable creations have gone by; all the great oceans will dry up one day. Why then lay any store by this fleeting life?

चलपत्रान्तलग्नाम्बुबिन्दुवत् क्षणभङ्गुरम्।
आयुस्त्यजत्यवेलायां कस्तत्र प्रत्ययस्तव।

"Life is as unstable as a particle of water deposited on a trembling leaf and it departs at most unexpected

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times (as in childhood death). (When that is the case) how is it that you repose faith (in it)?

देही प्राक्तनदेहोत्थकर्मणा देहवान् पुनः।
तद्देहोत्थेन च पुनरेवं देहः सदात्मनः॥

"Atman enters a body dependent upon his actions in a previous birth; he will occupy another body based on actions of this body and so on *ad infinitum*.

यथा त्यजति वै जीर्णं वासो गृह्णाति नूतनम्।
तथा जीर्णं परित्यज्य देही देहं पुनर्नवम्॥

"Just as (we) discard torn clothes and wear new ones, so does Atman cast away an impaired body and enter a new one again.

भजत्येव सदा तत्र शोकस्यावसरः कुतः।
आत्मा न म्रियते जातु जायते न च वर्धते॥

"Inasmuch at Atman forso... neither dies nor is born nor gro... but continues to exist for ever, whe... is the occasion for sorrow?

षड्भावरहितोऽनन्तः सत्यप्रज्ञानविग्रहः।
आनन्दरूपो बुद्ध्यादिसाक्षी लयविवर्जितः...
एक एव परो ह्यात्मा ह्यद्वितीयः सर्व...
स्थित...
इत्यात्मानं दृढं ज्ञात्वा त्यक्त्वा शोकं ...
क्रियाम्...

"Devoid of the six-fold charact... (*see last issue*) Atman is endless; ... embodiment of truth and wisdo... bliss incarnate; witness to all me... functions; non-decaying; the o... ane; supreme; without a second ... resides equally in all. Knowing firm... Atman to be like this, give up sorr... and perform the rites."

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krishnavatara

PART II

16.

'Stand Up, Garuda'

VAINATEYA lay huddled up in a corner of the hut. With a heart-break, he heard the joyous shouts of his people as they welcomed the new guests whom his father was meeting in the open space on which the huts of the chief's family abutted. He lay helplessly on a bed of dry grass and peeped out of a hole in the bamboo wall of the hut to see whether he could catch a glimpse of the guests.

Vainateya, that was the name derived from his mother Vinata, was the eldest son of the chief. Five years ago he had been a bright Garuda, the hope of his father and their tribe, brave, intelligent and buoyant, excelling every young Garuda, running up and down the Gomantak Hill. The whole tribe had then looked upon him with pride as its future chief.

Then the bright-eyed young Garuda, who jumped from crag to crag as if he was flying, became seriously ill. For days he lay in bed, groaning, tossing in high fever. When the fever came down, his legs were paralysed. He was a cripple and was no longer what he was. All his bright world of hope was destroyed; his sunny temper was overclouded.

As months followed months and the hope of recovery was given up, Vainateya developed a deep melancholy. He felt it a torture to lie huddled up in bed all the time to be lifted from place to place only on occasions.

On the craggy heights of Gomantak and in the forests which surrounded it, the ability to run and to jump, to shoot at birds with flint-tipped arrows, to race with wild beasts, was

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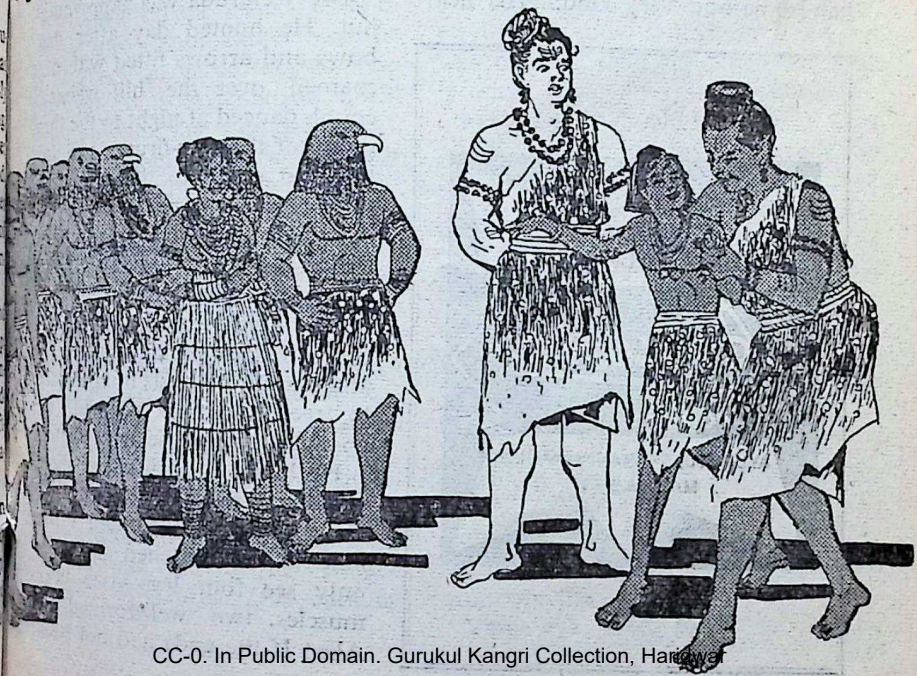
not sport but a necessity. Whoever could not do so was looked upon as cursed by the gods. Vainateya therefore could not bear to see himself looked upon with pity. It was galling to see that his own father, once so proud of him, looked upon him with contempt. He had sensed that the chief was ashamed to have as his son a miserable creature cursed by the gods. His brothers, who used to look up to him as a leader, now thought of him as a nuisance. No one wanted him. This bitter conviction poisoned his life.

Day after day Vainateya would dream of the sunny days hat he had spent in the forests, of the moonlit nights when at the head of his companions, he had jumped from crag to crag leading the game of playing at eagles. For the tribe of Garuds thought that all its members were born of the spirit of Suparna, the golden eagle, their divine guardian. Often in a waking dream, he would see himself running, jumping, racing down the Hill on swift foot, covering the distance from Gomantak to Karvirpur and back on a single night. But now even those dreams had ceased to be vivid. If at all he dreamt of those experiences, it left him shivering with a devastating sense of helplessness.

When the sun set every evening, he looked forward to those dreams though they left him more miserable than he was during the day. When the sun rose, he had to prepare himself to face neglect, contempt, sneers, whispers, which were always aimed at his helplessness.

The proud spirit of Vainateya was crushed. He wanted to die rather than



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...stand up, Garuda!.....

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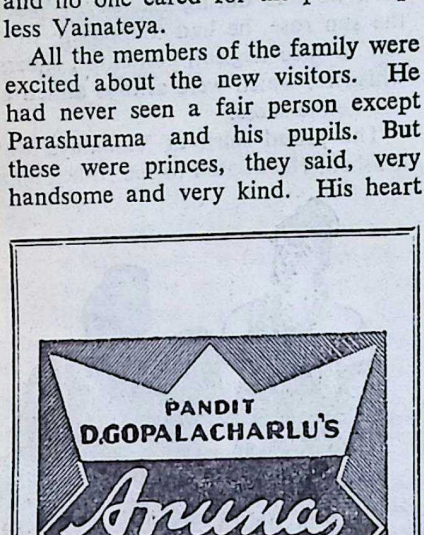
live as a contemptible heap of bones, cared for by none. Often he had thought of dragging himself to the precipice and taking the fatal jump into the sea. But every time the will failed him. Then he heard of the arrival of Sage Parashurama to Gomantak with two young strangers. Since he had become a cripple, the only visitor whom he saw occasionally was the sage when he visited the Hill—and that too at a distance. When the sage came, everyone rushed forward to greet him enthusiastically, and no one cared for the poor helpless Vainateya.

All the members of the family were excited about the new visitors. He had never seen a fair person except Parashurama and his pupils. But these were princes, they said, very handsome and very kind. His heart was gripped by despair, though it f... an unfamiliar thrill of excitem... about the stories he heard about th... princes. Soon he began to ask hi... self the questions: Would he be a... to see them? Would they come to m... him?

He heard everyone talking brea... lessly outside the hut. Yes, they w... talking of the new visitors. How ... wished he could go out and meet the... But he was a pitiable creature. E... if he could beg his father to bri... them to him and even if he agre... to bring them, which was doubtf... they would look upon him—the he... less cripple—with pity. And he wa... ed no one to pity him; that hurt h... more, driving him to spend sleepl... nights in sobbing out his sense of ... solation.

Every Garuda was happy outside ... hut. He hunted day after day w... bows and arrows fitted with flint t... roamed over the hill whenever ... could, danced at night to the throbb... music of the war-drums, ran down ... hill and raced to the distant Kan... pur to get some necessities or to ca... destruction to some neighbouring h... tile tribes. He, Vainateya, was de... these joys. His corner of the hut ... all his world; all he could do so... times was to slither towards the d... and watch the birds hopping from ... to tree. And now he could not e... go out and see the new visitors.

He heard loud jubilant shouts. ... visitors were coming towards the ... He wanted to see them through ... hole in the thatched wall, but co... only see four legs—two heavy ... muscles, two well-formed and ... Alas! If the gods had not been a...



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he would have been walking with them. But that good fortune was never going to be his. He glanced at his own legs and shivered with disgust.

Mother came in for feeding him. She lived in the inner compartment of the hut and was the only person who cared for him. But even she at times became irritated with his helplessness and wished herself dead. Now she was very excited. 'The two visitors are wonderful. One—they call him Balaram—is a giant, bigger than anyone you could think of. When he laughs, you hear the sky thundering. The other—the younger one—is by far the most wonderful human being I have seen. They call him Vaasudeva. He is bluish in colour—almost sky like. You could never think that anyone could have such a colour. And he smiles, oh, so beautifully. He patted every child on the head. He smiled at me also. Your father says he must be a god to be so nice looking and so kind. Some day, my son, I will bring him to you, she said and added, 'We have prepared three nice huts for them on the great rock, just facing the sea.'

Vainateya's eyes were filled with tears. Such a fine young man, who was like a god, would never come and smile at him and say a few words to him. At the most he would say a word of sympathy. And he was sick of people's sympathy; that meant that he was not one of them but something far, far different from others—something useless.

'I don't want to see him,' he muttered resentfully. He turned his face to the wall. His throat was choking with tears.

When his mother left, the sun was setting. Soon it would be time for everyone to go to sleep. He tried to sleep, but could not even close his eyes. He wanted to see the two god-like men whom everyone else, except him, had seen and admired. But he would never see them—no, never—as others see them.

Vainateya sobbed for a while in the solitary hut. Then he dozed off out of sheer exhaustion. After a little while, he woke up. His mind began to work impatiently. It conjured up the sky-blue young man who was like a god —with a smile 'oh so wonderful,' his mother had said. He patted every child, she had said. Would he ever come to him and pat him on the back? How was that possible? If he at all came to him, he would only pat him out of charity, not of love. All people thought he had been cursed by the gods, though he knew he was cleverer than most people. But it must have been so, he thought; otherwise why should he alone, among all the swift-footed young Garuds, be not able to jump from crag to crag?

The fact was that he was a cripple, Vainateya bitterly thought, and always he was going to be one, and he would never see the princes whom everyone admired, greeting them by joyous shouts. But, why can't he see the sky-coloured prince whom they called Krishna?

As he tossed about in his bed of dry grass, an idea slowly formed in his mind. He, the cripple, would go and see him. Yes, that was clever. He *must* see him. Yes, he will see him, whatever the cost.

Vainateya tried to sleep, but do

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what he could, sleep would not come to him. His imagination was on fire. It tried to see a sky-blue prince with a wonderful smile, who looked like a god, but it failed. He had never seen such a person. He and his people were dark, and none of them he knew could smile the way Vaasudeva did on all accounts.

Vainateya was tired of thinking of the prince who was like a god. He had never seen a god, maybe Krishna was not like a god, but a god himself. He must, therefore, see him—and that too as early as possible.

Yes, it was a moonlit night and he could slither to the hut on the great rock near the sea. But how could he? For years he had never slithered such a long distance; the utmost he could do was to pull himself out of the hut and lie gazing at the tree-tops as they swayed in the breeze. Snakes and wild beasts also made the forest path dangerous to go by at night. How could he, a cripple, go and see the prince who was like a god? But his heart cried out: 'You must go and see him. Don't lose any time. Perhaps the young guest might go away the next day and you would never have a chance to see him.'

Vainateya, with an effort of his arms, sat up. The moolight was everywhere over the Hill, as he could see from the half-open door—on the forest path, on the trees, on the leaves as they swayed in the breeze. He pressed his lips, rested his elbows on the ground and pulled himself out of the bed. His paralysed leg slithered along.

He gained the door. Everything was quiet. He waited for a while to

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find out whether his mother was awakened by his movement. No, she was sleeping soundly in the next room. He made another attempt to pull himself out of the door, and his legs followed him. He looked at the Moon Goddess; she was smiling encouragingly at him.

A doubt assailed him. How could he slither all the way to the precipice by the sea? He had not the strength to pull himself all the way. He simply could not do it.

However, he *must* see the young man who was like a god, whatever happens. If he died on the way, that would be an end of him. He would find release from this wretched lot to which he had been condemned. Then perhaps his spirit would jump about the Hill as his body had never been able to do. Anyway that would be a happier change.

He slithered forward on the path which led to the precipice which overhung the sea. His hands, never having been used to carry him over forest paths, were soft, and as he made his way, stones and thorns cut into them. He lay quiet for a while, tired and panting, removed some thistles which had clung to his body and looked at the Moon Goddess. The Goddess was smiling encouragingly. Perhaps she would help, thought Vainateya. Perhaps she would ask the prince who was a god to meet him half-way. Perhaps, she would not, for the Moon Goddess would like to test his determination to go to the hut on the precipice near the sea.

Vainateya gathered his strength again and began to slither forward, getting out of breath, resting and dozing off now and again, rubbing off the thistles and removing the thorns from time to time as he went forward. As he was going along, he saw some wild beast glaring at him from behind a hedge. He trembled in every limb; he thought he would be killed, but the beast took to its heels. The Moon Goddess had protected him, or perhaps Vaasudeva, who, as his father had said, was a god.

A little further he saw a snake winding its way along the path. He was frightened again. But he thought Vaasudeva might come to his help if he was a real god. He lay still, calling upon the sky-blue god to save him and closed his eyes, expecting to be bitten the next moment. But the snake went past him without turning to him. He was saved! The prince must be a god, Vainateya thought.

After this miraculous escape, Vainateya felt a buoyancy he had not felt for years. Whatever happened now, this adventure of his was worth undertaking. He felt sure that the young god was calling him. And with new strength he started again on his laborious journey. His progress was very slow. The path was now stony and his hands and his body were bleeding at places. But he did not mind. The Moon Goddess was now disappearing below the sea and Aruna—the morning star—had risen in the east. It was a good sign, Vainateya thought. Aruna was the god of his tribe, being the elder brother of Suparna, the great Garuda of the golden wings, the divine father of his tribe.

Now Vainateya was crawling up the precipice. He felt the cool breeze of the sea and felt revived. He could

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see the three huts which had been constructed for the guests. He knew that the third one was empty, for the mighty Parashurama, whom his father called the Master, had left Gomantak the day before.

Vainateya made a final effort to pull himself over the plateau of the precipice. He strained his strength almost to the breaking point to lift himself. But his hand slipped. He lost his hold and fell into a pit, a huddled heap. A piteous moan escaped him, and then he began to cry. He would not be able to see the god and must lie there till someone found him during the day or he must lie there unnoticed, then die.

The dawn was breaking, when he saw a giant shadow on the precipice with a big bamboo in his hand. Vainateya lay still in spite of the pain his fall had caused him. Someone had been attracted by his moans and that one would surely kill him thinking he was some prowling beast.

The shadow shouted at him in a strange tongue and a fearsome voice. Vainateya held his breath. This man with the fearful voice might jump at any moment into the pit and break his head, and soon he would be dead. Oh, if he could only see the young god before he died!

The dawn was now over the sky and the earth, and the shadow turned into a stalwart young man, who was trying to probe into the tall dried grass with the pole he had in hand near where he lay. As the bamboo thrust in the dried grass hit him, a moan escaped him.

Suddenly he saw the hand of the tall young man arrested by another person, whom Vainateya could not see. But he felt sure that it was the prince who was a god, whom he had come to see. 'Oh! If I could see him once—once daily before I die,' he muttered and became unconscious.

Vainateya regained consciousness. Someone was cleaning the dirt from his body and washing his bleeding wounds—someone who had a very soft hand. His whole body was aching and was smarting at places. He slowly opened his eyes a little. He saw a young man looking at him. He was the god! The sky-blue skin, the compassionate smile, the long curly hair falling over the shoulders—there was no mistaking them.

He opened his eyes and looked at the handsome face eagerly. And the god smiled. His eyes, full of love, were enveloping him with a tenderness which he had never seen in any one before. He knew now that this was his journey's happy end. He had found the god who loved him—him who was an unhappy helpless cripple whom no one cared for. He closed his eyes. Now he could die happily. He stretched his bleeding hands and clung to the god's feet.

'You are my last refuge,' Vainateya muttered and fainted.

Vainateya did not know how long after he regained consciousness. Now he heard familiar voices: his father talking excitedly to his uncle; his uncle, who knew the young man's language a little, trying to talk to him with some effort; his mother interrupting them in a voice choked with tears. And a pleasant voice—it must be that of the sky-blue god,—speak-

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ing in a language which his uncle only understood a little.

Vainateya opened his eyes and looked at his father, the great chief of the tribe. He shivered. His father was now scowling at him. 'Why did you run away, you fool? We all got so anxious about you.' Vainateya knew that his father always despised him for being a cripple and therefore a blot on the proud family of the chief, every member of which was expected to outrun every other member of the tribe.

'How did you come here all the way, you mad fellow?' asked his uncle.

His mother added in a kindly voice: 'You are bruised all over the body, boy.'

All exultation went out of Vainateya's heart. He had not died on the way as he thought he would, and now he would be taken back to his corner of the hut to wait for death; that was worse than death. His father extended a hand for him to take up and with its aid to lift himself to a sitting posture, but he turned away from the proffered hand. Clasping it would be to go back to his old misery, never perhaps to see the god again. In ill-conceived fear of the prospect, he turned away from his father and looked at the god, whom his uncle had been addressing respectfully as Vaasudeva.

Vaasudeva was smiling at him fondly. It was a smile of affection which no one had wasted on him for years. No, no, no. He did not want to go back to his corner to be neglected, sneered at, scowled at. He would live here with this god or die.

He lifted himself on one elbow and

RESULTS OF ONE ACT SOCIAL PLAY COMPETITION

We have pleasure in announcing the results of the above Competition:

1st Prize Rs. 250|- to K. Raja Rao, Bangalore, for his play "THE ACCUSED".

2nd Prize Rs. 150|- to R. Kesavamurthi, Varanasi, for his play "PEDDI".

3rd Prize Rs. 100|- to T. Rajagopalan, Jangaon, for his play "CHARUMATI".

We take this opportunity of acknowledging our grateful thanks to the eminent judges: Kulapati K. M. Munshi, Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, Smt. Enakshi Bhavnani, Sri Premnath and Dr. A. K. Das Gupta who, despite their heavy pre-occupations, had scrutinised all the entries very carefully and adjudicated on their merits.

The first prize-winning drama will be published in the next issue.

—Editor.

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clung to Krishna's legs with the other arm, looking up to him plaintively. Krishna bent down and, supporting the cripple by an arm, helped him to sit up.

'Garuda, don't you want to go with the noble chief?' asked Krishna. His uncle translated the question to him.

'No, no. I want to stay with you,' said Vainateya. He heard all his people laughing at his stupid words and felt crushed, and fearing that Krishna would send him away, clung to his legs tightly.

'V*aa*sudeva, Vainateya says that he wants to stay with you,' translated his uncle. 'He is a little mad,' he added apologetically. 'You can't be troubled with a cripple.'

Krishna bent down further and enveloped Vainateya in his arms.

'Will you stay with me, Garuda?' asked Krishna.

His uncle translated the question to young Garuda, who broke into tears. 'How can I? I am a cripple,' he said as he sobbed. 'But—but, I have no one in the world but you,' he broke down completely. His father, mother and others of his people laughed at this silly reply, when it was translated to Krishna.

Krishna looked tenderly at young Garuda. 'And I am yours, Garuda. Who says that you are a cripple?' he asked, and the uncle translated his exact words.

In reply young Garuda looked tragically at his paralysed leg and hung down his head, as tears rolled down his cheeks.

'Are you going to keep this crip with us, Krishna?' asked Balaram.

'Of course, I am,' Krishna s and Balaram threw up his hands despair.

'You are not a cripple,' said Kris na and pulled up young Garuda.

Young Garuda looked at Krish who spoke with authority, and a gic vigour coursed through his as he felt somehow that he could but obey the god.

'Get up and stand on your le commanded Krishna.

Everyone looked in surprise. Yo Garuda did not understand the wo but understood their significance. tried to move his legs.

Krishna pulled him up. 'Stand Garuda.'

Young Garuda looked at Kris worshipfully. The voice of quiet c mand gave him confidence. Supp ed by Krishna, he stood up.

'Now come with me,' said Kris Unable to think what he was ing, he took a step.

His people dazed at what they looked at Krishna with silent as Krishna, supporting young G da, led him to take steps for the time in years.

A triumphant smile was on the ciated face of Vainateya as it li with a new brightness. Then the ence was broken. Young Garu mother rushed forward and sobb with delight fell at the feet of Kris

[*To be contin*

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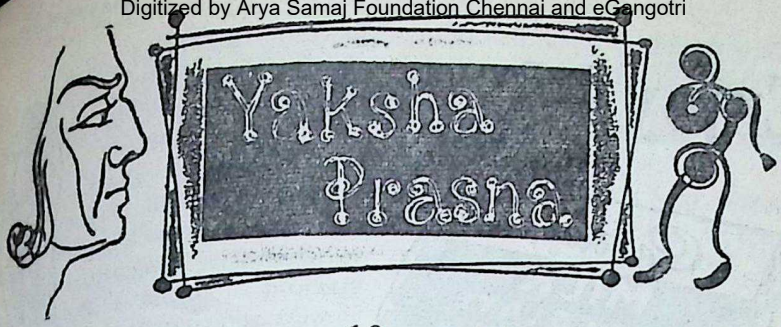

10

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

THE Yaksha next asks the following questions:

अतः कथं स्यात् पुरुषः कथं राष्ट्रं मृतं भवेत्।
श्राद्धं मृतं कथं वा स्यात् कथं यज्ञो मृतो भवेत्॥

How will one be considered as dead?
When will a Kingdom be considered as dead?
When will a Sraddha be considered as dead?
When will a sacrifice, Yagna be considered as dead?

Yuthistira replies thus:

दरिद्रो वरिद्रः पुरुषः मृतं राष्ट्रं अराजकम्।
श्रोत्रियं श्राद्धं मृतो यज्ञस्त्वदक्षिणः॥

A person stricken with poverty may be considered as dead.
A country without a government may be considered as dead.
A sraddha performed without men learned in the Vedas may be considered as dead.
A yagna (sacrifice) without dakshina or remuneration to the ritviks may be considered as dead.

Neelakanta in his commentary interprets the word daridra to mean a person who, though possessing riches, will not spend or give i.e. a miser such a person will be of no help to society. A country without a sovereign or government will greatly suffer from anarchy. No trade or other peaceful activity or prosperity will be found there. Hence Dharmaputra says that a country in the above conditions may be considered as practically dead. The condition of the people in a country without a sovereign or sovereign government is forcefully depicted in the Ramayana, Ayodhyakanda, 67th Sarga. The Slokas which begin with the words:

नाराजके जनपदे।

describe the deplorable conditions of the citizens in such a country. In a country without the sovereign, says Valmiki, there will be no rain, and there will be no sowing of seeds in the land and the people will be in distress. In this way there is a powerful picture given of anarchy that prevails in society, in all departments of activity and the description ends with the following stanza:

अहो तम इवेदं स्यात न प्रज्ञायेत् किंचन।
राजा चेन्न भवेल्लोके विभजन् साध्वसाधुनि॥

"O! There will be darkness here. Nothing will be known, if there is no

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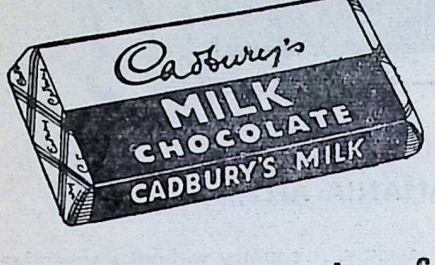
Enjoy life with



more than a sweet...a food!

CADBURY MEANS QUALITY

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sovereign in the world discriminating between right and wrong." Nowadays instead of 'sovereign', we will have to say "a stable government." We can well realise the truth of this when we consider the political situation in Laos and Congo.

A sraddha ceremony performed for one's ancestors is said to be properly done and will have religious efficacy in propitiating the *pithrs*, only when people learned in the Vedas are invited to officiate in the sraddha in the place of Visvedevas, Pithr, Pithamaha, Prapitamahas and Vishnu.

Persons devoid of Veda-adhyayana are unfit to officiate in the sraddha ceremony. This is clearly laid down by Manu in the 3rd Adhyaya, 168th sloka:

बाह्मणस्त्वनधीयान स्तृणाग्निरिव शाम्यति।
तस्मै हव्यं न दातव्यं न हि भस्मनि हूयते॥

'The person who is not learned in Vedas or who has not studied the Vedas is like grass in a fire, extinct soon. To him the *havya* should not be given because in ashes no *homa* can be done.'

There can be no yagna without the rithviks and it is necessary that the rithviks should be given proper remuneration. This remuneration in yagna is called Dakshina. Without such remuneration the mantras which have to be meticulously pronounced and intoned will not have the desired effect and, in order to make the rithviks do this efficiently, they should be properly rewarded.

In the Sabdakalpadruma, the word Dhakshina is derived thus:

दक्षते इति दक्षिणा

The verb Dhaksha means *vriddhi* or increase of efficacy and it is considered as *yagnapatni* or wife of yagna. The following Vedic text is authority for this statement:

यज्ञो गन्धर्वस्तस्य दक्षिणा अप्सरसः

This idea has been woven into poetry by Kalidasa in his *Raghuvamsa*:

तस्य दाक्षिण्यरूढेन नाम्नामगधवंशजा।
पत्नी सुदक्षिणेत्यासीत् अध्वरस्येव दक्षिणा॥

"Born in the Maghada family, his wife was known as Sudakshina by this well-known appellation of Dakshinya just as Dakshina is of the Yagna." In this sloka, the poet has referred to the different meanings of the word 'Dakshina' when applied to the king's wife Sudakshina and when used in connection with yagna. It has then the meaning which has been above referred to, namely, increase of efficacy.

दक्षते वर्धते

This is also based upon a Vedic text.

तेऽदक्षन्त दक्षिणां प्रतिगृह्य

"Receiving the Dakshina they increase in efficacy." From all these references, it will be clear that without the Dakshina the yagna may be considered as practically useless.

The Yaksha further asks as follows:

का दिक् किमुदकं प्रोक्तं किमन्नं किंचवै विषम्।
श्राद्धस्य कालमाख्याहि ततः पिब हरस्व च॥

What constitutes the way?
What has been spoken as water?
What is food? and
What is poison?
Tell me what is the proper time for Sraddha? Then drink and take away water.

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Dharmaputra answered thus:

सन्तो दिक् जलमाकाशं गौरन्नं प्रार्थना विषम्।
श्राद्धस्य ब्राह्मणः कालः कथं वा यक्ष मन्यसे॥

The way is the good.

Akasa or space is spoken of as water.

The cow is mentioned as food.

Wants are poison.

Meeting a man learned in the Veda is the proper time for Sraddha.

What do you think?

Neelakanta interprets the word Dik as:

दिशति उपदिशतीति दिक्; उपदेष्टारइत्यर्थः namely, those who instruct. It really meant those who show the way. In the Mahabharata Vanaparva there is a sloka:

वेदा विभिन्नाः स्मृतयो विभिन्नाः
नासौ मुनिर्यस्य मतं नभिन्नम्।
धर्मस्य तत्त्वं निहितं गुहायां
महाजनो येन गतः स पन्थाः॥

"The Vedas are diverse. The smrithis are different. There is no sage whose view is not different from that of an other. The principle of Dharma i concealed in the innermost recess What the good have followed, is th way." This sloka shows the truth o the statement of Yudhishtira that th way is shown by the good. What i spoken of as water in the Vedas an Upanishads, treating about cosmo gony or creation is really Akasa o space.

[To be continued

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Pilgrimage to

KEDAR and BADRI

SRI PRAKASA

[*Continued from last issue*]

ORIGINALLY I had scheduled to be in Badrinath only for a day. I had heard so much of the Valley of Flowers that I was anxious to pay it a visit if at all possible. Unfortunately urgent wireless messages started reaching me that the road between Deoprayag and Rishikesh had absolutely broken down since we traversed it on the outward journey, and it would not be available for our return for about a month. The road between Joshimath and Pipalkoti was also reported to be in a bad condition. I feared, therefore, that instead of travelling back via Rishikesh and Hardwar, I might have to make a detour from Srinagar, and go on to Pauri, Kotdwara and Najibabad, and take the train thence. I also feared that I might be held up and be unable to use jeeps after Joshimath, and might have to make the journey on foot or horse or *dandi* instead. I, therefore, decided to cut out the Valley of Flowers. I felt disappointed, but there was no help. On the good principle of "sour grapes", I also solaced myself on the strength of stray messages that reached me that the rains had killed off all the flowers, and there were none visible in the valley. We had seen plenty of beautiful banks of flowers in great array on the mountain sides, on our way to Kedarnath, and people told me that the Valley could not have better ones than these; and that because some English lady had happened to see the Valley and made it known, we were all also unnecessarily running after it. I cannot say. This visit which was to have taken three days, was, any way, cancelled, however much I regretted to do so. I had already saved one day at Rudraprayag. I had, therefore, four days in hand. I found that I could afford two out of these for a further stay at Badrinath, and thus I fulfilled the usual custom of staying there for three nights. The extra two days I kept for possible stoppages and delays on the way, whether I came via Najibabad or Hardwar. I was glad I stayed the conventional three days at Badrinath and was able to look round things.

Badrinath is a very big place now with many institutions. There was one of the Telugus under the auspices of the Vishishtadwait Ramanuja Sampradaya of Ahobal Math (Kurnool district, Andhra Pradesh) known

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प्रभावादद्भुताद्भूमेः सलिलस्यच तेजसः।
परिग्रहान्मुनीनाञ्च तीर्थानां पुण्यता स्मृता ॥

Tirthas are said to be sanctified or considered holy by the great efficacy of earth, water, and fire and by the fact that munis or sages have lived there.—Shuddha Tattva

as Vadgal or Vadkalai. Curiously enough, my family also belongs to the same Sampradaya. I was therefore quite at home when at their invitation I paid them a visit at Badrinath. They have built up a nice and useful institution with a very large hall where they have their prayers and meetings. They have also constructed rooms which provide comparatively comfortable accommodation for visitors. I paid repeated visits to the Badrinath temple, and saw the worship of the deity Vishnu in the mornings and the evenings at the time of the *shringar* when he was properly decked up and decorated, and also at the time when all the paraphernalia was removed—called *nirvana darshan*—and he was bathed or left to his nocturnal repose. Badrinath is also a place where persons perform the *shraddha* to their ancestors. It is said that after a *shraddha* is performed here, as in Gaya, no further *shraddha* is needed. The soul attains beatitude and passes on swiftly to the higher *lokas* (regions). For some reason or other, there is a bar to our family going to Gaya for the purpose; and so I paid my homage to the memory of my own parents by performing their *shraddha* there. Badrinath has a beautiful setting, and the snow-clad mountains seen particularly in the Neelkanth gap are very beautiful indeed. The skies were clear when we got there, and so we saw Badrinath to the best advantage. There are very nice hot springs; and I took my daily bath in a tank of refreshing hot water. I could get into it, though I could not at the one I saw at Gaurikund on the Kedarnath route earlier. I enjoyed these baths very greatly. I was almost sorry to leave when at last I had to do so. Reaching there on September 11, we left the place on the morning of September 14, and traced our way back along the same route that we had traversed on our upward journey.

We spent the night of the 14th at Pandukeshwar, and on the 15th, at Pipalkoti, passing Joshimath in the middle of the day, where we took back our jeeps. We met serious obstructions between Joshimath and Pipalkoti. At one place, the road was blocked by huge boulders that had slipped from the mountain-side only about an hour or so before we reached the spot; and at another place the road had been very badly torn and tattered. The men in charge of the road worked hard to bring them in some sort of order. Still how the jeeps were able to manage to surmount these difficulties, and bring us safely through is something I still wonder at. We had to take the risk for there was no going back. Luckily we took it, and came safely through. We passed the night of the 15th at Pipalkoti which is 20 miles from Joshimath, which in its turn is 20 miles from Badrinath

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The next day, that is, September 16, we reached Rudraprayag, also by jeeps, at a distance of 50 miles, and pushed on soon afterwards to Srinagar at a distance of another 20 miles, and passed the night there. At Rudraprayag, we were assured that the road between Deoprayag and Rishikesh had been made jeepable, and so we cancelled our train arrangements from Najibabad and decided to come back the same way we had gone. The Government inspection bungalow at Srinagar is most delightfully situated, and we had perhaps our best night halt there of all on the long journey.

On the morning of the 17th, we left Srinagar, and came on to Rishikesh at a distance of 68 miles. Between Deoprayag and Rishikesh, the road at places was very bad indeed; but the Uttar Pradesh engineering staff was hard at work, and they made it possible for us to pass through, though not without some anxious moments as the jeeps rolled along. At Rishikesh, the Baba Kala-kamli-wala people gave us a very warm and enthusiastic reception. Indeed this Baba Kala-kamli-wala has left a great name behind, and has been very rightly gratefully remembered by pilgrims for over 60 years. He is so called as he used always to have a black blanket—*kali kamli*—on his person. It was he who first thought of the need of looking after pilgrims who suffered very greatly indeed in those days. His movement deservedly caught on, and things have considerably changed since his days. During this journey to Kedar and Badri, I saw many pilgrim shelters called *chattis*, in some of which my party and I also rested for a few short hours now and then. They can be very cooped and uncomfortable, and I can only imagine what our ancestors underwent in not only centuries but even decades past. Baba Kala-kamli-wala deserves our deep gratitude and admiration for all he did and strove to do, and for the legacy of noble endeavour he has left behind. A Temple Committee has also come into existence; Government have made jeepable roads; but still the Baba Kala-kamli-wala people play a very important role in the matter of the care and comfort of pilgrims. I received every assistance on their behalf all along the route to Kedar and Badri; and I cannot be sufficiently grateful to them for their courtesy and considerateness. We

Know that there must be manifestation of God in places where countless people have for long practised austerity, Japa, meditation, prayer and worship with a view to realise Him. Through their devotion, spiritual ideas are present in these places in a solidified form, as it were. Hence there man easily feels the awakening of spirituality and realises Him. From time immemorial, numberless Sadhus, devotees and men of realisation have come to these holy places to have a vision of God, and have prayed to Him with an outpouring of their hearts, setting aside all worldly desires. Therefore, though equally present everywhere, God manifests Himself specially in these places. Water can be had anywhere by digging into the earth. When, however, there is a well or a tank or a lake, one has not to dig for water, but can get it whenever one likes.

—Sri Ramakrishna

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spent a few hours at Rishikesh in their establishment enjoying their hospitality, and pushed on to Hardwar. I was thus able to complete the pilgrimage in 17 days which took—and continues to take for many—over 2 months, for it is not possible to do on an average, more than 7 to 8 miles a day on the long trek, up and down, of about 475 miles.

The two days that I had feared I might have to spend on the way because of bad roads, were actually saved, and these two we spent at Hardwar instead. I first went to Hardwar, as I have said before, in 1904 with my father. I tried to compare the Hardwar of that time to the present one. I could recognise but few places, for the city is completely changed, and numerous engineering projects are now visible which were nowhere then. The great educational institution of Swami Shraddhananda, Gurukul-Kangri, as well as Pandit Nardeva Shastri's Mahavidyalaya, flourish there. The flow of water at the famous Har-ki-pedi is now controlled, and bath there in the clear cool pool is as delightful as it ever was before. Extended platforms and numerous new houses on the riverside afford much comfort to the masses of pilgrims that always congregate at that holy place. The Uttar Pradesh Government are doing their best to provide for the convenience of pilgrims of this age-old route to Kedar and Badri. There is, however, still much to do. Most probably jeepable, if not motorable, roads will soon be available up to both Kedar and Badri; and there may be better housing accommodation than there is now all along the routes. At present, Government have constructed latrines and urinals at various places; and at various places on the stone slabs of the mountains, one finds inscribed in bold red letters, instructions by the roadside as to what one should or should not do. Pilgrims are very rightly warned against drinking water everywhere. They are told to drink water after boiling it, or only out of the pipes where they are available, considerately put up by Government, and supplying safe chlorinated water, and not from any stream that may be flowing. It is so difficult to resist the temptation of drinking any water that may be available as one feels completely parched, marching up the steep hills. Hill diarrhoea is the usual result.

Governmental instructions also tell the pilgrims of the necessity of inoculation against cholera which is compulsory, and of the beneficial uses of D.D.T. Numerous dispensaries are provided on the routes, and there are doctors to look after pilgrims. Useful instructions in social service are also given on behalf of the health department (Swasth Vibhag) of the Uttar Pradesh Government. Another necessary piece of advice is not to touch or smell unfamiliar leaves and weeds. Once, by inadvertence, I happened just to touch a leaf, and I felt as if ten thousand ants were biting my fingers though I saw none. I was told that the leaf was a *bichchhu* (scorpion) leaf. I had an unpleasant sensation for quite twenty four hours before it wore off. Evidently different parts of India have their prescribed seasons for visits

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these shrines. At the time I went, I met a number of pilgrims from Bihar, East Uttar Pradesh and Nepal—Gaya, Muzaffarpur, Chapra, Gorakhpur, Basti and Kathmandu predominated. There were scarcely any from other parts. An elderly woman from the Gaya side was making her way painfully up a steep slope when I accosted her as I came down walking. The manner of wearing her *sari* told me that she came from that side. As I talked to her, she told me that she was feeling painfully tired for the hills were very steep. She seemed, however, to be more concerned about me than about herself, and asked me why I was not taking a *dandi* and walking instead. I was very greatly touched, and told her where she should rest for the night only a little further up, and not go too far as it was already coming on to be evening. I did not see any Jhampans (a basket-like contrivance in which a person sits cross-legged, carried on shoulders of men), rather a well known means of transport in the earlier days, but there were a few *dandis* seen on the way with their human freight. I also saw some *Kandis* in which I found women being carried on backs of men. The passengers therein look backwards all the time. The fatigue of the journey is so great that I fear few pilgrims really enjoy the natural sights. Their mind is concentrated on their own physical difficulties. I doubt also if many care to read—much less to follow—the useful instructions regarding health inscribed throughout the route for their edification and safety. Men still carry heavy loads on their backs though mules are quite popular for the purpose now.

Incidentally, enquiring how the names Badri and Kedar came into existence, I understood that at one time there used to be Badri fruit trees round the place commonly known in Hindi as Ber. It must have been a rare phenomenon having these tropical trees at such a height. None is left there now, but still the name of Badri persists. It cannot obviously have any reference to the Ber fruits first tasted by Sabari and then offered to Sri Ramachandra of the Ramayana story, for that incident obviously must have happened somewhere in the South. The temple of Badri is dedicated to Vishnu all the same; and we have Tulasi leaves that are everywhere offered to Him in worship, in abundance there which are not known in Kedar dedicated to Shiva to whom the Bilva or Bel leaves are supposed to be dear and acceptable. But here at this height, there is no Bilva either; and so *sthala-kamal*—sweet smelling light green coloured land lotus flowers —are offered to the God. These grow in crevices in the rocks, and have beautiful legends attached to them. Kedar is one of the names of Shiva and it also means "rock", as Shiva is in the form of an almost unhewn rock at Kedar. It may be mentioned hat there is a South Indian touch at Badri as worshippers are not permitted to enter the holy of holies or touch the image. The decorations and ceremonials are also very elaborate. In Kedar, however, during the morning worship, the pilgrim can go right inside and touch the deity, as is not uncommon for us to do in the North, and the evening ceremonies are also comparatively simple.

[*To be continued*]

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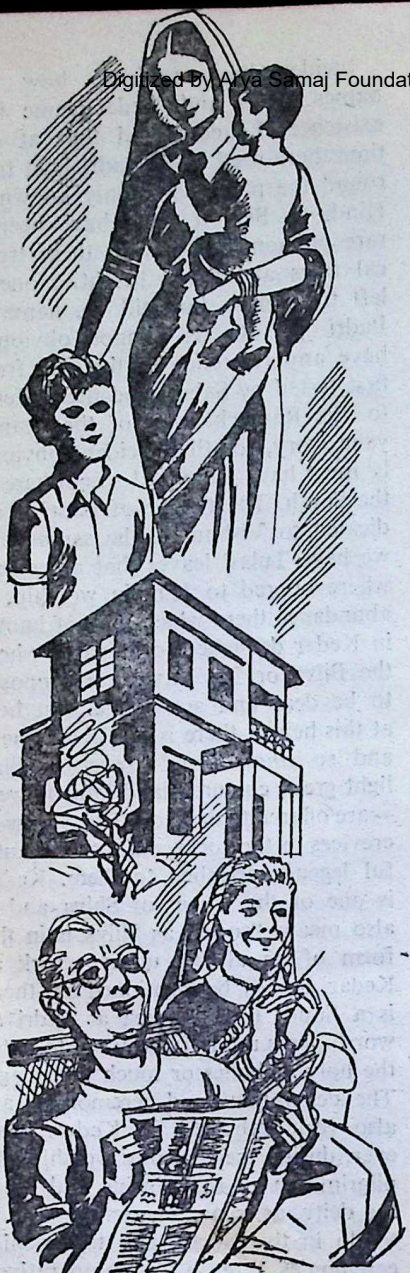

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. . . The greatest of all lessons
is the lesson of humility . . .

What Life has Taught me

Sardar K. M. Panikkar

ONLY one lesson I may claim to have learnt from my life. It is that the success of all human endeavour depends to a considerable extent on chance. Undoubtedly no one can succeed in life without determination, industry and certain qualities of head and heart, but with all this a man may still achieve nothing worth while without opportunities coming in his way and circumstances being favourable to him.

I had but an indifferent education in India. Having failed more than once in my high school classes my guardians more or less in despair decided to send me to Oxford to acquire "a gentleman's education." I had only passed the matriculation examination of Madras and therefore it was not with any serious hope that I applied for admission at Christ Church. No one could have been more surprised than I was when that College admitted me in preference to others with brilliant university degrees. Later on I came to know that Dr. John Murray, the Junior Censor of that College in charge of admission, was gifted with what he called a fifth sense, of judging from handwriting the character of young men and deciding their fitness for admission to the College on that basis. That is how I was admitted to Oxford.

That I graduated with first class honours in modern history may no doubt be credited to my industry. But even this had an accidental motivation. Most of the Indians at Oxford in my time being graduates with honours degrees from India were inclined to look upon a raw matriculate with a certain amount of patronage and to emphasise the inadequacies of his background. Resenting this attitude I challenged one of the most aggressive of them and said that whatever

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. . . Life is a continuous interpretation of past experience . . .

the handicap I started with I would do better than him in the final examinations.

What determined my career in India was also a fortuitous circumstance like this. In those days there was a magazine published from Madras under the editorship of a gentleman by the name of T.K. Swaminathan which announced a prize of the modest sum of Rs. 100 donated by Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar for an essay on the position of Indians in British Colonies. I took part in that competition and the donor who, I understood, was himself the judge awarded the prize to me. It was small enough achievement. But it had strange consequences. Sri Swaminathan had the essay published with an introduction by Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar under the title of: "The problems of Greater India." That little book by an unknown undergraduate at Oxford was reviewed in a lengthy essay by Sir Ronald Wilson, Baronet, in one of the London reviews, which led to my being invited to address the East India Association, then the citadel of retired Anglo-Indian orthodoxy. This lecture which was on the problems of Indian education not only attracted wide attention, but earned the distinction of an editorial in the *Times* Education Supplement. It is this article that brought my name to the notice of Nawab Ross Masood, who on the strength of my first class and the favourable comments in the *Times* editorial recommended me for appointment to Aligarh.

I was at Aligarh only for three years. The non-cooperation movement caught me in its whirlpool and from 1922 to 1925 I was associated with the political struggle. I had a singular experience at this time which is worth recording. A palmist whose professional name was "Aeriel" called on me at the Swarajya Office and wanted me to give him a print of my palm. I did so with reluctance. He took it away and ten days later I received a type-written document which stated that I would give up my political activities in a year, and will join the service of a State in North India in December 1927. I took no notice of it at the time but strange to say his prognostication came out literally true.

In the year 1925 I was again in Europe living mainly as a journalist but also completing my terms at the Middle Temple. I had developed a general interest in the history of the Portuguese in India and in the winter of 1925 I visited Lisbon to work in the national archives there. There standing on the beach at Belem from where Vasco da Gama sailed to India the idea came to me of writing a history of European dominance in Asia. Then it was no more than a vague ambition but the idea lay dormant in my mind for over 27 years to find realisation in 1952. I began to gather together in one volume the fruits of a life time study entitled "Asia and Western Dominance". This was only one of the many instances which reinforced my conviction that an idea

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. . . It is only through work and through internal discipline that a man can find contentment and happiness . . .

which is once firmly planted in mind grows and bears fruit in time.

Another instance which was no less striking and had even a greater influence on my life related to my interest in Indian States. In the January issue of 1919 of the *Modern Review* I published a lengthy article entitled "The Future of the Indian States." It was written as an essay while I was at Oxford. At that time I had no intention of writing a book on the topic, but six years later, when I was in Delhi editing the *Hindustan Times*, I began in my leisure moments to undertake a serious study of the subject the results of which were embodied in a volume entitled "The Relations of the Government of India with the Indian States." As in the earlier case of "The Problem of Greater India", it was the publication of this work which changed the course of my life. A few days after the book came out, with an introduction by Lord Olivier, a former Secretary of State for India, I was accosted in front of the Ritz Hotel, London, by an impressive-looking personage whom I did not know. He asked me if I was not so and so and on my replying in the affirmative he said rather abruptly: "I am Col. Haksar; I have been trying to get into contact with you for the last few days. Would you come up to my room? I want to have a talk with you."

I agreed to go up with him and in his suite in the Ritz Hotel he told me that he had negotiated with the India Office the appointment of the Butler Committee to go into the relations of the States with the Government of India and how after having read my book he was anxious that I should join with him in preparing the case of the Princes. That is how I embarked on my career in the service of Indian States which was to be my major field work for over 20 years (1928-1948).

The Ministers and Dewans of leading States in those far off days were either men with local influence, distinguished politicians from British India or retired officials who had the backing of the Political Department. Coming from far off Travancore without either a public career or political influence, it was always a surprise to me, no less than to others, how I maintained my position practically to the last days of the existence of these States. Apart from steady, honest work there were two things which helped me. I was lucky enough to earn and maintain the confidence and friendship of some of the most distinguished men I had to work with, most notable among them being Col. Kailas Haksar who was originally responsible for my appointment to a State and Sri V. T. Krishnamachari whose career in the States synchronised with mine. Others whose help, advice and support were available to me, though to a lesser extent, were Sri Manubhai Mehta and Sir Maurice Gwyer, a former Chief Justice of India's Supreme Court. The second

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... Loyalty to friends and loyalty to certain basic ideas are essential to success in any sphere ...

was a line of conduct. It was a steady refusal to concern myself with intrigues and palace affairs or to be a courtier—a policy which the rulers whom I served came in time to appreciate.

Two lessons I learnt during my service in the States as being essential to success in any sphere: loyalty to friends and loyalty to certain basic ideas. I could not have continued for twenty years in the States without a strict adherence to these. The idea to which I was committed from the time of the first article I wrote in the *Modern Review* in 1919, and which I elaborated in my book in 1927, was that the future of States lay in association with the rest of India, and that any activity which widened the gulf between what had come then to be known as Indian India and British India would be disastrous to both but mainly to the States. When I joined the service of the Chamber of Princes there was a dominant school of Princes and Ministers who, influenced by Sir Leslie Scott, Rushbrook Williams and others, believed seriously that the future of the States lay in separating themselves from the rest of India. I made no secret of my determined opposition to this view and though some of the Princes I was most intimately associated with, like Maharaja Ganga Singh of Bikaner, disapproved of my views, such disapproval did not come in the way of their giving me their confidence. The steadiness with which I held this view t the Princes and the people of States can fulfil their destiny only a free India enabled me in 1946-47 play a part in bringing about the i gration of the States.

For most of the time between 19 and 1958 I was posted abroad Ambassador first to China, then Egypt and lastly to France. All th three countries witnessed during period of my mission basic revo tionary changes. Judged by any st dard, the Revolution in China wa major event of world significance. T period of my stay in Egypt also s chronised with another revoluti which, though not of the same wor significance, was important as affe ing areas of vital strategic importa Nor was my stay in France devoid revolutionary interest. The colla of the Fourth Republic and the turn of de Gaulle to power a wandering in the wilderness for o 10 years had a dramatic quality wh could not be overlooked and had reaching effect on European poli There is one lesson which I lea from my diplomatic experiment these three totally different circ stances. An Ambassador earns pect and can succeed in his work o if he holds steadily and unswervin to the point of view of his count however unpopular it may be, to Government to which he is accre ed. Political integrity is the first th required in an Ambassador and wh

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ever success I have had as a diplomat was due mainly to my determination at all times to uphold the Government of India's point of view in my discussions with foreign Governments whatever might be the opinions I might myself pass on to my Government. When you are in a representative capacity no other course is open to you.

The work of the States Reorganisation Commission (1954-55) also had its lesson for me. It enabled me to travel all over India and see at first-hand the problems that the State Governments were faced with. Every State had its own claims which it put forward with an almost imperialistic desire for additional territory. It was strange to see national leaders, even those who had suffered and sacrificed for the freedom of India, quarrelling among themselves about a village here and an *ilaqa* there and prepared to go the extent of offering civil disobedience to enforce their claims. The lesson I drew from it was that with the generality of people in times of peace narrow parochial interests count for much more than broad national interests.

Early in life I had come to the conclusion that it is only through work and through the internal discipline which creative activity develops, that a man can find contentment and happiness. I had an inherited taste for literature and from the time I was at school I had begun to write poetry of a kind. Strangely enough it was at Oxford that I took actively to the cultivation of Malayalam literature and nothing has given me that sense of contentment in times of difficulty and crisis as the writing of poetry. There was never a period in my active life when I did not devote at least an hour a day to literary pursuits in Malayalam. I found in translations a discipline of mind which kept away worries and overcame troubles. During a period of the greatest difficulty in Nanking, when the Chinese communists had withdrawn even the privilege of free movement from diplomats and we were more or less placed under domiciliary arrest, what sustained me was this discipline of translating classics. It is at that time I translated *Kumara Sambhava* into Malayalam verse and also undertook a rendering of the famous chinese drama 'The Western Chamber' from its English translation.

Life, after all, is a continuous interpretation of past experience but all experience teaches that human effort however carefully planned and wisely guided, is only a part of what contributes to the result. The element of luck, fortune, chance, whatever you may call it, is there and cannot be overlooked. The most powerful brain may be laid low by the bursting of a blood vessel. The greatest of all lessons, therefore, is the lesson of humility which human beings in their belief in self-sufficiency are apt to forget in times of success.

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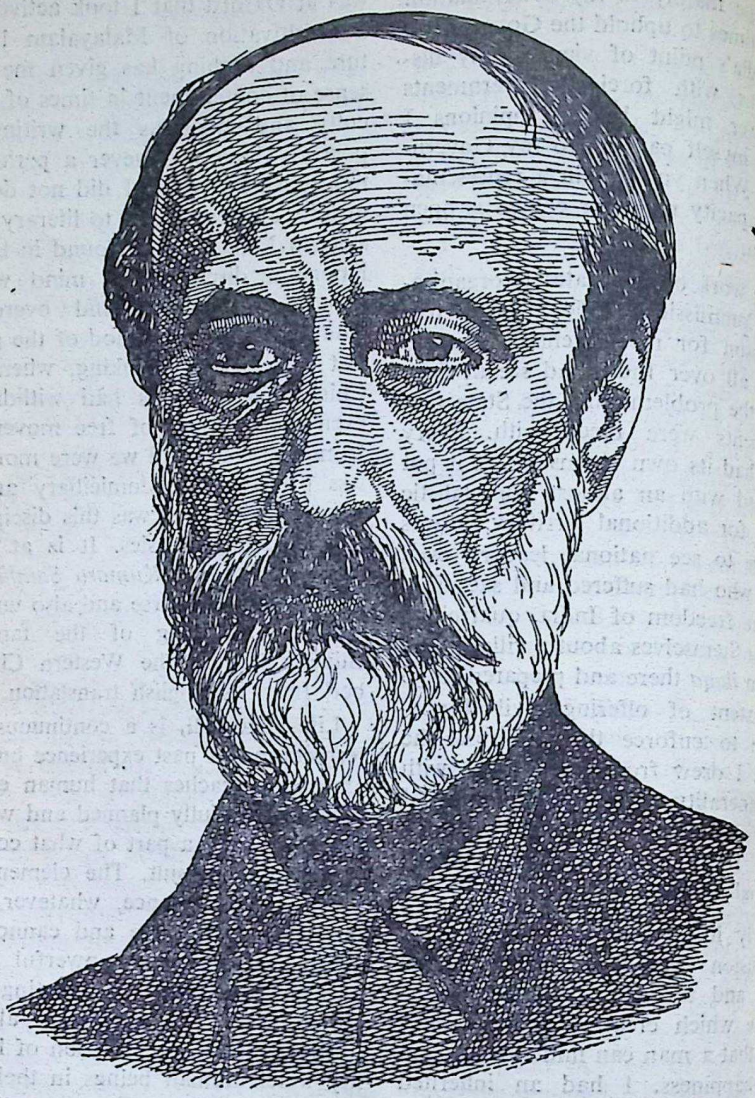

[Joseph Mazzini: b. June 22, 1805; d. March 10, 1872]

"....the prophet of Italian nationalism."
—Jawaharlal Nehru

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[Earl Attlee: b. January 3, 1883]

...Attlee's modesty in expression conceals a firmness of purpose. He is infinitely patient. I trusted Attlee completely as a colleague and respected him as an opponent.

—*Sir Anthony Eden*

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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

868

Sri S. D. Nagaraja, K.R. Nagar.

Q: *Lord Krishna in His Gita Sandesha to Arjuna has stated two contradictory ideas:*

Sarva Dharman parityajya mamekam sharanam vraja,
Swadharmamapi chavekshya na vikampithumarhasi.

How far is this true to an ordinary man?

A: There is no contradiction. Everyone has his own mission of life—Swadharma. He should not be frightened of fulfilling it.

But normally we are not able to perform our Swadharma fearlessly. In order to do so we should offer our Swakarma, our duties, to God. 'Mat karma paramo bhava'—'Perform your duties for My sake', says the Lord. Fulfilling the mission of our life, treating it as an offering to God, must be the goal of life.

869

Sri K. Ranganayakulu, Nellore.

Q: *What is God's next course of action? Will you please make a guess?*

A: I am not in God's confidence. But I know that whatever he wills will be for the good.

870

Sri V. Ganeshan, Tellippalai.

Q: *It is said that a person who attains premature or accidental death, knows beforehand about his death. How far is this true?*

A: Sometimes it has so happened. Not always.

871

Sri Bimal Nath Chowdhury, Silchar, Assam.

Q: *We hear about a party RSS by name. Can you enlighten me about the party?*

A: R.S.S. is an organisation of Hindu youths, closely knit by discipline and spirit of self-sacrifice. Its Guruji is Sri Golwalkar.

872

Sri C. Thammanna, Virupasandra, Bangalore.

Q: *Where lies the main source of man's satisfaction and salvation?*

A: In his soul, which functions above and beyond the urges of the flesh.

873

Dr. Syamsundar Sathpathy, Parikud, Puri.

Q: *Is man's soul after his death a free or dependent agent? How does it function?*

A: According to the Karma theory, in which I believe, the soul takes another life to work off the association—samskaras—created in his past births. The soul is bound in the sense that he has to work off the samskara, it is free in the sense that it can, if it so wills, work them off in a single birth.

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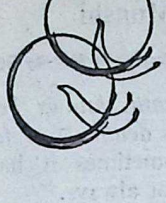

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Our Fortnightly Profile—150

JOMO KENYATTA

IN a few weeks Kenya will become independent and will elect a new Legislative Assembly where the African members will be in a majority. And then the question will naturally arise as to who should head the Government in Kenya. A predominantly African Assembly will not tolerate a Government headed by a European or a non-African. Therefore the question is who among the African leaders can shoulder the responsibilities of Government backed by popular support and at the same time acceptable to all the communities in Kenya.

It is of course difficult to find such a personality in any country where communal minorities exist; especially it is difficult for a minority community which has held power and ruled over the majority for decades to reconcile to the position of being ruled by the leader of the 'ruled'.

But in a democratic set-up majority rule through the elected representatives is inevitable, and it seems that the European community in Kenya has decided to bow to the inevitable. The only question is whether they would allow the African choice, Jomo Kenyatta, who was accused of having managed or given inspiration and lead to Mau Mau activities, which was, of course, violent and murderous and was directed against the European and other non-African communities, to be installed in power. Their fear dispite the Corfield Report would appear to be unjustified because it is wrong to associate an intelligent, learned, vigorous and a sane leader and a powerful orator like Jomo Kenyatta with every violent and terrorist activity committed by tribal groups stamping it with 'Mau Mau'.

Jomo Kenyatta was arrested on October 21, 1952 on a charge of being manager of Mau Mau and was tried in November and was sentenced in April, 1953 to seven years imprisonment. During the trial it was not in-

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disputably established that he led the Mau Mau activities; it was said that his association with the Mau Mau was proved. It seems that the authorities were prejudiced against him as he did not cry a halt to the Mau Mau activities. They believed that with the tremendous influence he had over the African people, 'he was the only person who could end the terrorist activities within a few minutes if he so willed'. It is this negative approach that is at the root of the fear complex even today.

Jomo Kenyatta has already served his term and yet he is in exile, as he is kept under restrictions in a border region. Naturally there is feverish activity among the African leaders to get him released, for they know that none but Kenyatta can establish order and peace and command the unstinted support of all Africans in Kenya.

Kenyatta belongs to the Kikuyu tribe. He was born like many a tribal child in a thatched hut in the tribal village near the town of Nairobi. No record is available about his date of birth, but according to Crown records he was born in the year 1893. While the Missionaries who put him to a Mission School say that he was an orphan, Jomo recollects that as a boy of eight he carried a bow and arrow to protect his father's cattle from lions and leopards. He also remembers that his grandfather was a seer and a magician and that he had travelled the whole of the tribal region with him. This experience must have given young Jomo an indelible impression of his tribe, the extensiveness of the land they occupied and their main source of livelihood—agriculture in the tribal fashion.

It was at the Mission School that young Jomo found that 'Lord God of the Old Testament had a lot in common with his tribal God En-gai'. Therefore he readily embraced the Christian Faith, when he was asked to do so. His native name was Jomo ('Burning Spear'), but the Missionaries baptized him under the name of Johnstone Kamau. Later, when Jomo grew to be a matured man and developed a consciousness of his race and country, he adopted the name of Kenyatta, symbolic of the country whence he hailed.

After completing school, he joined the Nairobi Municipality as a clerk and then became a supervisor. But Jomo found that a desire to improve the people of his tribe burned aflame in him and now he directed his energies in the field of social work.

In 1922 he became the General Secretary of the Kikuyu Central Association. He started the first Kikuyu journal *Muigwithamia* in the same year. The main purpose of this journal was to cultivate public opinion or say tribal opinion regarding the recovery of tribal lands which were lost to the tribe when the Crown Colony of Kenya was formed. As the Kikuyu tribe subsisted entirely on land, loss of land was a death-blow to the tribe and it was Kenyatta's view that the survival of the tribe depended solely on the recovery of land.

He also started the Kikuyu Independent Schools Association to establish schools for the education of the tribe.

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Jomo's keen interest in land reform made him represent his tribe on several Royal Commissions before which he vehemently pleaded for the return of the land to the tribe.

Kenyatta had travelled widely in Europe and had spent two years as a student guest at the University of Moscow. He also studied under Professor Bronislaw Malinouwsky at the London School of Economics and Political Science. His studies resulted in his book *Facing Mount Kenya*, a first-rate study of his tribe.

He spent 17 years in England and Europe, where he made himself an expert in primitive anthropology and published a scholarly work on Kikuyu customs.

When the Second World War broke out in 1939, the Kikuyu Central Association was declared illegal together with other African Associations, but the Independent Schools Association was allowed to continue. During the War years Jomo was almost idle.

In 1946 Kenyatta became the Principal of the Githunguri College, a Teachers' Training College conducted by the Association, and there he indoctrinated the young teachers in tribal and national consciousness.

In 1947 the Kenya African Union was formed with Jomo Kenyatta as President. The objective of the Union was the promotion of Negro advancement. Unfortunately the same year rumours got about regarding the activities of a secret society known as Mau Mau, and the rulers asked Jomo Kenyatta to dissuade the tribesmen from violent terrorist activities.

When Jomo Kenyatta rose to address a gathering of his tribesmen he was astounded by the vast mass of humanity that waited patiently to listen to him. There was a crowd of nearly 20,000 people and he told them how they should conduct themselves peacefully and agitate for the reclamation of their land. The authorities said that he did not condemn the Mau Mau activities and so he must have had a hand in directing it. It was on this score he was arrested along with five others. His arrest only intensified the violence of Mau Mau which the government ultimately put down.

After the imprisonment of Jomo Kenyatta, the Kenya African Union was outlawed.

During his sojourn in England (during the War years) Jomo married a white girl, a Sussex School Mistress, and he has a son by their union.

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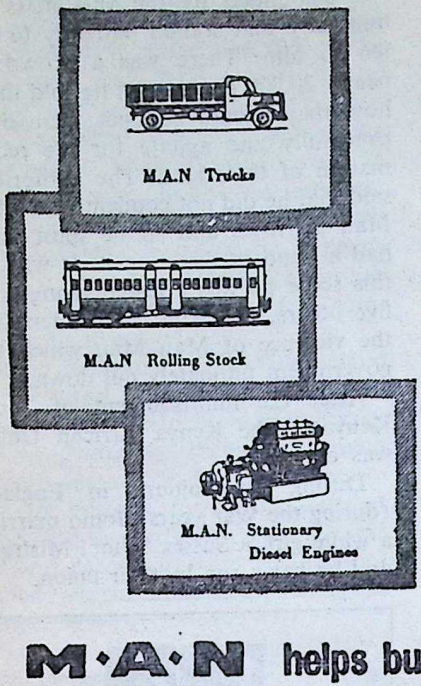

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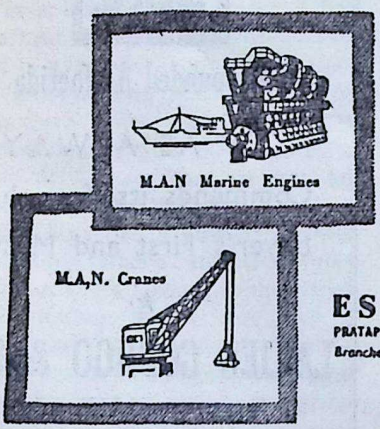

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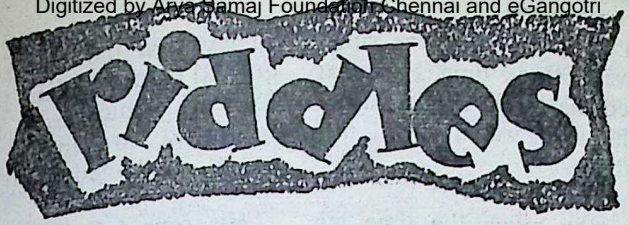

[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES VIII

Smt. V. Ramaswami, Golmuri (Bihar).

1. *She floats in mid-air,*
But is not a baloon.
She comes in two shades;
She is fluffy and cold;
You can go through her,
But you cannot touch her.
Who is she?

★

Sri N. Vaikuntam, Warangal (A.P.)

2. *It would be called spacious, but not the sky;*
It would have wrinkle of waves, but not the ocean;
It would quote your destiny, but it is not your palm;
It would not be seen by your eyes, but it is not your back;
It cannot be obliterated as long as your life lasts,
Yet is not a mole or taboo.
What is it?

★

Kumari K. R. Malathi, New Delhi.

3. *In marble walls as white as milk,*
Lined with skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this strong-hold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.
Tell me what is it.

★

Sri Dhirendra Prasad, Motihari (Bihar).

4. *One may live without book,*
What is knowledge but grieving?
One may live without hope,
What is hope but deceiving?
One may live without love,
What is passion but pining?
But one can't live without me,
That is everything for life.
Who am I?

RIDDLES—Answers to Series VII

(1) Honey Comb (2) Mind (3) Fire-fly (4) Fountain Pen (5) Money.

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The Love Tryst

'Banaphool'

THAT day the train was running well behind time. Purandar lighted his torch, and read the time from his wrist watch.... It was past midnight.

He was worried.

It was not so much the time lag which separated him from his wife as the gloomy prospect of having to traverse the two-mile long stretch of open countryside all by himself in the inky darkness of this unearthly hour that made him so uneasy.

The members of his father-in-law's household did not know that he was coming. Purposely he had not informed them in advance. For, a love-tryst was a love-tryst, and always pleasurably thrilling—even if it were the lawfully married wife one met on such occasion.

Besides, his wife's relatives were rather a rough sort of people, in appearance as well as manners. Education and culture, the *noblesse oblige* of every gentleman, had never been their strong point. But they were undoubtedly very rich, and growing richer and richer with days.... Perhaps that was all they had to their credit.

Papa (-in-law) was about sixty years old, but his outward appearance belied his age. He had a robust frame with an iron constitution, and looked more like a giant in human form. With the dense whiskers and bushy moustaches even the very king of beas quailed before his face. He had his tw rows of shining teeth all intact a consumed two and a half seers o heavy, undiluted buffalo's milk eac day.

His sons followed in the steps of their father. All the education the could boast of, they had received the local village Pathsala. But this sa scarcity in one direction had amp been compensated by abundance another. For, wrestling or clubplay o any other form of strenuous physic exercise had attracted these intellectu pygmies from their boyhood and th had been practising them regular with avidity and had grown into ph sical stalwarts. They all wore luxuri moustaches above their lips. Thou they were a pretty well-to-do owning about a thousand bighas land, still nothing in their ways of betrayed their opulence. For examp they could easily afford an aircr but still had not purchased even automobile. What they had by w of conveyance were just a few bullo carts, and they were the only vehic that could ply on the local roads.

Purandar looked out of the windo Impenetrable darkness enveloped t entire surrounding landscape.. Still there were two stations in tween. Even the most obscure pl conceivable, so it seemed to him,

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more easy of access than this remote village, usually reached by an offshoot of a branch line of the railway.

Slowly and inevitably these unpleasant thoughts gave place to rosy anticipations about Subhadra, his sweetheart. His loving wife, he was sure, would in her eagerness be standing at the open window of her bedroom, waiting impatiently for his belated arrival....

After his marriage he had taught her the merest rudiments of the vernacular so that he might receive the outpourings of her heart in charming love-letters.... Ah, how sweet were they really, though scrawled clumsily in a big, uneven hand!

Now that he came to think of letters he was reminded how he had done quite an unusual thing in his last correspondence. He had composed a doggerel on this occasion. In it he had intimated to her in plain and easy language the date and time of his coming visit to her.

This was what he had written:

Eagerly do I wait for June twenty-eight
To meet my darling at dead of night.

He again consulted his watch.

Alas, how long did the night drag before he had his wife with him.... Purandar sighed heavily.... Of course, if he could have passed his B.A. by this time, his father, highly placed in office as he was, would surely find for him some decent job. But try however he might, he could not pass the B.A. examination. It stubbornly refused to open its portal to admit him into its paradise. And, woe of woes, his father, too, was as unshakable in his dogged obstinacy. He would not have his daughter-in-law live with them until his son earned his living.

Plainly, thus to slip away from the hostel without the knowledge of the authorities to visit his wife at her place, could not be repeated for long without detection.

It was one o'clock when he got off the train.

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"Now for it, the two-mile long stretch of interminable waste," he thought with a sinking heart, and a cold shiver ran down his spine... Not even a ramshackle vehicle was in sight anywhere near the station. There was nothing for him but to walk every yard of it. Of course he had his torch with him. Besides, the happy prospect of meeting his dearest Subhadra at the end of the journey inspired him.... So without much thinking he stepped out of the station and started trotting towards his destination at a brisk pace.

Either because he was completely engrossed in his thoughts or because of the impenetrable darkness around him, little did he know a moment ahead that he had stepped within an ace of death. Had he but an inkling of the impending danger he might have run for life or shouted for help. When the cudgel actually fell on his wrist and the torch dropped on the ground from his fingers there was neither time nor opportunity for him to avert the catastrophe. For, immediately the blow hit him from behind and a pair of sinewy hands quickly tied a piece of cloth on his mouth.

In the twinkling of an eye these ruffians, who were some five or six in number, treated him most shabbily. He was dispossessed of all his valuables—his ring, his watch, studs and all. They snatched the silk *punjabi* and the *dhoti* and he was literally stripped to his skin. Indeed these robbers were smart fellows, extremely quick at their job. In a matter of seconds they had finished the job, and melted away in the surrounding darkness.

At first it all seemed like a dre to Purandar. At last our dazed her as he stood in his birthday attir vainly tried to reap some consolat from this illusion. Then suddenly flashed across his mind that time w fleeting. Instantly he untied the kn at the back of his head and stretche the piece of cloth between his hand From its length and breadth it a peared to be a bathing napkin. draped it round his waist and start running.

Probably his wife had been, as e pected, waiting for him at the w dow, or she could not have respond to her husband's whispers. But at very first sight of Purandar her e stared out of their sockets.

"Oh my.... What's this?.... W on earth's the matter?"

"I was waylaid.... Come no just give me a *dhoti*, and be qui about it.... How I was scared I you had fallen asleep and.... W where are your brothers?.... well with them, eh?"....

"They returned home but a f minutes ago. They had all been ou

"Fetch me a *dhoti* first, darling."

Purandar tried his utmost to reg his composure and appear calm a normal.

Subhadra went out and brought *dhoti*. As Purandar was about to p it on he received a shock.

"My eye.... How could it co to be here?.... This is the *dhot* wore when I started from the hos Why, I had specially purchased it f this occasion.... this fine *dhoti* Santipur with the border woven w thread of gold. It had been wash only once.... Well, let me look

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the laundry mark.... Ah, here it is. It's the same as ours."

Subhadra was grave.

"Put it on all the same, will you? ....and then sit down to your meal. There it is over there, all neatly served and covered."

"But tell me all about the *dhoti* first."

Visibly, a marked change came over the features of his wife. She cast her eyes about her to see if anybody was within earshot. "Please don't kick up a row," she whispered under her breath. "They have all taken to highway robbery lately—my father, brothers and all. At first it was a hearsay; but now I find that it's a fact.... Directly you finish your meal, you had better go straight to the police station."

"Goodness gracious...."

"They are a dangerous lot. If they smell that you are in the know of their secret, then as sure as eggs are eggs you will kick the bucket.... They are just upto anything.... Only recently there had been a murder hereabout. Surely it was they who did it .... There is not a moment to waste. Finish your meal as quickly as you can, and then run upto the local police station.... Do you know the way? Don't you?"

"I do."

"Then off you go, right now."

The first thing that met his gaze at the police station froze him cold. The watch he saw tied round the wrist of the officer-in-charge had belonged to him only a short while ago. He even noticed the letter 'P' he had got engraved on the band.

Instinctively he would have bellowed accusingly,—*you mean, rascally thief*.... but what his parched throat actually bleated out instead was a low moan,—*your worship*....

Purandar had clasped his hands, and was trembling like an aspen leaf.

[*Translated from Bengali by Sree Gopal Maheshwary 'Pratap'*].

LOOK OUT FOR THE

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OF

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

issue dated March 19, 1961

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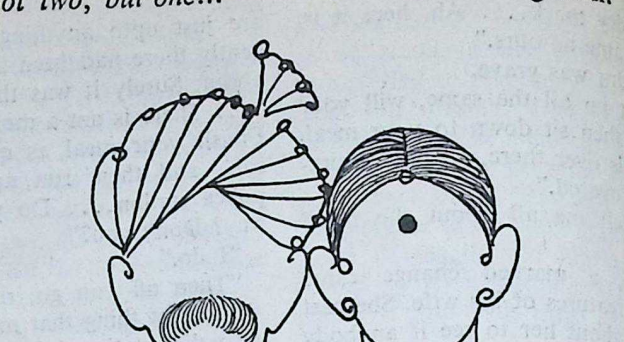
Two eyes are necessary...Man and woman are not two, but one... —H. Fielding Hall.



AND MAN WOMAN

R. K. Dalal

I HAVE since many many years been wondering at the phenomenon on this earth of *MAN AND WOMAN*. I have in my own way been asking myself what is the phenomenon—man, created by God. Who is he? What does he signify in the world of creations? And what is a woman? What created man and then as the Bible has it, out of his rib He created a woman, so that the race of man be perpetuated on this earth. Perpetuation of race being their creative functions may be one of the important objectives, one may concede, but my mind refuses to believe that Man and Woman's life on earth begins and ends with procreation. To imagine such low ideal for God's highest creation is to do injustice to Nature. If man and woman's function in life is to procreate, then are we better than beasts, who form the same act guided by instinct? Good and bad, virtue vice do not affect them because hind their instinct there is no lig reason. This faculty of reasoni given only to human beings am the species created by God. T fore, it must be acknowledged man and woman's function in is higher than the 'beastly' pro tion in species endowed with li it be so, then what is the main pose of their life? What higher can and do move human being life?

Man and woman are God's hig creation—the highest developme the evolutionary process. The h purpose that can be associated

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attainment of complete, entire and perfect joy. In other words, attainment of 'Sat-Chit-Anand', i.e., Nirvana. Towards that consummation the whole creation moves.

God has created man in his own image. Therefore a soul by his endeavours and strivings through births and deaths and again rebirths may attain perfection. This perfection is not possible in the lower stages, the human evolutionary process in a 'single blessedness' of existence. Man by himself may represent strength of mind and body, greater endurance, more daring spirit. He thus represents the harder qualities of existence. In order to make Man's life more beautiful and complete, God has created his complement. A woman is therefore made soft, beautiful, imparting grace and charm to existence. While together they would fulfil a Destiny, singly they would be each one imperfect existence, neither full nor complete, nor entire.

What would life be worth if there were all men on earth? It would be too horrible to imagine. There would be no charm, no grace, no beauty, no aesthetic sense of joy to enjoy the beautiful things of Nature. In the same way life would be equally bleak and miserable by the creation of all women on earth. Where would then be that strength of limbs to protect against onslaught of adverse circumstances? There are occasions when feats of strength alone save great catastrophes. In such an emergency the soft, graceful contours of a female form will be of no avail. Like a flower it will soon be wilted. Thus we see that the purpose of Nature is to create man and woman so that each becomes a complement of the other, and each helps the other forward in the ultimate realisation of life's purpose, viz., attainment of complete and perfect joy of existence.

Now let me take you a little further in the mysteries of creation of man and woman. Each represents an expression of a soul through a body which needs a coalescing to give the blend of perfect ethereal joy. Against the muscular handsomeness of man God has created the beautiful, graceful form of woman. To look at a female form is to realise how enchanting and rapturous idealised beauty could be. Every limb is chiselled by a master hand. Every part of her body, the face, the form, the eyes, the lips, the cheeks are a study in sheer artistry. The body with its swaying curves and contours, the round undulating breasts which heave in joy and depress in sorrow, the sweet, beautiful, well nodulated cooing whispering voice and above all the steady graceful gait make a bewitching whole—at once beautiful and radiant with the joy of life.

Take man. His tall build with muscular arms, large and intelligent forehead, deep penetrating eyes, lips which curve in command and relax in submission of the face, commanding and awe-inspiring. That is Man.

It is said that man is the work of God's apprentice hand. Woman is the creation of his masterpiece. And that is so. Woman, it is said, was God's masterful creation. Man, He had to hammer into shape.

What have we men—the boastful proud species—done to this dual crea-

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tion of God? We have indeed made a mess. We have, in spite of our vaunted higher intelligence, done no better than beasts. In many respects we have been worse sinners. Look at beasts and birds. They also procreate and have their mating season. They meet in season and procreate in the natural course of things. There is no ignoring of this law of nature or the sexual urge nor overdoing it. What have we men done on the other hand? We have looked upon woman as an object of lust. We satisfy our lust for her body. And guided by no instinct nor by any discretion, we go in for the sexual act to get therefrom sheer carnal gratification of the flesh. It does neither the man any good nor the woman. After the first flush of romance has faded away each comes to regard this as a matter of dread and repugnance. What else can you expect at that low level of brute existence?

The ideal of woman that is being a complement of man is lost on man. If on the other hand while not entirely suppressing the urge we regulate it and even sublimate it to higher purpose and ideals of life, the pleasure would be more enduring and the dual existence capable of yielding better ultimate results. Let me give my ideal.

To me a woman beautiful of form and face is an aesthetic creation of God to give grace and charm to man's existence. Her charm and grace of life should not be destroyed by subjecting the body to mere carnal gratification. Look upon her as 'Shakt... born to help and forward the evol... tion of man. She would supply th... qualities which are inherently lacking... in man. Man on the other hand would... impart strength, courage and intelli... gence. Let man regard woman, not... as an object of self-satisfaction bu... an object of worship as an ideal. Fi... your life with the charm and grac... that she instinctively commands in he... person and impart to her your streng... and steadfastness and grit. Together... therefore, you rise higher and attai... the complete fusion of two souls. Then... will then be one mind, one soul, though... manifested in two bodies. If you idea... lise woman, you will learn to respe... her. And derive from her form an... face inspiration—inspiration which... will not only lighten life's load, bu... make life sweeter, more joyful, mor... endearing and more perfect.

When your heart throbs in unis... with hers, when your thoughts a... illumined by her grace and charm... when her heart rests and leans o... yours in complete self-forgetfulnes... you have attained oneness of exis... ence which ennobles and glorifies bo... Man and Woman. Let me close th... by a quotation:

In that glance will flow the stre...
bubbling divine music of the e...
So that when the two hearts m...
under the upsurge of the sa...
ecstasy, you experience the on...
ness of Soul, though encased i...
two bodies.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

Walt Whitman.

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K. M. MUNSHI'S
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Tapasvini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

42. Sheela's Ordeal

UDAY went to his room, a broken man. Tears came to his eyes; he could not help them. He switched off the light, lay down on his bed and gave way to his pent-up agony. He felt hot with fever, covered himself with the blanket and wept unreservedly.

In the semi-conscious state in which he lay, enveloped in the darkness of the room, he felt as if the door had been opened, as if someone had come close to him; he also felt a breath flowing on his hair and a touch as of a feather on his forehead. He sat up and looked all around him. There was no one in the room.

When he woke up in the morning, he had developed high temperature, and feeling faint, found himself unable to sit up.

It was Monday. Kalidas Vidwan returned to Bombay by the morning train; so did Chudgar and Mona.

Durlabhji came in and gave Uday a cup of tea which he could swallow with great difficulty. Sheela soon came to his room and finding him lying in bed unable to speak, sat by his side. Whenever he opened his eyes, all that he could do was to look at Sheela as if in a daze unable to utter a word. Sheela threw all propriety to the winds, and with the aid of Gangu, began to attend to his needs; the Doctor who also soon came in diagnosed Uday's ailment as pneumonia.

It was only on the third day that the fever subsided a little. Sheela then told him that Radharaman had continued to send telegrams after telegrams. "Evidently," she added rather caustically, "he could not bring himself to lose a few guineas in fees, for otherwise he would have come over personally to fetch me."

"Who would be so foolish as to think you are not worth all the trouble in the world?" said Uday feebly.

"You do not understand why I am in so much demand," said Sheela. "Tomorrow we have invited His Excellency the Governor to a reception at our house. Invitation cards issued ten days ago have gone out in the name of Mr. & Mrs. Radharaman.

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On such an occasion the lady of the house must remain present," she added with a laugh. "Shortly there is going to be a vacancy in the Governor's Council and a member with a charming wife would be a great acquisition. What do you think?"

"I think you have made a mistake in not going to Bombay," said Uday. "You must go back."

"Of course, why not?" she replied bitterly. "Tapasvini must undergo the tortures of penance for the full period."

Uday smiled happily at this reply, but before he could say anything Durlabhji came in with medicine.

In the afternoon, Uday's temperature shot up again and he lay in bed in a semi-conscious condition. Sheela went out of Uday's room for a breath of fresh air, when someone came and enquired where poet Mattamayur was, saying that he had brought advance copies of the next issue of *Sanatan Yug*. The poet had gone out for a walk and Sheela could not resist the temptation of seeing for herself what the poet had written about Tapasvini. She took the packet, opened it and found two copies of the forthcoming issue of the weekly. She kept one for herself and sent the other with the servant to be placed in Mattamayur's room.

As she read the poet's letter published in the issue of *Sanatan Yug* her blood boiled with rage. It ran:

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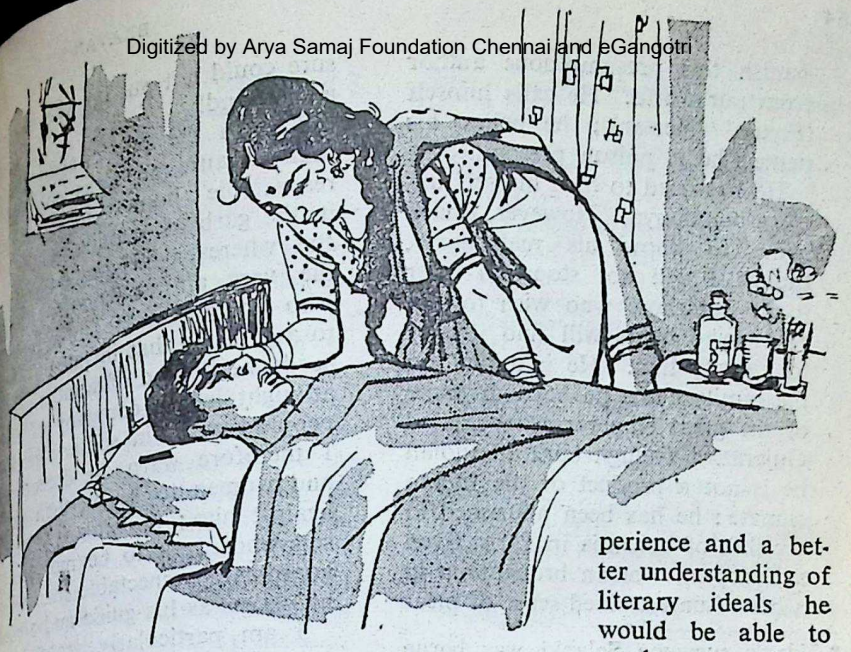

To the Editor, *Sanatan Yug*.

Dear Sir,

I read the leading article in your last issue with great interest and I deeply appreciate your reference about me.

All Gujarat knows how I have dedicated my life to upholding purity in life. My life's purpose has been to invest its literature with high idealism and I may modestly claim a share in moulding our literature to greater beauty and a greater harmony with Aryan culture. The confidence which Gujarat has reposed in me now compels me to accept a challenge to all the ideals we cherish.

When the novel *Bhagnahridaya* (The Broken Heart) first appeared I saw in it the effort of an immature author who bore the pseudonym 'Piyush'. I had then fondly hoped that with maturity and experience and a better understanding of literary ideals he would be able to produce some beautiful masterpieces. Today I am regretfully compelled to admit that I have been disappointed.

The same author has brought out a new novel under the name of *Tapasvini*. Though I read it with great care and sympathy, I am driven to express my views about it with complete frankness. It is neither a novel nor a literary work. There is nothing in it which is new, nothing of the touch of literary art. It presents a sordid episode of filthy lust, an unvarnished glorification of animal instinct masquerading as pure love.

I would urge every decent man and woman to shun it. To let it fall in the hands of the rising generation is to cause incalculable harm to them, to our family life and to our society.

However, this is not enough. We must learn to show our indignation in a proper manner. We must

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banish this presumptuous author from our world. He calls himself 'Piyush' (Nectar); he belies his name; he is poison personified.

He has tried to hide himself under a pseudonym. However, I have come to know his real name, though I will not stoop to refer to it. But those who wish to discover who he is will find it easy to identify him. He is a blot on the family name he bears, a name of the great emperor who created Gujarat.* Though born an Indian he is not a product of the Indian climate; he has been nourished in the filth of bohemia in Paris. Even a European woman brought up in a life of unrestrained sense of pleasure could not put up with him as a husband!

I warn the public against this man because he seeks entry into respectable homes masquerading in the garb of seeming refinement. But wherever he goes he pollutes the very air he breathes. Those who know him are in a position to assure me that in pursuit of his needs, he is fond of wandering late at night in the company of other people's wives in solitary gardens. I therefore warn all decent men and women to be on their guard against him; particularly the person who needs to be most on his guard is a respectable man whom he claims as his guide and adviser.

I am particularly grateful that I am given this opportunity of discharging my duty in this matter. Let

* Uday's surname Solanki was borne by Siddharaja Jayasingh who founded the greatness of mediaeval Gujarat.

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everyone follow the precept of Sri Krishna and destroy the evil doer."

Matheran, Yours,
Kartik Sud—5. *Mattamayur.*
Samvat 1981.

As she read this letter Sheela was filled with rage and bewilderment. Now the world would know who 'Piyush' was and easily identify who Uday's friend and guide was. Soon the story how Uday lived with Radharaman at Matheran; how he spent the evenings in the garden of the 'Arrow' with her; how she left her husband's house and stayed with him in the same hotel, would be all over Bombay. Kalidas has only the venom as of the snake; Mattamayur had set fire to the whole world by his flaming tongue.

When Sheela decided to leave her husband she had steeled herself against calumny, but now things were different. He was charged with a gross misconduct. Radharaman who was of a revengeful nature would soon come to know of this and would have nothing further to do with him. Solicitors who gave briefs to him would now shun him like a leper.

Sheela could no longer control her tears. There was only one way out of all this mess. It was up to her to see that Uday did not come to harm... by suffering not a hundred tortures but a thousand tortures if necessary. She bit her lips until they bled, made up her mind, put on her overcoat and went out to the telephone office to inform her husband that she was coming the next morning.

She made all arrangements to leave the hotel next morning and at

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night went to Uday's room to find him in the same semi-conscious condition. She sat near his bed, gazed fixedly at his handsome face. His eyes were swollen, his breathing was hard and uneven. Her self-control gave way and her tears of helplessness flowed unchecked.

At about 2 past midnight Uday opened his eyes and stared at Sheela as if he did not recognise her. She bent low and put her hand on his forehead and whispered his name softly. Even in that condition he took her hand in his and put it on his heart. Deeply touched, she sat down on his bed and took his head in her lap. Only when she heard Durlabhji's steps coming to the inner room that she put his head down on the bed and moved away. The movement woke him up. He opened his eyes and called out in a state of delirium: "When are you coming? When are you coming?"

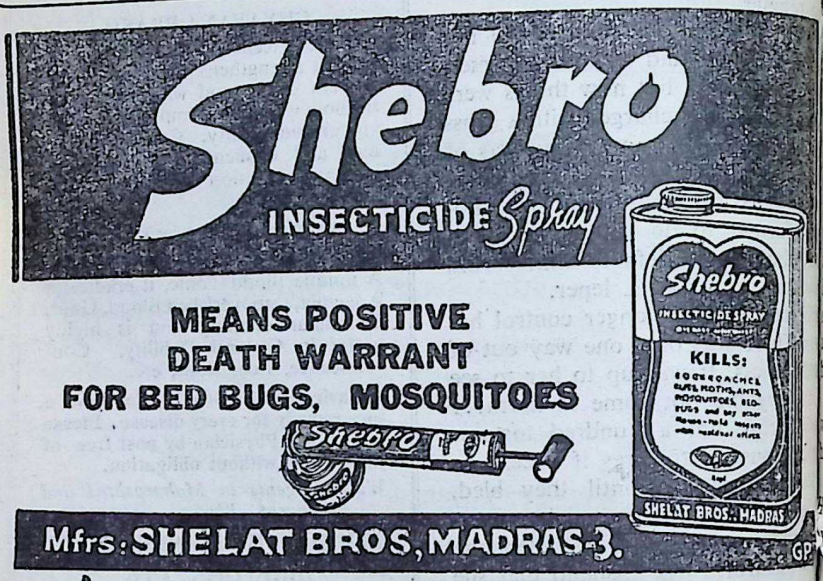
"Whom do you want? Here I am," replied Sheela. She thought that he was thinking of Alice in his delirium, and could not avoid being hurt, though she did her best to shut this jealous thought from her mind.

"She is coming, I can hear her coming," murmured Uday.

"Who is coming?" enquired Sheela.

"Raj is coming," he murmured with a smile, turned over in the bed and then fell asleep.

Sheela was reassured; Uday had evidently forgotten Alice. But she was angry with herself for her selfishness and jealousy. There was nothing she could give to him and yet she



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was longing for him.

"Durlabhji, it will soon be morning," she told the owner of the hotel. "I must go and get ready. Please do not leave him unattended. Uday's mother and sister will have returned from Pondicherry. I shall arrange to send them over immediately. You need not take the trouble of coming to the station," remarked Sheela in a plaintive voice.

"Do not worry. If necessary, I shall ask my wife also to come and help me."

Sheela did not take long to get dressed and be ready to go. She peeped into Uday's room but found him asleep. She sent Durlabhji to look after her luggage and then slipped the note she had written addressed to Uday under his pillow. Then she gently stroked and straightened his hair from his forehead. As she moved away she could not help sobbing aloud. Then she hardened her heart and said to herself: "You had better get going, or else you will find it difficult to go at all."

At 9 in the morning, Uday woke up. His temperature had come down a little. His first question was: "Where is Sheelaben?" When he was told that she had gone to Bombay, he stared at Durlabhji as though he had not heard correctly. "To Bombay?"

"Yes, sir," replied Durlabhji as he went off to fetch a cup of tea for him.

Uday was like someone possessed. He pressed his fists deep into the pillow to control himself.

"So, Sheela, even you could leave me at such a time!" He could not bring himself to believe it. He dashed his head against the pillow. His restless movements pushed off the pillow, when he saw the note which Sheela had left. He took it and read it.

"My *tapascharya* is not yet over. You have to get over this trouble of yours yourself. Tapasvini has still to suffer through not a hundred but a thousand tortures."

At first Uday could not understand the significance of those words. What had happened? What was the trouble? How could Sheela forsake him in this manner? Sheela was surely not so hardhearted, as to leave him to his own resources in this manner. Perhaps all women were by nature cruel and disloyal. "Sheelaben, Sheelaben, I had not expected this of you," he murmured.

Then he saw the 'Diwali' issue of *Sanatan Yug* lying on the table. He took it and began reading Mattamayur's letter which was printed on the very first page. As he read on, he literally trembled with rage. The last paragraph shocked him.

He recalled the occasion when Sheela had used the expression 'hundred tortures' and immediately understood the significance of the reference to 'thousand tortures.' He read Sheela's note again and only on rereading it, did he realise that Sheela's new penance had indeed begun.

That evening a reception was going to be held at Radharaman's for the Governor and she had gone to Bombay to save him from obloquy.

He buried his head in the pillow and sobbed aloud: "Oh God! Who said that you were the protector of the helpless? How utterly untrue."

[To be continued]

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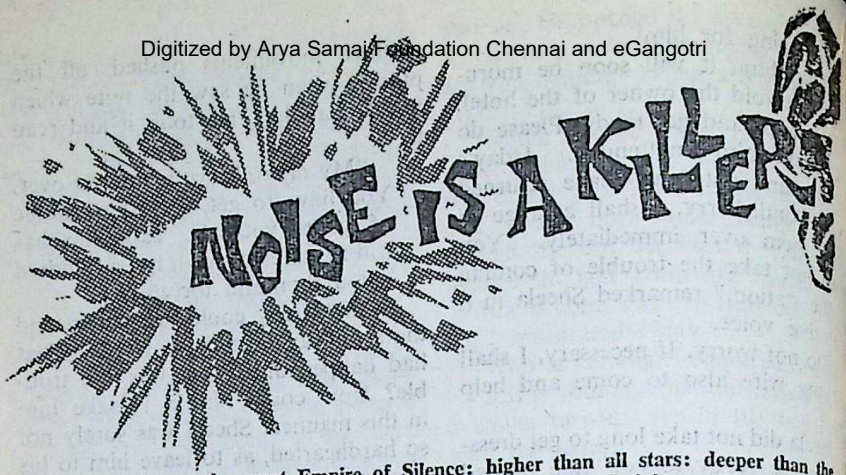

Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than all stars: deeper than the Kingdom of Death! It alone is great: all else is small.—Carlyle.

NOISE is a human plague. It is the bane of our existence.

The Good Lord in His mercy provided the majestic elephant and the lovely ass with ear flaps that would at least partially close the ear canal. But man, poor creature, was not so favoured.

A close pistol shot can rupture an ear-drum. Similarly sudden unexpected sounds produce widespread, potentially harmful changes in bodily activity. For instance blood and intra-cranial pressures rise; perspiration increases; muscles contract sharply; flow of saliva and gastric juices is drastically reduced; digestion ceases.

Prolonged exposure to severe noises of 135 decibels* and more as in the case of an airline pilot may result in permanent loss of hearing.

Loud noises also cause a number of unpleasant bodily sensations like dilatation of the head and eyeballs, loss of vision, loss of equilibrium and heating of the skin.

A noise of 160 decibels can kill ra and mice. The body temperature ris to a lethal level. The conversion sound energy into heat energy kil In human sounds near and above 16 decibels, the stirrup, one of the thre little bones in the middle ear, may driven into the inner ear thus inv ing meningitis through infection the fluid in the inner ear.

Noisy surroundings cause psych genic ailments like nausea, fatig head-ache, loss of neuro-muscu co-ordination and reduced sex-dri

Noise adversely affects human e ciency. It impairs both manual d terity and accuracy. A company found that by cutting noise levels 14.5% by acoustic wall-board, t typist's errors dropped by 29%; machine operator's by 52%, tu over increased and absenteeism clined.

By enforcing a strict programme noise abatement, output of labour increased; human welfare being i proved. These more than justify cost involved in it.

* Unit for measuring relative intensities of sounds.

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TRUTH ABOUT THE COBBLER

PARENTHOOD has been such a delightful anticipation to all living beings till now that its denial, providential no doubt, has always been considered a curse.

King Angira was the happiest man to know that his Queen expected to be confined in a matter of days. In his first flush of excitement, he doubled and quadrupled his *danas* and *dharmas* till, on the expected day, the Queen developed labour pain. The whole city overjoyed to hear the news on the next day that a boy child was born to their Queen.

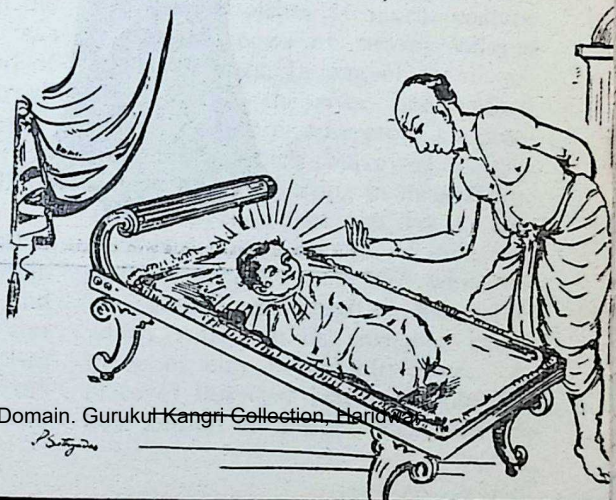
Scarcely had the child come out of the mother's womb when, according to the contract the King had made with the Brahmin from the South, he sent for the latter and closeted him with the new-born babe.

The eager Brahmin, finding himself alone with the babe, asked him: "Child! Can you tell me the true value of feeding *athithis?*"

On hearing it, the new-born child laughed sweetly and replied: "Holy man! Don't you know that the effects of *annadana* are immensely beneficial? Look! You met me as a hunter the other day at the forest, having lost your way. I had the good fortune to take you to my hut and offer you a cup of honey and a few edible nuts. As a result of your partaking my humble offer, I am now born as a son and heir to a large kingdom. Now, if that paltry offer could confer on me such great benefits as my present birth and heritage, what indescribably great benefits should your life-long *annadana* confer on you! All that I can say is that no one but Lord Parameshwara can give an adequate account of the benefits that are in store for people like you!"

After hearing these words, the Brahmin had a peeping understanding of the answer to his quest and so, after taking leave of Angira who greatly honoured him further, returned to sacred Kashi and reported to Mother Visalakshi about his interview with the new-born babe at Hemavat.

Replied Bhavani: "I am glad you have now had at least a partial understanding of the value of *annadana*. That will serve your purpose. Now,



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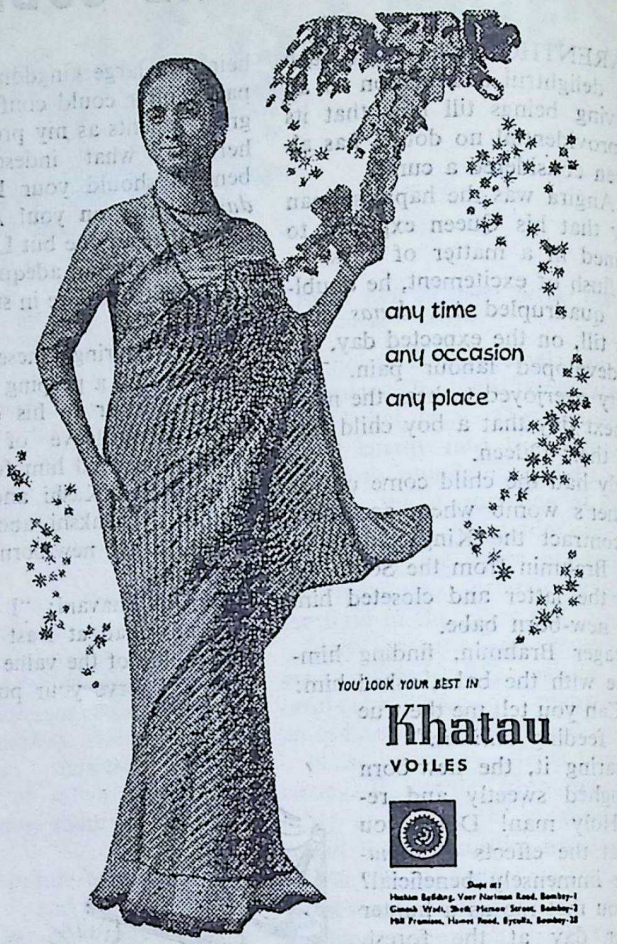

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your quest having come to an end, I would advise you to hurry up to your native place, for it ill becomes husbands to absent themselves from home for too long. Don't you realize that people belonging to all the other three *ashramas* (Brahmacharya, Vanaprastha and Sannyasa) depend for their sustenance and proper conduct of *dharma* on *grihasthas*, and the latter cannot find their self-fulfilment except by supporting the former? Know this too. In the event of the householder neglecting his duties towards his guests, all his earned *punyas* and the sins of his guests will fall squarely on the *grihastha*. Like the day without the sun, the home without its lord will be dark. Hence you had better hurry home direct without any other thought on your mind."

Thus commanded by Devi, the Brahmin started homeward. On the way, he had to cross holy Ganga. That brought to his mind the strange request of the cobbler who had asked him to convey his greetings to Ganga-Mata. Making up his mind to ask Ganga-Mata herself, he addressed the river: "Mother Ganga! While I was coming to Kashi, a cobbler friend of mine asked me to convey his greetings to you. Presently I am conveying them to you. Should you be pleased to pass on to him any reply, I shall be most happy to carry it to him."

As soon as he had said it, Mother Ganga appeared before the Brahmin in the form of a beautiful maiden and replied: "O best of Brahmins! I can well understand the note of scepticism in your request. That man is no ordinary *chandala*; his conduct and character are exemplary. His heart is clear as crystal. He serves me most affectionately. He observes all the auspicious *vratas* meticulously. How is he these days? Does he live happily? Tell him that I, in the company of other rivers like Yamuna, continue to serve Lord Vishwanath here happily. Convey my well-being to him, will you?"

Needless to say that the Brahmin was thunderstruck by the words of Ganga-Mata praising the cobbler in such superlative terms. Clasping his hands above his head, he addressed Ganga Devi: "Mother Ganga! Fortunate indeed am I to have been vouchsafed this *darshan* of your divine form. By your grace, my heart is now full of bliss. I am convinced now how great that cobbler should be to earn such unqualified praise from your mouth. But, Mother, I have one doubt. Won't you tell me how such a great soul has to follow this profession of a cobbler?"

Mother Ganga smiled and condescended to reply as follows: "On the banks of the sacred river Gautami are vast stretches of green pasture where the cows of nearby villages come to graze. In one of the periodical floods, the river had washed ashore on that pasture ground a pregnant beetle which burrowed a deep hole and started living in those fields. It so happened that one day a cowherd had placed a kettle of milk just near the beetle's hole and while he was getting up, unsettled the kettle which rolled on its side and being made of clay broke into pieces. A piece of this clay kettle fell into the hole and on the beetle which, as a re-

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sult of that shock, delivered itself of its young ones betimes.

Now, the young ones soon clambered out and for some days licked the mud as the latter was soaked with the spilt milk from the broken kettle. After a few days, when the spilt milk was completely eaten up, the eldest beetle-child complained to its mother that the mud didn't taste as well as it did on the previous days.

Explained the mother then: "Child! Till now the mud was mixed with milk which was spilt here, but now that it has dried up or eaten up, the ordinary mud alone remains and that to you does not taste well. What can I do?"

Asked the young beetle: "Mother! What is that stuff called milk and what does it look like? If the mud on which it is spilt should taste so well, how much sweeter should it be by itself? What is life without milk? He alone who drinks milk is worthy to be born. Mother, how possibly can we obtain milk?"

Mother beetle: "My child! Brahma created nectar for heaven and milk for the human world as their mainstay. But how can we, despicable creatures, aspire for milk?"

Child beetle: "But, mother, tell me, what the human world is like and what heaven is like. Have you seen them? Do they have houses like ours? Have they who live there bodies like ours? Or do they look different?"

Mother beetle: "Child! We are worlds apart from men and angels, and their dwelling place does not at all admit any comparison with theirs. In the heaven live angels and it is situated in the sky. Below the heaven is situate this human world. The angels have worshipful feet; they have large chest, long and flowing hands, lovely faces and brilliant eyes. They have neither old age nor death. They have laudable qualities and they fly about in aerial vehicles.

"Although there is not much of a difference in form between humans and angels, humans are encompassed by illness, old age and death. These travel on elephants, horses and carriages. Those enjoyments of both categories are obtainable only by virtue of good *karma* of the past. Inasmuch as we are born beetles we have committed nothing but sins in our past lives."

Child beetle: "Mother, I understand now. But, can you tell me how this exalted knowledge came to you, although born beetle?"

Mother beetle: "While I was living on the shores of the sacred river Gautami, there used to come holy Brahmins from all parts of the country to perform *danas* and *dharmas* and conduct discourses on sacred subjects. I had the good fortune to listen to them by my living in their proximity. What little knowledge I have, therefore, is born out of that luck. Know then, my child, that no happiness is equivalent to the proximity or association of the learned and the good who discourse on *puranas*. By means of *puranas* we are able to distinguish between what is *dharma* and what is not. Indeed there is nothing on which the *puranas* do not throw light. Hence you must know that listening to *puranic* discourses will do us the greatest good. I derive my little knowledge of the sacred *tirthas* of the

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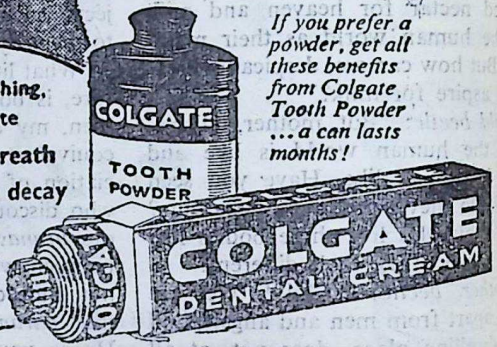

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country only through them. Of all sacred rivers Ganga is the holiest. A sacred bath in that holiest river will wash one the *punya* which is unattainable by any other means."

Child beetle: "Mother! From what I have heard from you I feel I have wasted all my life in not going to Ganga for a sacred bath. Won't you be good enough to send me to Ganga for the holy bath?"

Mother beetle: "O my darling! What a thought for you? Where is Ganga and where are you? You have no idea where Ganga is. You have to cross innumerable forests, rivers, cities and villages. The forest is infested by wild beasts and birds. Do you think you can escape being killed by them? You are really a fool to entertain this thought. Be a good child and think no more about it. The climate is now becoming warm. This pasture will soon become parched as rock. Let us all move into the river-bed where we can live in moisture."

So saying, the mother-beetle moved into the river-bed along with her family. There, drinking the cool water of sacred Gautami, the family lived happily.

[To be continued]

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News & Notes

Sir H. V. Divatia replying to the felicitations. To his left are H. E. Sri Prakasa, Smt. Jollybehn Divatia and Kulapati K. M. Munshi.

SIR H. V. DIVATIA FELICITATED

GLOWING tributes to the qualities of head and heart of Sir Harsiddhbhai Divatia, Senior Vice-President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, were paid on the February 17, 1961 at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan. The occasion was a dinner party organised by the Bhavan to felicitate him on completion of his 75th year. Kulapati K. M. Munshi presided and the distinguished guests included H. E. Sri Prakasa, Governor of Maharashtra, Sri Shantilal H. Shah, Minister for Labour and Commerce, Government of Maharashtra, Sarvashri V. A. Naik, B. N. Gokhale, D. V. Patel and V. S. Desai—Judges of the Maharashtra High Court, Sir Chunilal B. Mehta and other prominent citizens.

Kulapati Munshi recalled the memories of his close association with Sir Harsiddhbhai which started in 1906 (See Kulapati's Letter No. 225). He wished Sir Harsiddhbhai the Vedic span of a hundred years. Smt. Lilavati Munshi garlanded him.

In token of the affection and esteem of Kulapati Munshiji and other colleagues and workers of the Bhavan, a silver plaque was presented to Sir Harsiddhbhai.

Sri Sri Prakasa fully associated himself with the sentiments expressed by Kulapati Munshiji in regard to Sir H. V. Divatia's qualities. He drew special attention to the long-standing friendship of over 54 years between Sri Munshi and Sir H. V. Divatia and said it was an object lesson for all to emulate. He wished Sir Harsiddhbhai a long life.

Replying to felicitations, Sir Harsiddhbhai said he was essentially a student of human nature. Whatever he was able to achieve, he owed to his luck or fortuity. Adverting to his long association with Kulapati Munshi, he said what bound them together was a common ideal, *viz.* reintegration of Indian culture to suit modern needs which has taken the concreate shape of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, which he wished a very long career of useful activity.

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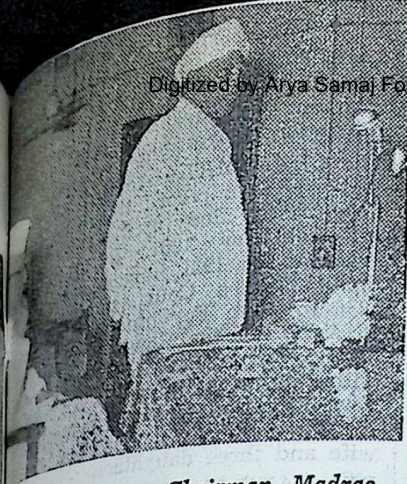


Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, Chairman, Madras Kendra of the Bhavan, inaugurating the Madras Kendra's Annual Celebrations.

PADMA SHRI FOR ACHARYA MUNIJI

ACHARYA JINA VIJAYAJI MUNI, General Editor of the Bhavan's *Singhi Jain series*, a Founder Member of the Bhavan and its Hon. Director from 1943-54, has been awarded the title *Padma Shri* this year for Research in Indology. Over fifty volumes have already been published in the *Singhi Jain Series*. Acharya Muniji is also the Director of Rajasthan Oriental Research Institute.

He was associated with Mahatma Gandhi in establishing the Gujarat Vidyapith. He now spends most of his time in a work-farm in Chanderia, Rajasthan.

MADRAS KENDRA

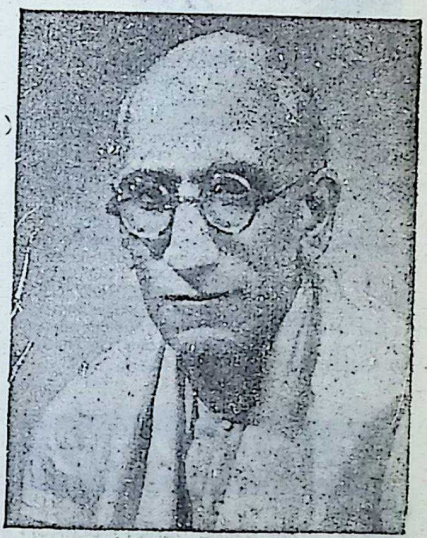
THE Foundation Week Celebrations of the Madras Kendra that came off in the last week of January 1961 was highlighted by two lectures by Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi on "Foundations of Indian Culture", a symposium on "Culture Trends in Modern India", and Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition.

The Competition was held at the Vivekananda College open-air theatre, Mylapore, and was inaugurated by Sri K. S. P. Ayyar, Retd. Judge of the Madras High Court. There were eight entries for the drama competition—five from the Vivekananda College, Shri Thiagaraja College, and the Government Arts College—in four languages, viz. Sanskrit, English, Tamil and Telugu. Besides the award of Silver Trophies for the best team in each language, individual prizes were awarded to the best actors. Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi's Rolling Trophy was awarded to the Vivekananda College for their play "The Scheming Lieutenant" in English, which was adjudged the best of all the plays staged.

The inauguration celebrations of the Foundation Week was presided over by Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar and it commenced with Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi's lecture on "Foundations of Indian Culture."

The symposium on "Culture Trends in Modern India" was held at the University Examination Hall under the Presidentship of Sri K. M. Munshi. Prof. K. Nilakanta Sastri, Dr. V. Raghavan and Dr. K. K. Pillai took part in the symposium.

The celebrations concluded with the second lecture by Sri K. M. Munshi on "Foundations of Indian Culture" and the prize distribution ceremony was presided over by Sri C. Subra-



Acharya Muniji

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SRI CHAMPAKLAL MODY

WE grieve to record the death of Sri Champaklal Mody at the age of 73 on 1st February 1961. Born in 1888, graduated in 1911, he was Judge of the Small Causes Court, Bombay, from 1936 to 1941. For nine years he was President of the Bombay Social Education Committee. He was associated with Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan from its very inception and was a member of the Council. He is survived by his wife and three daughters.

DR. MANILAL H. PATEL

THE sad and untimely death of Dr. Manilal Patel occurred on Sunday the 5th February, 1961. Dr. Patel was a Founder Member of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, and its first Director. Dr. Patel was deputed by the Government of India as lecturer on Hindu Philosophy to Istanbul University and he returned just four months back. His premature death at the age of 59 is a loss to India as well as Hindu philosophic thought.

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GUJARATI

GAT SHATAK-NU SAHITYA—ENA KETLAK AMSHO PAR DRISTIPAT (Some glimpses of the Gujarati literature of the previous hundred years). By V. K. Vaidya. Published by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. 1959. pp. 308. Price: Rs.6/-.

THE volume under review comprises twelve lectures delivered by Prof. V. K. Vaidya, the veteran literary journalist, critic and author, in virtue of his appointment in 1952-53, as 'Smt. Lilavati Munshi Professor of Gujarati Literature' at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. The admirable aim of the lectures, as stated by the esteemed lecturer in the foreword, is two-fold: first, to outline the emergent thought-currents and conflicts of the new era in Gujarati literature ushered by the cataclymic impact of the West, and to assess the same with reference to the values of 'Indian culture'; second, to rescue from unmerited oblivion some less known works and authors whose services to Gujarati literature the lecturer considers valuable.

Of the twelve lectures, lectures 2 and 3 deal with the motivating forces of the period prior to the advent of Mahatma Gandhi. These are followed by the lectures on the diaries of Bholanath and Narasimharav Divatia, on Narayan Hemchandr and Ranjitram Mavabhai. Further, two lectures are devoted to literary letters, one each to Bhimrav Bholanath and Krishnarav Divatia and one jointly to Uttamlal Keshavlal and Vadilal M. Shah. The

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last lecture relates to the part played by Saurashtra in the Gujarati literary world during the early decades of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

By delving painstakingly into some old, semi-forgotten works and records, Prof. Vaidya salvages bunches of facts and incidents, quite significant for the literary and cultural life of the period. His appreciations and assessments are at places penetrating and trenchant. But a more critical approach could have saved him from some pointless praise and verbiage. Once in a while he has succeeded in recreating the literary scene, but for its considerable part, the narrative is cluttered up with incidental, insignificant or indifferent details which prevent crystallization of the organic whole.

Prof. Vaidya's fear of monotony of style has forced him to an overfrequent use of inversions and piles of parentheses to such a point that they have become mannerisms. But where he could free himself from these entanglements (as for example in lecture 10), the narrative has achieved smoothness and force.

The lectures make available useful information regarding numerous comparatively obscure works and authors. Especially the chapter on the role of Saurashtra in the past literary life of Gujarat is richly informative and opens up an interesting subject for further fruitful investigation. Those busying themselves with the literary scene in Gujarat during the post-1850 and pre-1930 decades shall have frequent occasions to consult with profit Prof. Vaidya's present lectures.

—*Dr. H. C. Bhayani*

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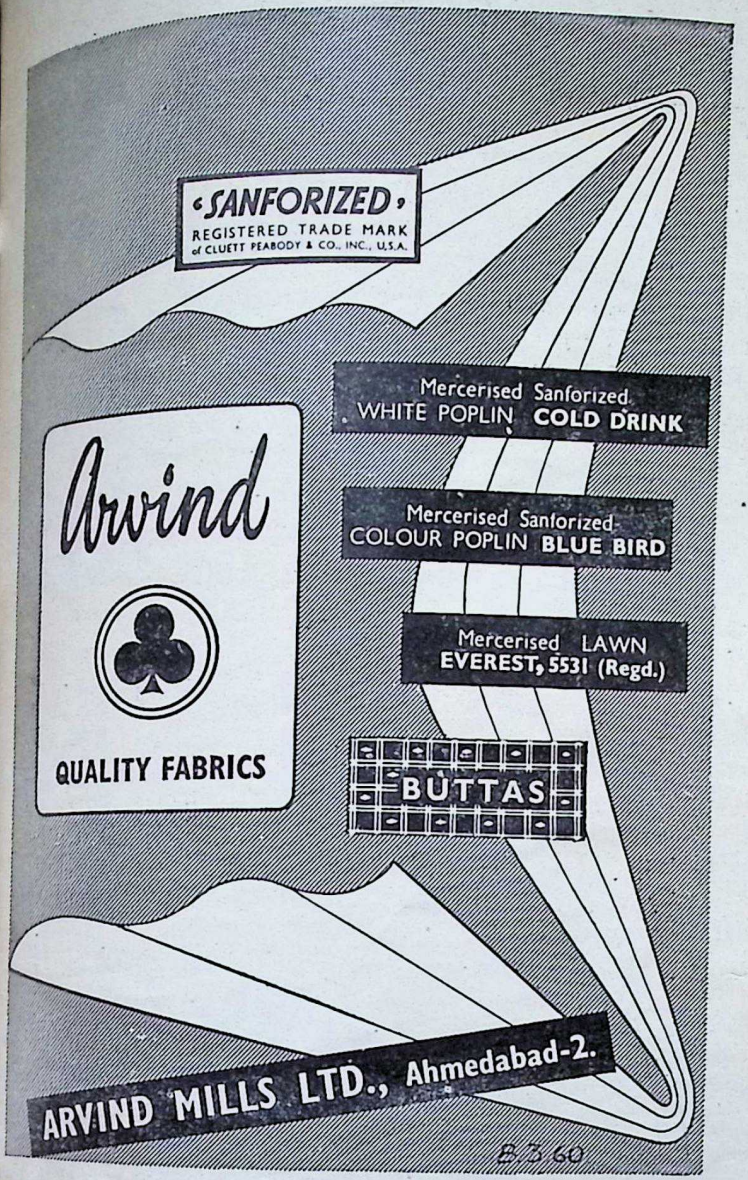

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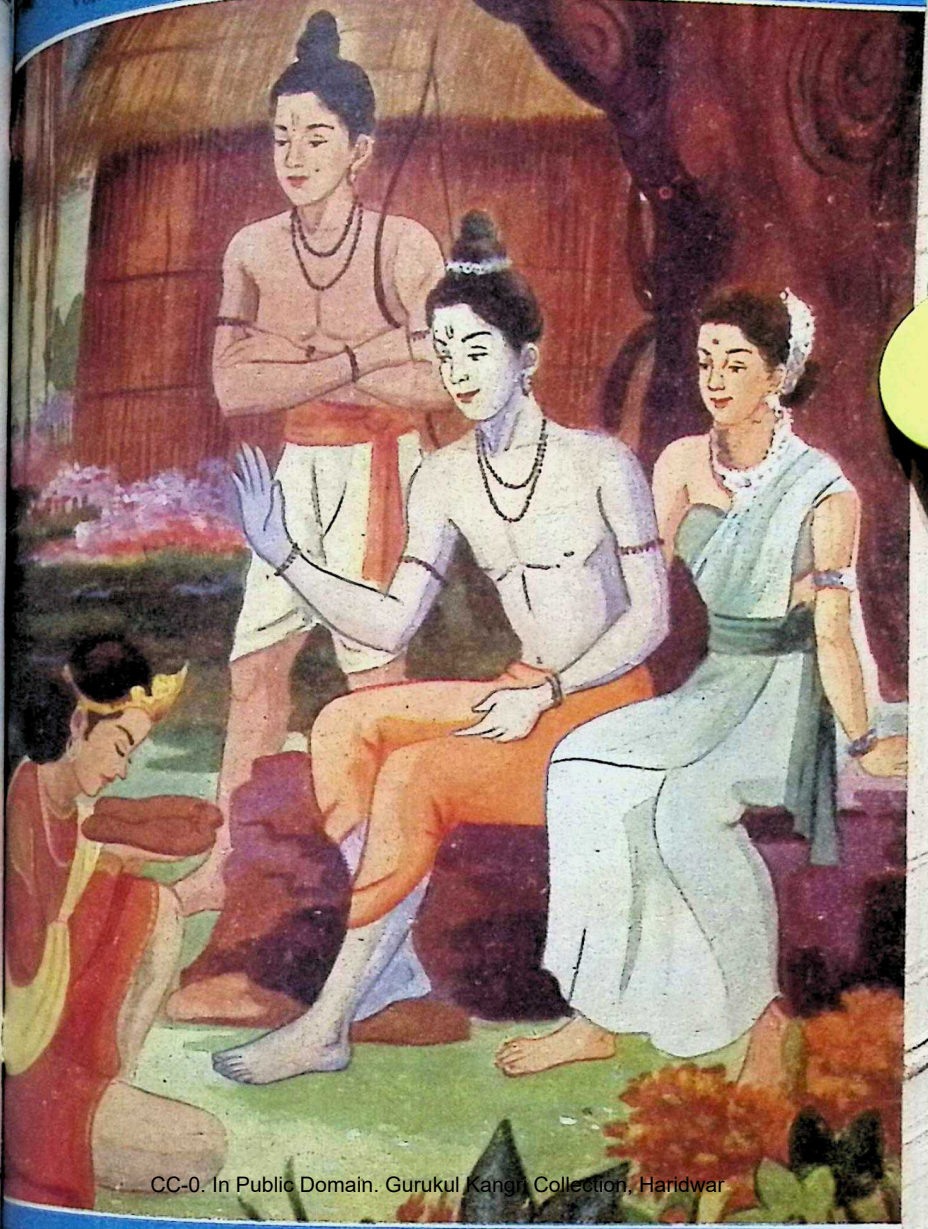

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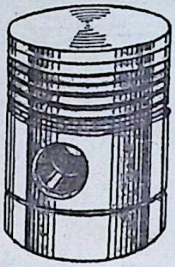

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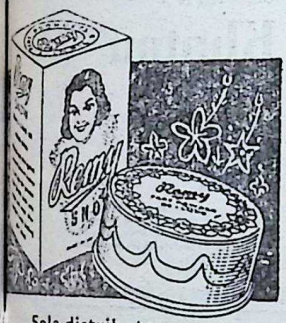

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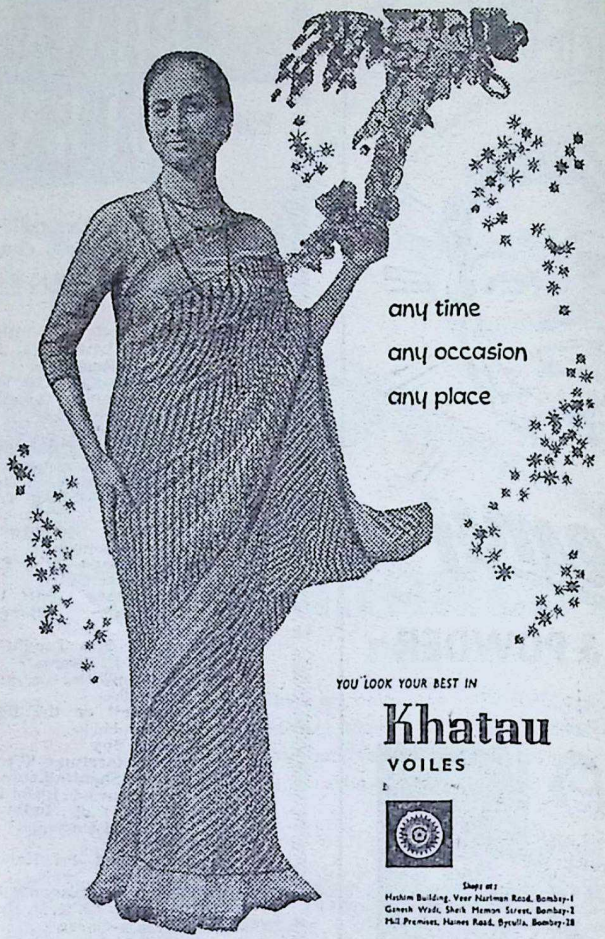

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JOURNAL

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us
from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

NINE KINDS OF BHAKTI

कृष्णस्य श्रवणे परीक्षितिरभूत् वैयासिकः कीर्तने
प्रह्लादः स्मरणे तदंघ्रिभजने लक्ष्मीः पृथुः पूजने।
अक्रूरस्त्वभिवन्दने च हनुमान् दास्ये च सख्येऽर्जुनः
सर्वस्वात्मनिवेदने बलिरभूत् कैवल्यमेषां समम् ॥

Parikshit by listening to the stories of Krishna, Shuka by singing His praise; Prahlada by constant thoughts about Him; Lakshmi by devotion to His feet; Emperor Prithu by His worship; Akrura by prostrations; Hanuman by service unto Him; Arjuna by comradeship with Him and Bali by absolute dedication to Him obtained Moksha.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 228

• *THE FOUNDATIONS OF INDIAN CULTURE* • *THE VEDIC RISHI AND HIS ASHRAM* • *THE COLLECTIVE URGE*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
BOMBAY.

APRIL 2, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN my last letter I dealt with *Rita* and *tapas* as the Central Idea of Indian Culture. The idea did not remain a philosophical concept nor a theory. It was translated in life through social institutions and norms of conduct and above all, through a discipline which lifted the daily conduct into a consecrated act of *yajna*.

The *ashram* of the *rishi* was the key institution in which this discipline was learned and practised.

Though the Aryan kings fought with the Dasyus and among themselves, the *rishi*, unhampered by the fortunes of war, lived among his pupils in an atmosphere charged with learning and righteousness. He bodied forth the message of the gods in sacred *mantras* and worshipped them through sacrifice. He taught his pupils how to perform the rituals; how to converse with the gods; how to chant the *mantras* with mystic accents; how to inspire men to follow the ordinances of *Rita*. When duly invited, accompanied by his pupils, he went from the court of one king to another, performed sacrifices and was honoured by the gifts cows.

Each *ashram* was a closely k family bound by reverence for presiding *rishi*. It was a little univ sity; it was not a service station s ported by the people for utilitar ends. It rested on the collective s port of the community, which look up to it as the source of inspiration a life well lived. In its turn, it hel in uplifting the individual and col tive life through *yajna* or sacrifi *diksha* or consecration; *brah charya* or disciplined studentship; brahman or prayer.

In Vedic India, the *rishi* was a priest; he was a holy man wi life was dedicated, a teacher, apostle owning allegiance to the G and to *Rita*. Gifts made to him w not benefactions, but tributes, for kings were no more than represe tives of *Kshtra*, the instrument t gulate social order according to Eternal Law.

In contrast, the modern Wes culture has made money and suc

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fundamental values in life; they the only passport to social leader-. Under its influence, the character status of everyone is at the mercy he successful salesman, who only secure this passport. He could the services of the warrior, the the literary man, the scientist the teacher, and thus dictate what yone should do and live for.

the modern universities in some he countries of the West, we find men of learning can live in un-ering allegiance to a higher law, denied the prestige which a social based on spiritual foundation give to dedicated men, few of can live independently of the man.

○ ○ ○

he first step in the direction of slating *Rita* in life was *diksha* or ation into a consecrated life ugh a preliminary training in self-plined behaviour under an *rya*, who in Vedic times was a of repute.

our Culture the institution of *rya* was a vital one. He was the tual parent of his pupils to be re-d. In later times this led to the tion of *guru-parampara*, spiritual ent from teacher to pupil, which continuity to educational tradi-techniques and ideals.

harvaveda compares the *acharya* spiritual mother carrying the pupil in him. Later the *Upanishads* were scribe him as a deity, for after days of strict discipline under *charya*, the pupil became 'a spiri-wonder, whom even the Gods to see'.

At an early stage of consecration, a young person had to learn how to conform to the *Rita*, through *vratas*, pledges of disciplined behaviour. 'I will observe the *vrata*', says the pupil, 'and through it I approach truth by crossing untruth'.

These pledges were considered of great importance. 'Through observances of *vratas*, one gets consecration (*diksha*)', says the sage. 'Through *diksha* one obtains grace. From grace one gathers faith. And by faith alone is the truth reached.'

Diksha stood for a life of discipline dedicated to prayers, to learning and teaching and to the due performance of *vratas* enjoining discipline.

When an Arya was consecrated, he became a brahmachari and remained one for years, sometimes for 12 or 24 years, observing strict discipline and studying the *Vedas* in the *ashram* of the *rishi*.

A brahmachari was a pupil who devoted himself to Vedic prayers. *Brahman*, in its primary sense, was prayer; Brahamanaspati was the lord of prayers. A Brahmana was one who followed the vocation of prayers; 'My prayer is the armour of my soul', was his faith.

In the succeeding ages our culture maintained its sense of mission, and our social order, its vitality, because it depended on this class of self-disciplined, dedicated students for its creative vigour. Says the sage: 'It was only through the power of *tapas* of a brahmachari that the king protected the realm, the teacher won the pupil, the maiden won a youthful husband, the Gods attained immortality. And through it alone, the great god

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Indra filled the gods with divine lustre.'

As I stated before, we know the lessons of history. A culture flourishes only when its educational system imparts a sense of mission to the youth and trains them to lead a consecrated life.

If the youth grow up in self-indulgence, then the system fails to achieve its principal objective and the new generation fails to capture the values of the culture afresh. In consequence the institutions and the norms lose their vitality, decay follows, bringing in its wake social, moral and spiritual disintegration.

●●●

Brahmacharya was only a period of training; the *tapas*—self-discipline—was to be carried into the married life, when begetting children became part of the duty to carry forward the tradition.

To secure this end, the disciple of a *rishi* who fulfilled himself by translating *Rita* through *tapas* and *brahman* —self-discipline and prayer—was also accepted as the leader of society. This enabled consecrated men dedicated to *Rita*—so long as they sought fulfilment by living up to it—to play the role of the dominant minority in society. As creators of durable values they provided the insight, judgment and sanctions necessary to translate them in life.

In thus conceding leadership to the creators of ethico-spiritual values, social order was given a psycho-social foundation of great vigour and durability.

The *rajanyas* were the leaders in war; those who took to arms the Kshatriyas. The bulk of the Ar who took to agriculture were Vaish the village dwellers. The non-Ar who were yet not absorbed in the of culture were Shudras.

In the heyday of Vedic Cul these four groups were not heredita they were occupational groups, by their interdependence forme single social organism.

Vasishtha, the greatest of V sages, was born of a courtesan. V vamitra, the son of a king, was ano pre-eminent *rishi*. Even a *rajanya* duly qualified, could officiate a Purohit. There are references also *rishis* born of non-Aryan mother

●●

The highest function which the had to perform was to compose, serve and transmit the *richas*, sa hymns. The *Vedas* were divi themselves, for the gods lived in t The Word was sacred; *yajna* was a step. Brahmans versed in the V —*brahmanah veda paragaha*—were living symbols.

The divinity of the *Vedas*, Word, very early became one of most potent fundamental values of Vedic Culture. It bound the comm ties together. It secured for thos voted to the Sacred Word—and cidentally to also those who dedic themselves to creating values thro learning—a pre-eminence in lifeand was the Rock of Ages on which culture rested, giving a base, a u and a source of perennial inspira It provided a sense of mission to community of Aryans.

The chanting of *Vedas* was not

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sive privilege of the Brahmans, came to be believed later. Every- was entitled to be taught the d Word. 'So may I teach these d words to all persons; to Brah- and Rajanyas; to the Shudras ll as to Aryans all; to my own and to the aliens as well', says ge.

Vedic Culture, as we see from la, had its home on the banks e Sarasvati, where sages like tha and Vishvamitra lived. They anded the allegiance of kings. received, by way of presents, eds of cows, which enabled their es, unattracted by worldly pros- and success, to spread the mis- for which their masters stood. ove material comforts, beyond re of wealth and success, stood rm determination of the Vedic

the source of high knowledge, intelligence and the resolute will the deathless flame within the arts of men without which no tion can be done—
all these inspire my mind
will the good of all.

the mission inspired them to ive action to bring the world to way. They prayed to the gods—
free play to our bodies;
wide spaces for our homes;
full scope to our lives.

the clarion call which led for- the Aryans to conquer was in- by the urge—
Aryanise all—
drive away the lawless.

rishis established ***ashrams*** not the centres of Sapta Sindhu but on the extending frontiers of Aryan territories, thereby absorbing aliens into the Aryan fold. At the same time they made, by the very nature of their mission, adjustments with alien customs and creeds. As a result, the Aryans, the Dravidians and other races, who freely mixed their blood through inter-marriages, fused their tribal traditions and customs to become a community dominated by a single vital culture.

The kings warred on. Dynasties rose and fell. But the dominant minority continued the conquest of the mind and the spirit. Perhaps before the Age of Vasishtha and Vishvamitra, an early wave of Aryans had colonised parts of the South and of the West Coast. With them, as the race memory testifies, generations of disciples of great *rishis* pushed forward the frontiers of Aryan Culture. Generations of disciples of *Rishis* Lopamudra and Agastya crossed the Vindhya and brought Aryan culture to the South and carried it to South East Asia. Agastya himself was credited with being the father of Tamil grammer and poetry.

About the same time the Bhrigus appeared to have set up colonies in the West Coast. The Brahmanas from Cambay to Cape Comorin even today trace their descent to Parashurama. One has only to go to Kerala to find what cultural influence the Namboodiri Brahmanas—claiming descent from Parashurama—have exercised in that far corner of the land and how, in spite of centuries, they have preserved the Vedic lore.

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While creating conditions for the fusion of tribal cultures on very broad lines, the *rishis* kept alive the common tradition of the Aryans, placed the institution of *kula* and *gotra* on a country-wide basis and made the fundamental values of the Vedic culture acceptable to the non-Aryans. At the same time, they maintained the vitality of cultural activities by insisting on the social leadership of the creators of value who devoted their life to translating *Rita* in individual and collective life.

●●●

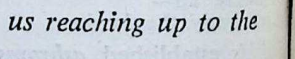
During the advance of the Aryans through the country, the races mingled, customs and beliefs were adjusted, a new harmony was evolved. Despite the fusion, the collective consciousness that the Aryans—wheher by descent or by adoption—were the elect and their ways God-ordained, and hence unalterable, persisted. 'Let us make the whole world Aryan' remained the collective urge. Thus the Vedic Aryan Culture broadening out into the Aryan Culture of India gave to all activities power and unity, drive and direction and above all, a sense of mission.

The vicissitudes through which the culture of the Vedic Aryans passed can be traced in certain race memories preserved in the *Rigveda*. Sudas, the son of the Aryan conqueror Divodas, assisted by his preceptor, the great Vedic Rishi Vasishtha, fought a war against a confederation of ten tribes, some which were non-Aryans led by Aryan King Purukutsa and guide another great Rishi Viswamitra. war is called *Dasharajna*, the Batt Ten Kings. It indicates how ac ments were being made between Vedic Aryans and the non-Aryans der the leadership of Aryan R and kings.

Another episode preserved in Puranas symbolises a still more c clysmic vicissitude through which culture passed. King Sahasrarjun the Haihayas, possibly a branch Aryans who had arrived in India fore the Vedic Aryans, invaded S Sindhu. Defying all sacred co he burnt the *ashram* of Rishi V shtha and killed another Rishi, Ja dagni, a nephew of Rishi Viswam Jamadagni's son, Parashurama, head of the warrior priests of Bhrigu tribe, rolled back the inva He destroyed the invaders and established the supermacy of A values.

These protracted wars—the mem of which is preserved in the tradi of Parashurama having destroyed kings in twenty-one wars—appear have ended the Vedic period.

Yours' sincere



Religion is the divinity within us reaching up to the divinity above.

—Islam

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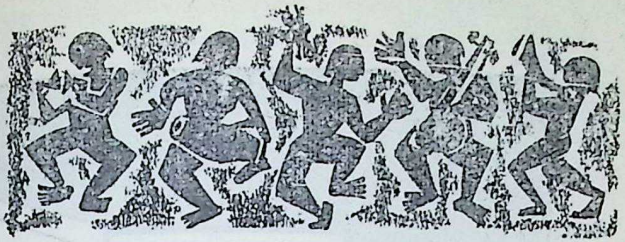

NAMA-SANKIRTAN

Uttering of the Lord's name without intent, as an involuntary sound, by association, in joke, or even out of derision or spite is completely destructive of sins.

—Srimad Bhagavata

I crave not for happiness, nor am I in need of salvation. Let there be nought but devotion at Thy feet; let my mouth recite Thy name.

—Shankaradeva

Sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious. His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

—The Psalms

O Mind! Giving up attachment to the world, adore the name of Krishna. Repeat the name of Krishna and you will discover an invaluable treasure.

—Bhajan Song (*Anon*)

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear.
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

—Hymns

By hearing the Name (God revealed) sorrow and sin are no more.

—Guru Nanak

Utter the name of Vaasudeva: all your miseries perish root and branch.

—Sri Madhvacharya

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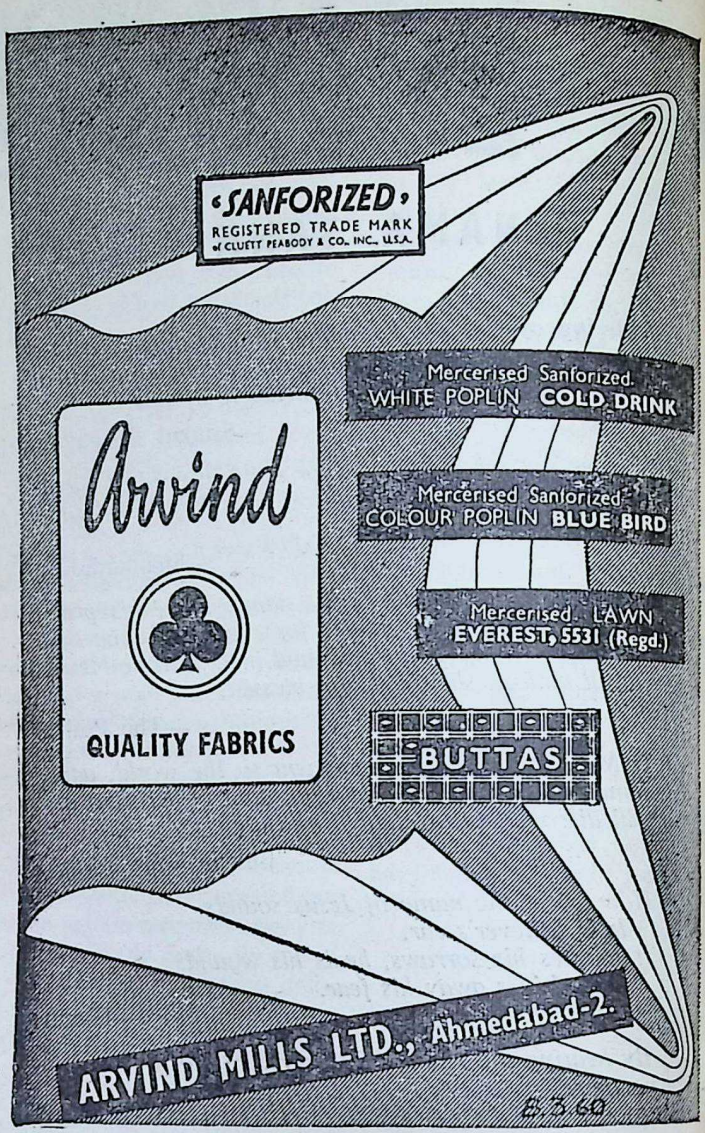

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ourage and Discipline

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

stion:
स्मिन् सांप्रतं लोके गुणवान् ? कश्चवीर्य-
वान् ? धर्मज्ञश्च ?
क्षश्च ? सत्यवाक्यः ? दृढव्रतः ? चारित्रेण
च को युक्तः ?
र्वभूतेषु को हितः ? कश्चैकप्रियदर्शनः ? आत्म-
वान् ?
नितक्रोधः ? द्युतिमान् ? कोऽनसयकः?

swer:
क्ष्वाकुवंशप्रभवः रामो नाम जनैः श्रुतः ।।

HE question is by Valmiki and the answer is by Narada.

Valmiki inquires about a human being who understands Dharma (क धर्मज्ञः ?): but later in the epic he exclaims *'Ramo vigrahavan dharmah'* (रामोविग्रहवान् धर्मः) i.e., Rama is the *embodiment* of Dharma and not merely one who understands Dharma. According to Valmiki, for one to become the embodiment of Dharma there are two requisites. They are courage (धृति) and discipline (नियम).

Rama is ready to start for the forest renouncing the crown out of respect to his father. He approaches his mother to take her blessings before leaving. She blesses him in the following words:

यं पालयसि धर्मं त्वं धृत्या च नियमेन च।
स वै राघवशार्दूल धर्मस्त्वामभिरक्षतु ।।

She did not direct him to tread the path of *dharma*, for she knew that by nature he was an upholder of *dharma*. But she indirectly exhorts him not to be unmindful of *Dhriti* and *Niyama* which alone will keep him from swerving from his nature. She blesses him: "Let that *dharma* which you uphold with courage and discipline protect you always!"

Rama is the ideal of the Indian.

Ramanama is the *mantra* for the Indian.

Ramanamamrita is the ambrosia to cure all ills.

Let *Ramanamamrita* give us courage and strength to preserve the discipline which leads us to *dharma* i.e., to *Rama* himself—रामोविग्रहवान् धर्मः.

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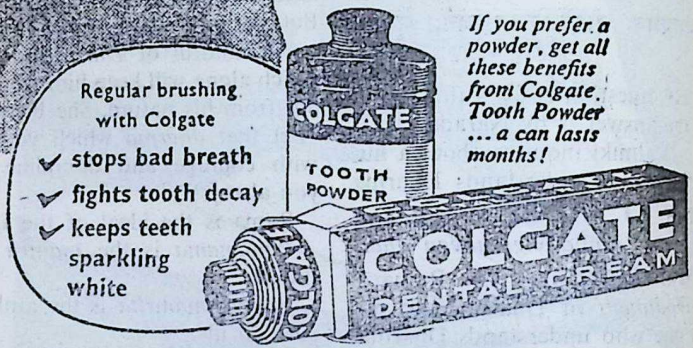

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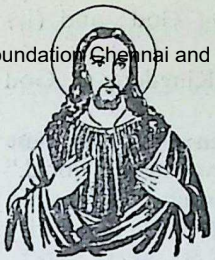
one in Christ!... All that is good
true and beautiful—the
kness of Hindu Asia, the
hfulness of the Mussulman
the charity of the Buddhist—
that is holy is of Christ.

—Keshab Chandra Sen



JESUS CHRIST

Sadhu T. L. Vaswani

JESUS, like Krishna and Buddha who preceded him, was full of compassion and sympathy. "I have compassion on the multitude," said Jesus, "because they have been with me three days and have nothing to eat, and if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint by the way."

Wonderful was the spirit of sympathy in Jesus' heart. While he was being nailed to the Cross, he prayed: "Father! Forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Yes; they did not know how much pain they were causing him. With every blow of the hammer struck to fix the nails on his hands and feet, they were inflicting torture on the delicate body of one of the purest among the sons of men. Yet he pleaded for them before the Throne of God!

Jesus spoke, again and again, of his Kingdom. They understood him not. His was no earthly kingdom. His Kingdom was the Kingdom of the Heart, the Kingdom of love and charity, of sympathy and forgiveness.

Jesus aspired, Krishna-like, to be a flute-player, to soothe the minds and hearts of wanderers in this world of tragedy and tears.

Judas was his disciple. Yet this disciple delivered Jesus up and they crucified him, but in his heart was compassion for Judas. And Judas knew it. After the crucifiction of Jesus, Judas, in a non-biblical saying, is reported to have said: "In my heart I know Jesus will forgive me."

Jesus distinguished his Kingdom from the world. Be not slaves of the world, he said. This slavery, he explained, was surrender to desires, surrender to the lower self. Be in the world,—yes; but be in it as a free man, not as a slave of appetite or passion.

They asked him one day: "Master! How may we be ready to enter the Kingdom of God?" And he said: "Be detached from the world."

On another occasion Jesus said: "Water and fire cannot stay in one vessel. So the love of the Kingdom of God and the love of this world cannot co-exist in the heart of the disciple."

The law of the Kingdom of God is Love. The entire code of him, who would belong to the Kingdom, was summed up by Jesus in these two

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thoughts: (i) love of God; and (ii) love of man.

The basis of the Kingdom of God is love.

They, who build in power, become what Jesus calls "slaves of the world." Such men act according to desires. They gather power. They do not purify their hearts.

Love your enemies, said Jesus, again and again. And, therefore, he said to his disciples: "Resist not evil." Jesus asked them to renounce all violence. And Jesus pointed out that the laws of governments and states did not really reform the criminals. The laws only made them more criminal. He taught that there was only one way to eliminate evil,—return good for evil.

In his own beautiful life Jesus showed how we may give love to the sinner in our dealings with him. The sinner-woman is forgiven by Jesus and she washes his feet with tears. She is a changed person.

This love, of which Jesus speaks, is not a liking, a fancy, which is no better than attachment or *moha*. This love is self-abandon, self-renunciation. In this love there is abandon in self-giving. You give yourself to another in love for him. And when you really serve another in love, you shun publicity.

Jesus teaches avoidance of publicity. Do not seek the applause of men (1) when you pray to God, (2) when you do an act of mercy or serve, and (3) when you fast.

"And what is the purest of deeds?" they asked Jesus. And he said: "This to work for God and never wish any one to give praise for it."

[From *Little Lamps*]

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Sri Rama, followed by Sita and Lakshmana, enters Dandaka. The first to confront him is the demon Viradha. Sri Rama kills him. Liberated from his demonhood Viradha worships him. Then Sri Rama and party reach Sage Sarabhanga's ashrama.

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

SARABHANGA-MUKTI

शरभङ्गस्ततो दृष्ट्वा रामं सौमित्रिणा सह।
जायान्तं सीतया सार्धं सम्भ्रमादुत्थितः सुधीः॥
अभिगम्य सुसम्पूज्य विष्टरेषूपवेशयत्।
आतिथ्यमकरोत्तेषां कन्दमूलफलादिभिः॥

Seeing Rama arrive in the company of Lakshmana and Sita, the learned Sage Sarabhanga rose excitedly. Receiving them and honouring them properly, he worshipped them and seated them on proper seats. Then he fed them with bulbs, roots and fruits.

प्रीत्याह शरभङ्गोऽपि रामं भक्तपरायणम्।
बहुकालमिहैवासं तपसे कृतनिश्चयः॥
तव सन्दर्शनाकाङ्क्षी राम त्वं परमेश्वरः।
अद्य मत्तपसा सिद्धं यत्पुण्यं बहु विद्यते।
तत्सर्वं तव दास्यामि ततो मुक्तिं व्रजाम्यहम्॥

Feeling overwhelmed, Sarabhanga addressed Rama, the lover of his devotees: "Rama! For long have I been doing penance here intent upon seeing you. You are Lord Parameswara himself (omnipotent). I am surrendering all the *punyas* accumulated by my *tapas* at your feet and seek *moksha*."

समर्घ्य रामस्य महत्सुपुण्य–
फलं विरक्तः शरभङ्गयोगी।
चितिं समारोहयदप्रमेयं
रामं ससीतं सहसा प्रणम्य॥

Unmindful of the fruit of the enormous *punyas* earned by him, he dedicated them all to Rama and prostrating before the boundless Rama-Sita pair entered his own pyre.

ध्यायंश्चिरं राममशेषहृत्स्थं
दूर्वादलश्यामलमम्बुजाक्षम्।
चीराम्बरं स्निग्धजटाकलापं
सीतासहायं सहलक्ष्मणं तम्॥

For long did he contemplate in his heart on the omnipresent Rama—dark-green hued like *durva* grass, with lotus like eyes, clad in bark-

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clothes; with matted hair; in the company of Sita and Lakshmana.

को वा दयालः स्मृतकामधेनु-
रन्यो जगत्यां रघुनायकादहो!।
स्मृतो मया नित्यमनन्यभाजा
ज्ञात्वा स्मृतिं मे स्वयमेव यातः॥

Who else in this world, besides the Lord of Raghus, can be such prompt bestower of our wishes like the Kamadhenu? Knowing that I had unceasingly been contemplating on him, steadfastly, he deigned to come to me of his own accord!

पश्यत्विदानीं देवेशो रामो दाशरथिः प्रभुः।
दग्धवा स्वदेहं गच्छामि ब्रह्मलोकमकल्मषः॥

May Lord Rama, Lord of Devas and son of Dasaratha witness my self-immolation in the fire and reaching immaculate Brahma-loka.

अयोध्याधिपतिर्मेऽस्तु हृदये राघवः सदा।
यद्वामाङ्के स्थिता सीता मेघस्येव तडिल्लता॥

May the Lord of Ayodhya, Raghava, on whose left is seated Sita like a streak of lightning embedded in a cloud, eternally reside in my heart.

इति रामं चिरं ध्यात्वा दृष्ट्वा च पुरतः स्थितम्।
प्रज्वाल्य सहसा वह्निं दग्ध्वा पञ्चात्मकं वपुः॥
दिव्यदेहधरः साक्षात् ययौ लोकपतेः पदम्॥

Having contemplated thus for long on Rama seated before him, Sage Sarabhanga kindled the fire and quickly set fire to his own body composed of the five elements (earth, water, etc.,) Emerging from it in a divine body, he attained Brahmaloka.

RAMAYANA— THE MILKY OCEAN

वाल्मीकिस्मृतिमन्दरेण मथितः सीता
रमासम्भवः
सुग्रीवामरभूरुहोऽङ्गदगजस्सौमित्रि-
चन्द्रोदयः।
वातोत्पन्नमणिर्विभीषणसुधः पौल-
स्त्यहालाहलं
श्रीरामायणदुग्धसिन्धुरमलो पाया-
त्सनः श्रेयसे॥

May the milky ocean of the Ramayana bless us—the ocean which was churned by the rod of the memory of Valmiki and which as a result of the churning brought forth Lakshmi in the form of Sita, the Kalpa-taru in the person of Sugriva, Angada as the elephant, Lakshmana as the rising moon, Hanuman as Chitamani, Vibhishana as the nectar and which yielded the poison in the shape of Ravana.

RAMA THE KALPATARU

ब्रह्मासृतानन्दफलप्रदायिनं
वेदान्तविज्ञानसुगन्धपुष्पितम्।
सीताशुभाङ्गाञ्चितबाहुशालिनं
श्रीरामकल्पद्रुममाश्रयामः॥

Let us take shelter at the feet of Rama the Kalpataru that gives us the nectarine fruit of knowledge of Brahman; whose fragrant flowers constitute the high knowledge of Vedanta; and whose boughs constitute the hands embracing the auspicous Sita.

—Ramakarnamrita

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11

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

REFERRING to the statement in the *Chandogyopanishad*, 5th Adhyaya, 3rd Khanda:

पञ्चम्यां आहुतौ आपः पुरुषवचसो भवति

Sri Neelakanta in his commentary explains that in the fifth आहुति or sacrificial offering, आपः or the element water becomes a Purusha or man. Hence he says that the word जल here, according to the Upanishadic interpretation, denotes the phenomenal existence consisting of the individual and universe 'Pinda-Brahmanda.'

Philosophically it denotes the Jiva. The word Akasa is taken, according to the interpretation in the *Brahmasutra*: आकाशस्तल्लिङ्गात् and the Upanishadic text:

सर्वाणि हवा इमानि भूतानि आकाशादेव समुत्पद्यन्ते आकाशं प्रत्यस्तंयन्ति

to denote the Brahma and not भूताकाश. Hence Neelakanta concludes that by stating that the जलं in question is Akasa, Yudhishthira is enunciating the well-known truth of Advaita, namely, oneness of the Jiva and Brahman, which is the knowledge that is attained by the meditation of the Mahavakya तत्त्वमसि adopting the principles illustrated by the sentence *Soyamdevadattah*.

In the next answer, गौरन्नं is interpreted by Neelakanta as referring to the senses deriving the meaning thus: गच्छतीति गौः इन्द्रियम्

By Anna is meant that which should be eaten. Therefore he takes it that the objects of the senses have to be entirely merged with the senses themselves, thereby destroying sense attraction altogether. By Prarthana is meant Kama or desire and that is considered to be विष or poison as it is the cause of the cycle of births and deaths.

कामएष क्रोध एष रजोगुण समुद्भवः ।
महाशनो महापाप्मा विद्धेचनमिह वैरिणम्॥
(*Bhagavad Gita III-37*)

The काम and क्रोध are considered in the *Gita* to be man's chief enemies and they should be conquered before one could attain the rea-

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lisation of Brahman and the cessation of samsara.

आवृतं ज्ञानमेतेन ज्ञानिनो नित्यवैरिणः ।
कामरूपेण कौन्तेय दुष्पूरेणानलेन च ॥

Know that काम and क्रोध born out of the रजोगण are the two enemies. They are great devourers and producers of sin.

The proper time for the performance of Sraaddha is when you get a suitable man, learned in the Vedas. It has been explained already that the efficacy of Sraaddha ceremony consists in the proper observance of ritual and the utterances of the *mantras* in the strict ordained manner. Only a man learned in the Vedas and having complete knowledge of the ceremony or ritual can officiate in it.

The next four questions put by the Yaksha are as follows:

तपः किं लक्षणं प्रोक्तं को दमश्च प्रकीर्तितः ।
क्षमा च का परा प्रोक्ता का च ह्रीः परिकीर्तिता ? ॥

What is spoken of as the characteristic of Tapas?

What is known as Dama or self-control?

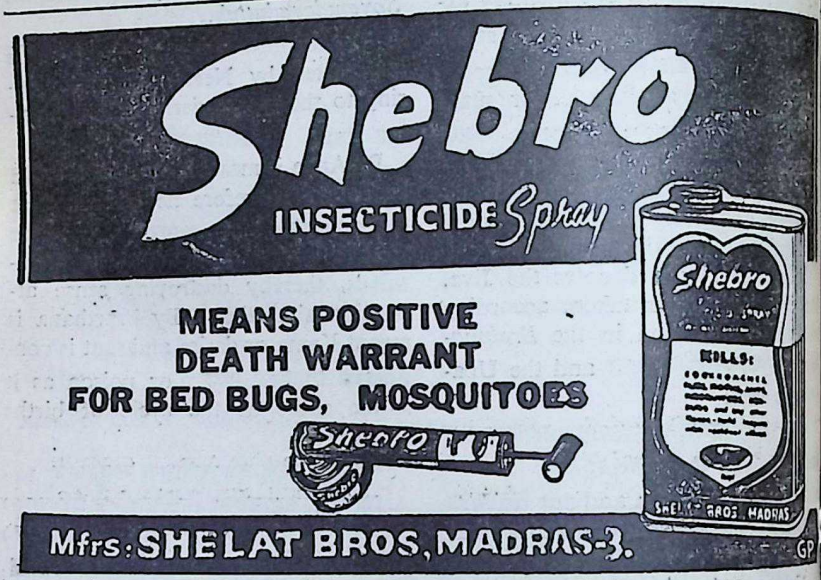
What is said to be the highest patience?

What is well-known as Hree or shame?

The answers of Dharmaputra are:

तपस्स्वधर्मवर्तित्वं मनसो दमनं दमः ।
क्षमा द्वन्द्वसहिष्णुत्वं ह्रीरकार्यनिवर्तनम् ॥

Tapas consists in the observance of one's own Dharma.



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The control of the mind is Dama. Patience is putting up with the dvandvas or the pairs of opposites. Shame is what restrains one from bad conduct.

The principle of Swadharma has been very well explained in the *Bhagavad Gita*. It is one of the cardinal principles of our Sanatana Dharma. Every person has his duties and suited to his status in society. The doctrine of the observance of the duties of Swadharma is greatly emphasised in the *Bhagavad Gita*:

स्वधर्मे निधनं श्रेयः परधर्मो भयावहः ।

If even one suffers destruction in his own Dharma, it is well for him, but the Dharma of another imports fear. That is why Lord Krishna says in the *Gita* that for the Kshatriya nothing is better than fighting in a virtuous battle.

धर्म्याद्धि युद्धात् श्रेयोऽन्यत् क्षत्रियस्य न विद्यते ॥

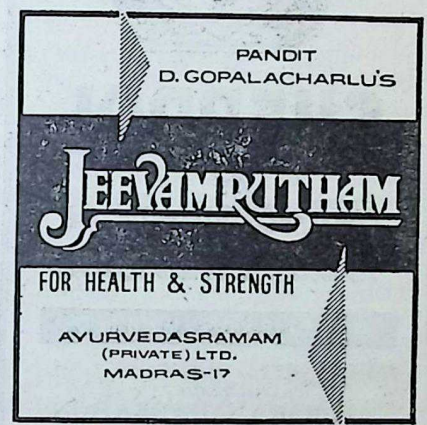
Adopting the same principle, Dharmaputra says that the observance of one's duty is Tapas. The control of the mind is emphasised as an absolutely essential qualification for the study of Vedanta and the pursuit of the knowledge of the Atman. यम, control of the mind, is differentiated from शम, which means शान्ति –cessation of all activities.

The pairs of opposites are शीत and उष्ण; सुख and दुःख; मान and अपमान The keeping of equilibrium unaffected either by cold or heat, happiness or sorrow, honour or disrespect is spoken of as *dvandvatitishnutva*. The *Bhagavad Gita* frequently emphasises the duty of persons to remain unaffected by these dvandvas. It refers to this in many contexts. In Adhyaya II-45 the Lord asks Arjuna to be निर्द्वन्द्व without being affected by the dvandvas.

निस्त्रैगुण्यो भवार्जुन ।
निर्द्वन्द्वो नित्यसत्वस्थः निर्योगक्षेम आत्मवान् ।

In the fifth Adhyaya, Sloka 3, निर्द्वन्द्वो हि महाबाहो सुखं बन्धात् प्रमुच्यते । Getting rid of the dvandvas, the person easily gets freed of his बन्ध or fetters. Again in VII-28 द्वन्द्वमोहनिर्मुक्ताः भजन्ते मां दृढव्रताः । Steadfast in their wills, they are devoted to me devoid of the delusion of the dvandvas. In XVth Adhyaya 5th Sloka also द्वन्द्वैर्विमुक्ताः सुखदुःखसंज्ञैः गच्छन्त्यमूढाः पदमव्ययं तत् ॥

The feeling of shame in doing a wrong successfully prevents a man from doing it. In the *Gita* ह्रीः



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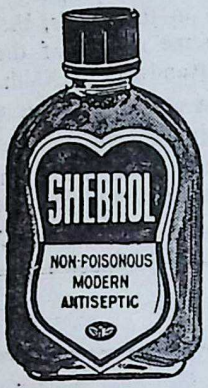

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shame is mentioned as one of the qualities constituting the दैवीसंपत् divine attributes; दया भूतेष्वलोलुप्त्वं मार्दवं ह्रीरचापलम् ।

The Yaksha further asks the following questions:

किं ज्ञानं प्रोच्यते राजन्, कः शमश्च प्रकीर्तितः ।
दया च का परा प्रोक्ता किं चार्जवमुदाहृतम् ॥
कः शत्रुर्दुर्जयः पुंसां कश्चव्याधिरनन्तकः ।
कीदृशश्च स्मृतः साधुः असाधुः कीदृशः स्मृतः ॥

What, O king, is said to be knowledge?

What is the highest compassion?

What is referred to as straightforwardness?

Who is the foe invincible to man?

What are the endless desires?

What is said to be goodness? and

What is said to be badness?

Dharmaputra replies as follows:

ज्ञानं तत्वार्थसंबोधः समाधिश्च प्रशान्तता ।
दया सर्वसुखैषित्वं आर्जवं समचित्तता ॥
क्रोधः सुदुर्जयः शत्रुः लोभो व्याधिरनन्तकः ।
सर्वभूतहितः साधुः असाधु र्निर्दयः स्मृतः ॥

Knowledge is the perception of the Truth.

Sama consists in the tranquillity of the mind.

Compassion consists in desiring happiness to all.

Straightforwardness is equality of mind towards all.

Anger is the most invincible foe.

Covetousness is the endless desire.

Goodness is seeking the welfare of all beings, and

Badness is absence of compassion.

[*To be continued*

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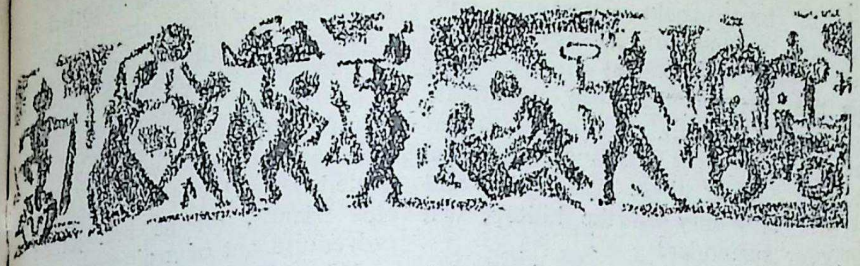

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

18. Balaram's Plough

JARASANDHA came. His principal allies, among them Damagosh, Rukmi, Anuvind, Dantavakra, Darad, came with him too—kings whom he was too astute to leave behind him. With them came select warriors from different kingdoms.

The adventure was in the nature of a gay hunting party, with the set purpose of killing the quarry. As the party pushed forward through the friendly and hospitable kingdoms of Usinara, Chedi and Vidarbha, the kings or princes of which had joined it, the evenings were spent in enjoying food and drink, in exhilarating boastful talk, and in burning incense to the delight of the Magadhan emperor.

It had been a triumphant march. Everywhere he was welcomed, honoured and his 'victory' shouted by the crowds. He knew for certain—had Shrigalava Vasudeva of Karvirpur had assured him in advance—that the two sons of Vasudeva had hid themselves on a solitary hill in the midst of a dense forest. It would be a child's play to capture them and set an example to all those who defied his power.

However, the journey from Vidarbha through jungle tracks and over high mountains proved a tiring one. It was difficult to replenish the stock of food and drink and the mountainous terrain made progress difficult. The patience of everyone of the princes, who formed the hunting party, was coming to an end. Some of them, between themselves, even began to question the wisdom of undergoing all this trouble to hunt out two young men who were living in an inaccessible forest, already lost to the world. But Jarasandha was unrelenting and they had to submit to his wishes.

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Jarasandha and his friends camped at the foot of the Gomantak Hill, hoping to complete the adventure in a couple of days. But the next day, as they studied the steep, unscalable slopes of the hill, their hopes turned to doubts. How long will the siege take? And if there was water and fruits in plenty on the hilltop, will it ever surrender?

Attempts were made to find out a way to climb the hill. One narrow, tortuous path, where barely two persons could climb abreast, wound itself to the top, crossing pointed rocks and fringing deep ravines. Some adventurous spirits decided to reconnoitre and began to climb the hill. They had barely gone a little way when those in the camp saw some men coming to the edge of the plateau at the top and pushing down boulders, which hurtled down on the path. The rocks rolled down, hit the climbers and carried them into the ravine below.

As things were, two men on the hill could defy a whole army for days, and there appeared quite a few hundred on the top.

For two more days Jarasandha held a council of war. His allies had lost their zest for an unrewarding hunt. They were tired by the arduous journey. The supply line to the camp from Karvirpur was far from easy. There was little chance of the hill being captured or a siege, however long, being successful.

Jarasandha saw that his friends had lost heart. But he did not want his enemies to escape. He told them of what the world would say if they ran away before two young men. He humoured, cajoled and exhorted them, even gave indirect threats. But the kings, who had joined him in the hunt, declined to risk an attack on the Hill.

Of all the members of the party, Damagosh, the King of Chedi, was the only one who was cool and collected. He enjoyed the discomfiture of his friends, for he had joined the adventure out of a different motive.

When he had been vanquished by Jarasandha, he had to accept the position of a subordinate ally. After he had entered into the alliance, the Emperor had come to his help on more than one occasion and saved him from disaster. However, he was clear-sighted enough to see how the growing power of Jarasandha was a menace not only to kings like him, but even to the whole way of Aryan life. When his ambition or success was involved the Emperor had no inhibitions. So one day, the King of Chedi feared, if fortune continued to favour him, he would try to smash the great kingdoms of Panchal and Hastinapur, subjugating the whole Aryavarta and leaving no hope of independence for any other king.

Inspired by this fear, Damagosh was always thinking of bringing some balance of power into existence which would impose a restraint upon Jarasandha. Then had come the death of Kamsa as the first blow to the uninterrupted growth of Magadhan hegemony. When Krishna and Balarama had risen to the leadership of Mathura, Damagosh had begun to entertain the hope that they might be able to establish a counter-balancing power.

Things, however, had proved otherwise. The two promising young men

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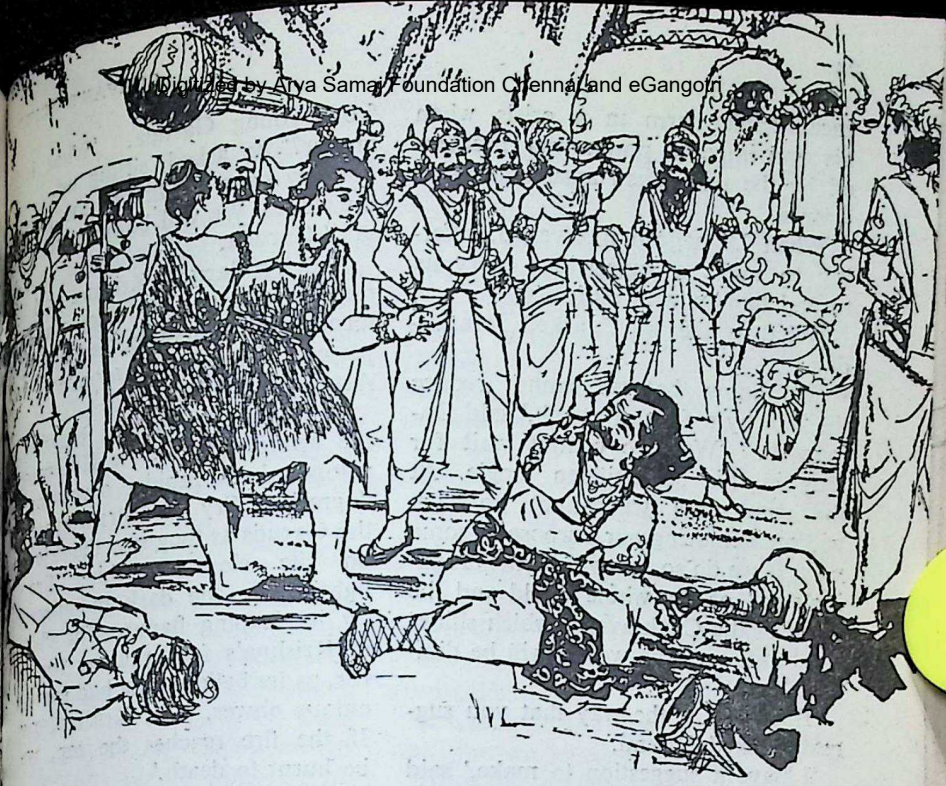

...ere now on the run, and his main ...ject in joining the hunt, apart from ...t incurring the displeasure of the ...peror, was to wait for some op...rtunity when he could save their ...s. The opportunity which he was ...iting for seemed to present itself ...w.

When everyone was at his wit's end, ...intervened by making a suggestion ...show a way out of the impasse.

Let us not give up our purpose, ...le kings. If we do so, we would ...pose ourselves to ridicule. The ...nour which our King of kings en...ys will be tarnished. We must find ...way out', he said.

Jarasandha had always looked up... Damagosh with suspicion. He ...ew that though in the past he had thrown the cloak of his protection over Chedi and often saved Damogosh from disaster, the loyalty the latter professed could not be taken at its face value. Chediraj was always correct in his behaviour ; his cleverness was unfathomable ; it was never possible to see the working of his mind. He, Jarasandha, had also sensed that as the husband of Vasudeva's sister, Damagosh had more than a lurking sympathy for Krishna and Balaram.

Jarasandha would have preferred to have his son, Shishupal, join this party. But Damagosh had readily agreed to join this adventure and there was no way to get rid of him without creating an open rift in the alliance. He was a highly-respected prince and his defection might cause

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incalculable harm in a crisis when his own imperial power was threatened by the unavenged assassination of Kamsa.

When Damagosh intervened, offering to make a suggestion, everyone turned to him with curiosity.

'What is the way?' asked Jarasandha.

'We know that we cannot reduce the Hill by a frontal attack,' said Damagosh. 'We also cannot wait for long in this beast-ridden jungle. At the same time we cannot go back without achieving our purpose in some way. If we do so, we will be the laughing-stock of the whole world and the fame of the Chakravarti, which shines bright all over the world, will be dimmed.'

'But what is the way that you suggest?' asked Rukmi.

'I have a suggestion to make,' said Damagosh. 'It is summer now. The slopes of the Hill right upto the top, are full of dry grass. Let us set fire to it tonight from all sides. By tomorrow, the forest on the top would have caught fire and destroyed everyone there. Then we could claim that we have secured our purpose and could return in triumph. And the V*aa*sudevas, even if they are not burnt to death, would never be able to show their face to the world.'

Jarasandha considered the suggestion for a while to discover whether there was any catch in it. The other kings saw a way out of their difficulties and promptly accepted the suggestion. Jarasandha had no choice but to agree.

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Krishna was awakened by a screech from young Garuda. 'What is the matter?' he asked, sitting up.

'They have set fire to the grass on the slopes. We will be burnt to death,' said Garuda.

Led by Garuda, Krishna and Balaram who had also woke up in the meanwhile, rushed to the edge of the plateau. They were soon joined by Arteya, the Chief.

A strong breeze was blowing and the approaches to the Hill were enveloped in a rapidly devouring conflagration. Cry of distress arose from the Garuds as they saw the dried grass on the slopes catching fire and lighting up the dark moonless night by its leaping flames. The chief fell at Krishna's feet, praying for mercy for, as he believed, he had some miraculous power. 'Oh, Krishna, save us. If the fire reaches the top, we will be burnt to death.'

'Come with me, all of you, men and women. Light your torches. Take whatever you have—clubs, maces, plough, whatever is handy. We will quench the fire. I will show you how,' said Krishna and added: 'Balarama, let us put on our armour and take up our arms.' As cool as ever, he was now issuing instructions in a voice of command. 'Vainateya, lead us to the path by which we reached the sea the other day.'

Led by young Garuda and Krishna all ran down the zigzag path in the rear leading to the sea, which, it being the moonless night of the month, was in roaring tide.

Krishna led them to what looked like two ridges but which ages ago were man-made dams. A little scraping uncovered the walls of unhe

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...es. Everyone, under Krishna's ...ction, applied himself to forcing ...breach in one of the dams.
At last a breach was made in the ...m and the sea rushed in. Then they ...d ran to the other side of the Hill. ...breach was made on the other dam ...o and the water rushed into the ...-like depression which surround... the Hill. Before the dam on either ... disappeared, Krishna and Bala... with the trained Garuda young... had crossed it.

● ● ●

...rasandha, his allies and their men ...e jubilant when the conflagration, ...h they had lighted, began to ...ad round the base of Gomantak. ...for a time they enjoyed the sight ...hares, deers, bears, rushing out of ...thickets for fear of approaching ...Then they dined heartily, for the ...day opened the prospect of an ...departure from this beast-infest... ...wood, and went to sleep.
...was past midnight when the hiss ...roar of rushing waters woke them ...They rubbed their eyes and look... ...helplessly as the base of the ...was being girdled from both sides ...rrents of sea water, quenching ...re. A panic seized them. No one ...a word, though all felt that the ...of Vasudeva, who was reputed ...possess miraculous powers, had ...this. Jarasandha's brow was ...ed. His enemy seemed to be a ...n.
...e morning star shone bright on ...orizon. Above the noise of the ...t, they heard what sounded like ...weird screeches of angry eagles. ...before they could realise what was happening, a giant form, wielding a mighty weapon looking like a plough and followed by lithe forms uttering terrific screeches, was upon them. Bowmen and servitors ran for their lives; chariots crashed under the heavy blows of the giant's plough. Horses, wildly neighing with fright, broke loose and galloped away into the forest.

Before Jarasandha and his friends could collect their arms, from the other side came the blows of a mace, deftly wielded by an expert hand, every blow crashing a skull. The screeches of eagles continued to be heard, now rising in fearful clamour, now trailing off into ghastly wails. And darkness was still over them all.

Jarasandha, his allies and his men were thrown in utter confusion.

When the eastern horizon was tinted by the rising dawn, the dazed kings and their men saw in their midst the giant Balaram, spreading terror and destruction with a plough.

And on a rock on the other side stood Krishna, now stringing a mighty bow. Every arrow sped from it with unerring precision and claimed its victim.

Rukmi, from a distance, recognised Krishna and pointed him out to his friends. 'There is Krishna. Let us go at him.' Anuvinda of Avanti took up his bow and arrow, and stepped in front of others. Prince Gonard got hold of his mace and made a dash for the rock on which Krishna stood.

Krishna handed his bow to young Garuda, who, with some of his companions, stood behind him, and took *Sudarshana Chakra* in his hand. The discus slipped from his agile finger.

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Whirling, it sped like a flash of lightning, slit the throat of Gonard; still revolving with unabated speed it returned to Krishna's hands. Those who saw this miraculous discus—for no one so far had seen it being used with such terrific effect—were stunned.

Anuvinda was stringing the arrow to his bow when Krishna spoke to him in a friendly voice. 'Anuvinda, we are brothers, both pupils of Guru Sandipani. We can't fight each other.' And again the discus sped, whirling on; circled over the head of Anuvinda and returned to Krishna's hand. The bow dropped from Anuvinda's nerveless hand.

Rukmi sprang forward, bow and arrow in hand, and took aim. The *chakra* flashed; the arrow, intercepted, fell in pieces.

'Go back, Kaishik's grandson,' said Krishna. And again snatching the mace from Garuda's hands, he jumped down from the rock and rushed at those who would attack him.

At that moment a conch sounded almost a few paces away from where Krishna stood. He heard the rich notes of *panchajanya*. His conch, it was there! And as the sun rose, Uddhava, with whom he had left it, was seen blowing it as he stood on the chariot of Damagosh, which was rooted immobile on the spot, the horses having bolted.

As the sun rose, the allied kings saw the weird-looking, walking eagles with flint arrows and hatchets rushing forward with wild screeches towards the bowmen and servitors of the party who were hiding behind trees and bushes.

Damagosh was watching the fray

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rom his chariot. Now that it was ght, he could see what a miracle e Vaasudeva brothers had worked. The bowmen, servitors and the foot- men had run away; the horses had ead. Krishna and Balaram were olding weapons of miraculous ower as never seen before. This as the chance which he had been aiting for. He jumped down from e chariot, gathered his Chedi war- ors and rushed between Rukmi and rishna, with joyous shouts of 'Jaya asudeva, Jaya Vaasudeva.' Ud- hava, with his weapon in hand, fol- wed Damagosh and stood by the de of Krishna.

On the other side, Balaram, intoxi- ated by his own valour, had dashed nto the very midst of Jarasandha's men. Nothing could withstand the ght of *Samvartak,* his terrible ough.

King Darad rushed forward with s mace, trying to hit Balaram on e side. Balaram turned round; *Sam- rtak* descended like a thunderbolt; rad lay on the ground, his head ashed.

Where are you, Jarasandha? I have me for you! Come on, Jarasandha,' e the stentorian voice of the giant. Everyone heard the challenge—so d Jarasandha. Among warriors of t rank, the etiquette of war was norable; once challenged the war- r of repute had to accept the chal- nge. Jarasandha took his heavy mace d came forward.

Balaram handed *Samvartak* to the ding Garuds, took his mace from m and attacked Jarasandha.

The two combatants were well tched. If one was tall, the other was sturdy. Furiously, the combat continued, all others surrounding them standing still to watch it. It would have been a disgrace if so re- nowned a warrior as Jarasandha was helped out by other warriors. And if he died, an empire would collapse.

Soon Jarasandha felt the terrific weight of the arms of his antagonist. The folly of such a stupid adventure as he had undertaken flashed on his mind. If he was killed by this young man, all his achievements and hopes would have shrunk into a ludicrous tale. He tried to look round for some escape. But before he could find a way, a shattering blow came from Ba- laram and his own mace fell away from his hand.

Suddenly *panchajanya* sounded the note of victory. The bystanders parted. Krishna, Damagosh and his men, with Uddhava at their head, sur- rounded the combatants. A hush fell on those standing there.

'Brother, stay your hand. His time has yet to come,' said Krishna, ar- resting Balaram's arm ready to bring down the mace on Jarasandha's head.

Jarasandha saw the threatening arm of Balaram arrested and stood awed as never before in his life. He had heard of Krishna, but had never seen him before. Now he felt the Pre- sence—the graceful body, the face of charm and dignity, the eyes flash- ing an irresistible smile of triumph, all enveloped in a halo of light—and shrunk away.

'Anuvind, take the Chakravarti in your chariot. He is not well,' said Krishna.

Jarasandha felt humiliated as never

(continued on page 33)

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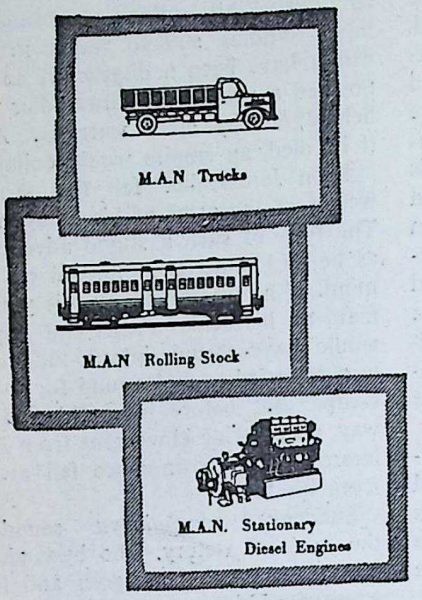

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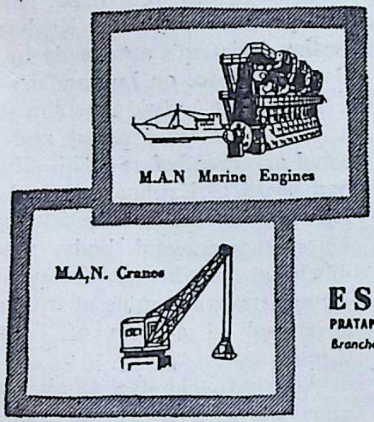

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....It is not merely innate intelligence nor flashes of intellect, it is solid work, unstinting work, that brings you success.....

What Life has Taught me

N. H. BHAGWATI

[Born in 1894, educated in Baroda and Bombay; sometime Professor, Government Law College, Bombay; formely Vice-Chancellor, University of Bombay, Judge, Bombay High Court and of the Supreme Court of India; and presently Vice-Chancellor, Banaras Hindu University.]

WHEN one looks back upon the events of a life extending over 65 years, one naturally skips over minor details and fixes his attention upon broad aspects, and when one is asked to record what life has taught him, one concentrates on a few salient features, leaving the others well alone.

Both during my student career and my professional career, I have found that hard work and industry are the essential prerequisites of success. It is not merely innate intelligence nor flashes of intellect, it is solid work, unstinting work, that brings you success. All persons are not endowed with first-rate intelligence. Intelligence is God-given but industry is one's own. With even second-rate intelligence combined with first-rate industry, one can put forward a result which mere first-rate intelligence cannot achieve. Genius is infinite capacity for taking pains and one can make up the deficiency in intelligence by putting in a lot of hard work. A person who is fortified by hard work and industry is far better equipped than one who merely relies upon his innate intelligence; whether one is a student or one is practising a profession, one who is best equipped in this manner has greater chances of success than the others.

The tendency which has of late developed amongst the students of confining their studies to the bare essentials for passing the examinations is much to be deprecated. The student period is the only one when one imbibes a lot of knowledge and infor-

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mation and that is the period when one is fresh, receptive and full of energy. There are vast opportunities of furnishing one's mind with the stores of knowledge which have been conserved in books and tomes. Whatever time is spent by the students in libraries acquiring knowledge from these storehouses is well-spent. One should not rest content with merely doing up the text books which have been prescribed for examinations but must utilize these storehouses of knowledge for acquiring all possible information on the subjects concerned. Even from the utilitarian point of obtaining marks in the examinations, one wonders why one should aim merely at obtaining pass marks and should not acquire as many marks as possible and thus obtain distinction in examinations. All this pays one in the end and in any event gives one a start in life and really helps in the future career.

More particularly so, when one is studying in order to qualify for the practice of a profession. The student period is the only period when one acquires the equipment for the professional career and that is the only period when one has time and opportunity for doing so. For once when you take a plunge into the active practice of the profession, you do not get enough time to study the principles with that zest and assiduity which are essential for acquisition of the same. No doubt there is normally a period of waiting in every profession which

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...I can say with confidence that success in my case was not due to inspiration; it was all due to perspiration .... The other lesson is work is worship.

can best be utilised in keeping oneself abreast of all the developments in the profession, but that is not sufficient to enable one to acquire the background and equipment for successful pursuit of the profession. The student period is therefore the period which should be properly utilised for the acquisition of all possible knowledge essential for success in the profession and one should concentrate all his energies towards achieving that end. This is not meant to convey that during the student period one should not cultivate extra-curricular activities such as sports, debates etc. but the emphasis is on the proper equipment for the profession and acquisition of all possible knowledge relevant thereto, keeping a proper balance between the curricular and extra-curricular interests and activities.

I have been asked very often, having been a fairly successful lawyer and a fairly successful Judge, what is the secret of success as a lawyer. I have been at pains to find out what the secret of my success has been; the only thing that I have been able to discover is that even though I was not endowed with first-rate intellect, I brought to bear upon all the work that I did what I might presume to call first-rate industry. No brief which came to me was not thoroughly studied, no case which came to me for disposal was not considered in all its aspects. No effort was spared to master all the details and work up all possible points which arose for consideration. The one thing which I can say with confidence is that success was not due to any inspiration, it was all due to perspiration. That is the one lesson I have learnt in my life.

The other is that work is worship: *"Laborare est orare"*

कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते माफलेषु कदाचन।

One should religiously and to the best of one's ability do all work which comes to him with conscience within and God overhead, without worrying about the result, leaving the fruition of one's efforts to the Lord Almighty. If one does his work with that spirit of *yoga*—योगः कर्मसु कौशलम्। one acquires real peace of mind and feels that he is but the instrument of the Almighty and is only working out the Divine Will. Efficiency in doing the work, putting forward one's best in whatever work he does, is of course the essential prerequisite, but once that is done, one should not be concerned with the result; one should not be elated with success; one should not be disappointed at failure; one should resign to the Will of the Almighty, make further efforts for the achievement of the goal without blaming any outside agency for the failure and without being dejected or disappointed at the result. One should acquire greater proficiency, plunge into the work with greater zest and ardour, and work out the Will of the Almighty with the same spirit of resignation.

As a necessary corollary of this, it follows that one should not expect

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anything. It is expectation or anticipation of the result that disappoints one when the desired end is not achieved. न मे कर्मफले स्पृहा। is the mental attitude which should be cultivated. If one does his work conscientiously, efficiently and to the best of his capacity and does not expect anything or anticipate the result, one acquires complete peace of mind and is not at all disappointed when one meets with failure. The same is the case all throughout in life. Advancement in life or achievement of distinction if it comes one's way, is no doubt welcome and highly to be desired. But if one sets his heart on it and if circumstances so develop or events so transpire that one's legitimate expectations are not realised, one should not get disappointed. If one sets his heart on a particular thing and that does not come about, disappointment will be the only result; but if one does not expect anything or anticipate it, one is free from worries and anxieties, but retains his peace of mind, which is more than anything else. Throughout my life, I have never banked on anything, never expected anything, never anticipated anything. Success in the profession, elevation to the High Court Bench and even to the Supreme Court Bench and last but not the least the Vice-Chancellorship of the Banaras Hindu University which I at present enjoy were not planned or expected or anticipated. My only aim in life was to do whatever work came across my path with efficiency, uprightness and to the best of my ability. Whatever success or recognition came in the wake of the same was by the Will of the Almighty and Divine grace and not by any supplication to any human being. I have always considered myself to be but the humble instrument of the Divine Will and I dedicate all my success and achievements humbly at His feet.

The last thing which I would advert to in this context is the ingratitude of human beings. It is a sore topic and I hope I am not guilty of any generalisation which is not warranted. To my utter regret, I have found this trait viz. want of gratitude very much prevalent, so much so that one is almost inclined to be a misanthrope. Are human beings incapable of any sense of gratitude? You do everything for the advancement of another human being, but a time may come when you are not able to do something for him; he then flares up, entertains a feeling of hostility towards you and all that you have done for him in the past is washed out. He becomes the greatest critic of yours and even wants to do some injury to you which you may not at all deserve, much less at his hands. But unfortunately such occurrences are very frequent in this world and set you wondering whether there is anything like gratitude in human beings. On a higher plane, man is more often than not ungrateful to his own Creator, but we shall leave that alone. On the material plane, one feels considerably when such manifestations of ingratitude do take place. Even so, if one follows what I have stated above, i.e. one should not expect anything, that principle can and does embrace within its ken the non-expectation of even gratitude from

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One should not expect anything from any human being, even by way of a good turn, for whatever good one may have done for him.

human beings for whatever good you may have done to them. In my own way, I have during my life tried to oblige persons, do good to them, but as fate would have it, have had a return from them of sheer ingratitude, a thing which I would have least expected from them. That, however, has taught me one great lesson of my life, that one should not expect anything from any human being, even by way of a good turn for whatever one may have done for him. It is very good to say: 'One good turn deserves another,' but in actual practice, one rarely finds that feeling of gratitude exhibited in human beings. This does not mean that you should forget your essential duty of doing good to others. The only thing to be noted is that even if you do that, you should do that without expecting any gratitude, any recognition from them and should not be surprised if you get in return a manifestation even of the greatest ingratitude from them. If man becomes ungrateful even to his own Creator, who are you to deserve any gratitude from him? He acts only in accordance with his true nature; what you should do towards him, your path of duty should not be deflected by how he would behave towards you; you must revert to your own nature, be good, do good, irrespective of what the object of your goodness would do unto you. Doing good to your fellow beings is your religion, your duty and you should discharge it without expecting any return or recognition for the same. This is true in all walks of life, whether domestic, social or any other. The innate goodness of a man should not cease to be manifested because of the ingratitude of human beings.

There are many more things which I could write about, but I believe this is enough.

I have pointed out the main lessons life has taught me and I would to God that He may guide my destinies in the way He thinks best, never forgetting me and never forsaking me in any times of need and that I may continue to deserve well of Him and be His humble devotee and servant that I have tried to be so far.

KRISHNAVATARA—(*Contd.*)

fore. He, the great conqueror, was en the gift of his life by this young herd whom he hated most. A ry raged in his heart. But he felt potent. He hurriedly climbed Anud's chariot; some straying horses e caught and yoked to the chariot, and the emperor was rapidly borne away.

And young Garuda, in wild ecstasy, let out a screech so full of triumph that it echoed from the slopes of Gomantak.

[*To be continued*]

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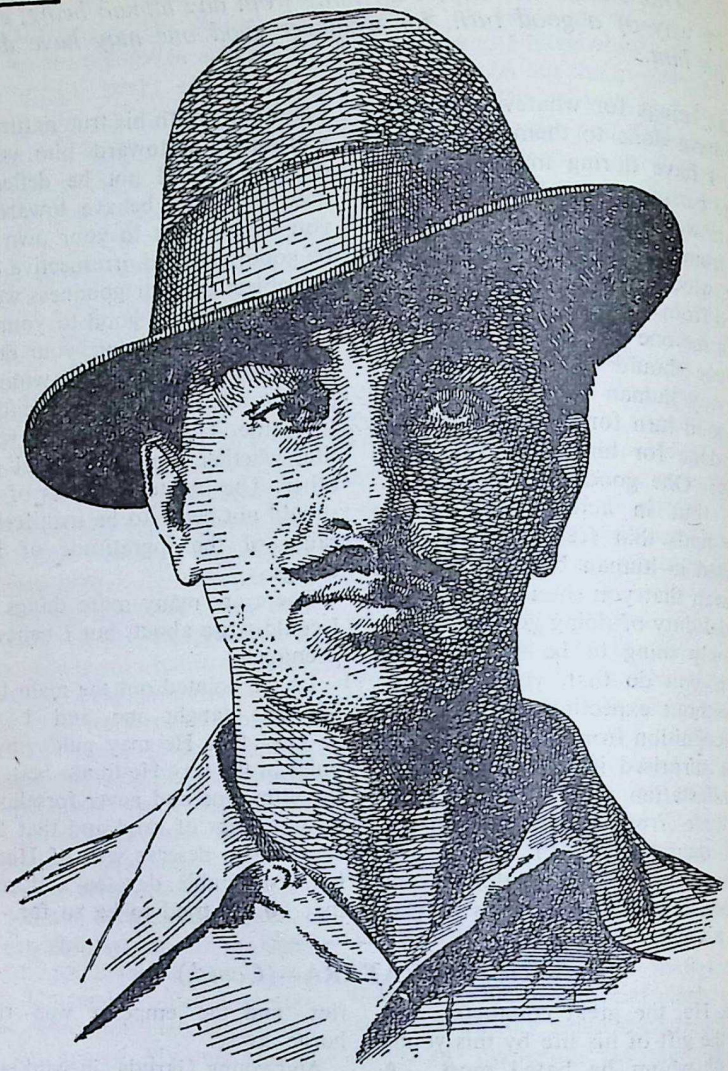
Homage



[Bhagat Singh, b. 1909; d. March 23, 1931]

....In Bhagat Singh, self-sacrifice and bravery had passed the upper limits....The lesson which we should learn from Bhagat Singh is to die in a manly and bold manner so that the country may live.

—Jawaharlal Nehru

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The Youthful Science of HYPNOTISM

Dr. George Fernandes

"RING-A-LING. Ring-a-ling." Suresh stirred in his bed, then reached out, flicked the bedside switch, quickly glanced at the electric wall-clock, then stared in amazement. It was 5 a.m.

For over half a decade, Suresh reluctantly woke every morning, only at the insistent ringing of the alarum-bell. The previous night, before going to bed, for the first time in five years, he had deliberately refrained from setting the morning alarm. And yet, at 5 a.m., this morning, at precisely the time he wished to wake, he heard the alarm go off, and was catapulted into consciousness.

No wonder he was amazed. But, though astonished, he was not bewildered. For only the previous evening, he had come to me for hypnotic planting of an "alarum" inside his subconsciousness. And the alarum had worked.

How did I do it?

Framed differently, your question reads: "What is hypnosis? How is able to produce such astounding re-

To answer these questions, I shall have to dispose of two fallacies: (1) Hypnosis is magic or occult. Like any other science hypnosis obeys laws which have been investigated, mastered and used. (2) Hypnosis is sleep or unconsciousness. Tests prove that it is, in fact, more related to the waking state. The knee-jerk reflex which is present in hypnosis and the waking state, is absent during sleep. Far from being unconscious, a hypnotised patient is aware of all that has occurred during trance and can frequently remember this on awakening. Essentially, hypnosis is an artificially-induced super-concentration in a state of extreme relaxation. In this state, whatever is suggested to the subconscious mind is immediately translated into fact, provided it is within the power of the brain and nervous system to accomplish it.

A technique of the greatest antiquity, hypnosis was used in ancient Egypt and in the "sleep temples" of ancient Greece. It gained a degree of notoriety not long ago through its use by stage magicians and as a party

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stunt. Sometimes, this "hypnosis for entertainment" has had disastrous results, bringing nervous and mental derangement in its wake. In the U.K., it was not long before Parliament itself was seized of the matter, and, to safeguard hypnosis from disrepute at the hands of stage magicians, and the public from irresponsible use of the technique, hypnosis was banned from the entertainment world of Great Britain by Act of Parliament.

Only recently has hypnosis gained respectability in medical circles. It was recognised as an orthodox part of medical treatment by the British Medical Association in 1955, and by the American Medical Association only in 1958. One of the youngest branches of medical science, it is also one of the most versatile of therapeutic factors, and reaches with equal facility the hidden depths of body and mind. It is a valuable adjunct to the other therapeutic measures in current use. It speeds up the cure of physical or mental illness, makes it more permanent, helps the patient regain confidence and is an assured means of rehabilitation. One of its greatest benefits springs from its ability to remove tensions and unwanted inhibitions and to instil courage and confidence.

Not long ago, there came to my clinic a science student whom we shall call Prabhakar. An intelligent young man, Prabhakar was nevertheless

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acutely nervous about his approaching examinations. He had been sent to me by his family doctor. To dispel the false notions the lad might have about the nature of hypnosis and its effects, I explained to him that hypnosis was essentially the placing of a picture in the sub-consciousness which the sub-consciousness immediately translates into fact; that it would not involve the domination of my will over his, but would merely re-orientate his imagination; that it wouldn't weaken his will, but would actually strengthen him mentally and emotionally by restoring his self-confidence. Prabhakar took three sessions from me. At the end of the third session, his nervousness disappeared, Prabhakar was buoyant and confident and eagerly awaiting the very examinations he had feared only a few days before.

What was the trouble with Prabhakar? The same thing that troubles the novice cyclist, the stutterer and the budding orator. The novice cyclist cannot swerve away from the lamp post. His mind is so centred on his fear of the collision that he cannot control the handle-bar. The stutterer cannot bring himself to talk smoothly. His mind is on the stutter he is trying to avoid, not on the ideas he is trying to express. The budding orator trembles nervously as he rises to speak. His mind is anticipating a critical audience, not concentrating on the message he has to deliver. What all these people have in common is this: They want desperately to do certain things, but they fear they can't. And in their effort to do so, they are pitting their imagination against their will, unaware that in any conflict between the two, no matter how strong the effort, the imagination always wins.

What these people need is a redirection of their imagination, and hypnosis, by suggesting positive desirable thoughts into minds made receptive by relaxation and concentration, is able to achieve just that.

Relieving nervous tensions and unwanted inhibitions is only one of the benefits hypnosis can give. For instance, this new science of the subconscious can go much further than the confines of the human mind. It is able to affect and heal even physical man.

Recently I demonstrated before a doctor-patient the ability of hypnosis to anaesthetise, that is, to make the human body or any part of it insensible to pain. Told while in trance that he feels no pain, a hypnotised subject can be pricked, cut or burnt —in absolute comfort! This fact is increasingly being used in Western countries in surgery, dentistry and obstetrics.

Particularly valuable is its use in obstetrics. Most mothers would like to be aware of the birth of their children. Under hypnosis, this awareness can be freed from the fear, anxiety and pain that normally accompany it. Many medical authorities agree that this comfortable awareness is not only a pleasant sensation: it strengthens the bond of affinity between mother and child.

My doctor-subject plans to use hypnosis on fearful patients to anaesthetise them prior to injections! He

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could also use it for patients needing surgery.

The only drawback of hypnosis in major surgery is that people vary in their ability to "go under." Not everyone can be hypnotised to the required depth of trance, and some cannot be hypnotised at all.

Surprisingly, even doctors are often unaware of the amazing versatility of this therapy. Many of them don't know, for instance, that besides abolishing pain and dread, hypnosis is also a great power making for health and vitality of body and mind. With only a mild degree of trance repeated through several sessions, it can cure not only mental states ilke neurasthenia, anxiety, hysteria, depression, irrational fears, emotional instability and so on; it is also able to cure or alleviate such physical ailments as insomnia, sexual difficulties, impotence, bed-wetting, stammering, blushing, and even duodenal ulcer, blood-pressure, asthma, migraine, cardiospasms, rheumatoid arthritis, skin diseases, etc. In every case of physical illness, hypnosis can be a valuable adjunct to ordinary medical methods.

What my doctor-patient wanted to know after listening carefully to my explanations, was this: How is hypnosis able to achieve so much? The answer is simple: because it operates through the sub-conscious, i.e., through the brain and nervous system, and between them the brain and nervous system are able to affect every physical and mental state.

Because hypnosis is able to do so much for suffering humanity, it is regrettable that misconceptions about the subject still prevail. For instance, there is a notion that hypnosis makes the subject unduly susceptible, an easy prey for evil-minded hypnotists, that it can cause even mental or emotional derangement. The fact is it may, if practised by irresponsible amateurs or theatrical stage magicians. In the hands of a qualified and responsible medical man it will do neither. Rather, by giving the subject increased self-mastery, it will render him able even to resist hypnosis should he desire to do so.

Hypnosis in itself is neither enfeebling nor a sign indicating a feeble mind. For, the ability to be hypnotised is intimately related to the intelligence of the subject. The more intelligent the subject, the better he can co-operate, the more easily is

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hypnotised. Very young children, idiots and insane people are virtually unhypnotisable. That is why I say that if I tell you, you can be easily hypnotised I am not insulting you: I am complimenting you.

Could hypnosis be used for immoral or criminal purposes? Practised by evil-minded persons, hypnosis could be misused to instigate immoral or criminal acts, *provided* the subject is already inclined in that direction. If the subject has a strong and clear moral sense, he will reject outright all wrongful suggestions. For instance, in trance, a respectable girl might be induced to remove her shoes. But let the operator go beyond that and she will either awake with a start, or simply refuse to carry out the command. The point to remember is this: that medically hypnosis is used to heal, not to harm, and you are as safe with the medical hypnotist as you are with the dentist, the anaesthetist, or the man who removes your appendix.

So much has been made of its dangers and limitations that I have stressed its benefits right through this article. Properly used, it has no dangers. Its only limitations are the limitations of the brain and nervous system, which control the whole bodily and mental economy.

So strong is the influence of the mind over bodily functions, that in a suitable subject a blister can be raised on the skin, by merely touching it with the finger, suggesting to the subject that it is a lighted cigarette butt. Properly used this influence can give you better health and organic co-ordination. It can clear away the emotional roots of physical illness and emotionally aggravating factors.

It can help you slim or put on weight. By toning up the nervous system or heightening the effects of drugs administered, it can help the body rid itself of even organic diseases. It can improve observation, memory, reasoning, imagination, powers of expression; give confidence, cheerfulness, enthusiasm; eliminate nervous tension. Adding strength to the will, it can help break habits of drink, smoking or sex perversion.

As yet hypnosis is only on the threshold of a grand and exciting future. As we launch into the age of sputniks and the marvels of space engineering, this science of the subconscious is destined to play a role of vital importance not only on earth, but in the high heavens as well. A round trip to Mars, for instance, would take about two or three years and would be fraught with technical hazards, physical difficulties and psychological strain. To overcome the problems of breathing, weightlessness, nervous strain, sleep, space sickness, boredom, etc., which space-travel might involve, would be impossible, feels Dr. Van Pelt, President of the British Society of Medical Hypnotists, without the aid of hypnosis. And so this youthful Science, yet ancient Art, now moves upwards to the stars. "It is," as Andrew Salter, one of the most eminent research workers in the field, says, "an instrument of the most fantastic power."

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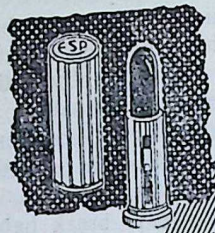

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"AHANKAR" OR THE EGO

SRI AUROBINDO

THE meaning of the word, "Ahankar", has become so distorted in our language that often a confusion arises when we try to explain the main principles of the Aryan Dharma.

Pride is only a particular effect of the *rajasic* ego, yet this is the meaning generally attributed to the word "Ahankar"; any talk on giving up "Ahankar" brings to the mind the idea of giving up pride or the *rajasic* ego.

In fact, any awareness of "I" is "Ahankar".

The awareness of "I" is created in the overmental Self (the Self of the higher mind) and in the play of the three principles of Nature, its three modes are revealed: the *sattwic* ego, the *rajasic* ego and the *tamasic* ego. The *sattwic* ego brings knowledge and happiness. "I am receiving knowledge, I am full of delight"—these feelings are actions of the *sattwic* ego.

The ego of the *sadhak*, the devotee, the man of knowledge, the disinterested worker is the *sattwic* ego which brings knowledge and delight.

The *rajasic* ego stands for action. "I am doing the work, I am winning, I am losing, I am making effort, the success in work is mine, the failure is mine, I am strong, I am fortunate, I am happy, I am unhappy"—all these feelings are predominantly *rajasic*, dynamic and generate desire.

The *tamasic* ego is full of ignorance and inertia. "I am wretched, I am helpless, I am lazy, incapable and good for nothing, I have no hope, I am sinking into the lower nature, my only salvation is to sink into the lower nature"—all these feelings are predominantly *tamasic* and produce inertia and obscurity.

Those afflicted with the *tamasic* ego have no pride though they have the ego in full measure but that ego has a downward movement and leads to death and extinction in the void of the Brahman.

Just as pride has ego, in the same way humility also has ego; just as strength has ego, in the same way weakness also has ego.

Those who have no pride because of their *tamasic* nature are mean, feeble and servile out of fear and des-

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pair. *Tamasic* humility, *tamasic* forgiveness, *tamasic* endurance have no value whatsoever and do not produce any good result.

Blessed indeed is he who perceiving Narayana everywhere is humble, tolerant and full of forgiveness. Delivered from all these impulsions coming from the ego, one who has gone beyond the spell of the three modes of Nature has neither pride nor humility. Satisfied with whatever feeling is given to his instrumental being of life and mind by the Universal Shakti of the Divine and free from all attachment, he enjoys invariable peace and felicity.

The *tamasic* ego must be avoided in every way. To destroy it completely by awakening the *rajasic* ego with the help of knowledge coming from "*sattwa*" is the first step towards progress.

Growth of knowledge, faith and devotion is the means of liberating oneself from the grip of the *rajasic* ego. A person predominantly *sattwic* does not say, "I am happy"; he says, "Happiness is flowing in my heart"; he does not say, "I am wise;" he says, "Knowledge is growing in me." He knows that this happiness and this knowledge do not belong to him but to the Mother of the Universe.

Yet when in all kinds of feelings there is a bondage to the enjoyment of delight, then the feeling of the man of knowledge or the devotee is still proceeding from the ego.

Simply by saying, "It is happening in me", one cannot abolish the ego. sense. Only the person who has gone beyond the modes of Nature has completely triumphed over the ego. He knows that the "jiva", the embodied being, is the witness and enjoyer, the Supreme is the giver of sanction, and that Nature is the master, and that there is no "I", all being a play in knowledge and ignorance of the Shakti of the sole Brahman without a second.

The sense of ego is only a feeling born of illusion in the nature established in the "jiva", the embodied being. In the final stage this feeling of egolessness merges into Sachchidananda, Existence-Consciousness-Bliss.

But having gone beyond the modes of Nature one who still stays in the divine play by the will of the Lord respects the separate existence of the Lord and the "jiva", the embodied being, and, considering himself a portion of the Divine in Nature, he accomplishes his work in the Lila, the divine play. This feeling cannot be called the ego. Even the Supreme has this feeling. There is no ignorance or attachment in Him, but His state of beatitude instead of being self-absorbed is turned towards the world.

One who possesses this consciousness is indeed a soul liberated in life. Liberation by dissolution can be gained only after the fall of the body. The state of liberation in life can be realised in the body itself.

[*Translated by Niranjan from the Bengali essay in "Dharma o Jatiyata."*]

The ego that has been burnt in the fire of Knowledge cannot injure anybody. It is an ego only in name. —Paramahamsa

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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

874

Sri K. S. Boliya, Bhilwara.

Q: *Supposing a man commits sins all through his life, I am told that if he remembers the name of God Sri Rama at the time of his death he is absolved of all sins. Can I take this literally?*

A: (1) When we confess our sins and ask to be forgiven, we purge ourselves of egotism and, therefore, become purer. Taking God's name and praying for His forgiveness therefore raise us spiritually.

(2) If, however, God's name is taken, without true repentance, without humility and in search of some benefit, it does not absolve the sins.

875

Sri Atluri Ranga Rao, Ghanpur, Warangal.

Q: *Bhishma knew very well that Pandavas were right. But he worked in the War on the side of Kauravas. Was it his* Swadharma*? When* Swadharma *conflicts with one's conscience, what has one to do?*

A: (1) For Bhishma's action see my reply to Question No. 853 in B.J. dated 25th December, 1960.

(2) Conscience is the faculty which prompts us to distinguish between right and wrong. But often what we call conscience, is an impulse. In such a case, *swadharma* should be preferred unless it is sinful or calculated to harm others.

(3) When we have trained ourselves to distinguish between impulse or self interest on the one hand and the voice of the conscience on the other what is dictated by the conscience is *swadharma.*

876

K. Ranganayakulu, Nellore-2.

Q: *Is there any special language called God's language? Can any one study it?*

A: God informs the whole creation. He speaks to each man in his own tongue and has no language exclusively His own. Some languages by their characteristic literary wealth lead us to God; but that is not the same as its being the exclusive language of God.

877

Dr. Syamsundar Sathpathy, Parikud, Puri.

Q: *I saw during the last Car Festival at Puri, the Car of Subhadra. Who is this Subhadra? Is her life story narrated in the* Bhagavata? *I ask this of you because the people at Puri were unable to explain it.*

A: What wonderful ignorance! Subhadra was Sri Krishna's younger sister who was married to Arjuna.

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878

Sri B. Babu Rao, Hyderabad.

Q: *I do not like to marry and I want to spend my whole life as a bachelor. Please let me know if it is a sin to spend our whole life as a bachelor?*

A: Human nature being what it is it is very difficult for a normally developed man to do without the joy which the company of a woman gives. It is a sin to remain a bachelor and flirt with other women or hanker after sex indulgence in imagination. Unless you are specially gifted with a natural aptitude for *vairagya* it is better to marry.

879

Sri Miganashi, Mercara.

Q: *All the Ministers say that our country is becoming rich. But invariably I end up with a minus balance at the end of the month. Why is it so? Why is the cost of living so abnormal?*

A: The country looks rich because the Government is pumping in enormous quantity of currency in the economy. This creates inflation and prices go up. In terms of real value, we are not better off.

880

Md. Yakub, Parvatipuram.

Q: *What is the difference between mind and conscience?*

A: (1) The function of the mind is to receive impressions, to think, to reason, and to come to conclusion. It is more or less a mental instrument, which does work for evil as well as good.

(2) Conscience is the faculty which judges between what is morally right and wrong and prompts you to do the right.

881

Sri K. Ramachandra Rao, Madras.

Q: *Einstein defined the relationship of energy and matter with the equation $E=MC^2$. Sages declared that the root of energy is thought only as thought in motion is action. If some future mathematical sage establishes the exact relationship between thought and energy, how happy the world would be! What is your valuable opinion?*

A: Mind, if properly trained, does release concentrated energy. In my view a time will come when thought-energy will be accepted by modern scientists as the subtler and more powerful form of energy.

882

Sri Bimal Nath Chowdhury, Silchar, Assam.

Q: *Do you believe in the theory that there is a 'nation in the making' in India?*

A: Not only a nation in the making, but a nation in being except that it is struggling against a few powerful anti-national forces.

"Which is the way to God?"

"When you vanished on the Way, then have you come to God!"

—Mahbat-i-Sadi.

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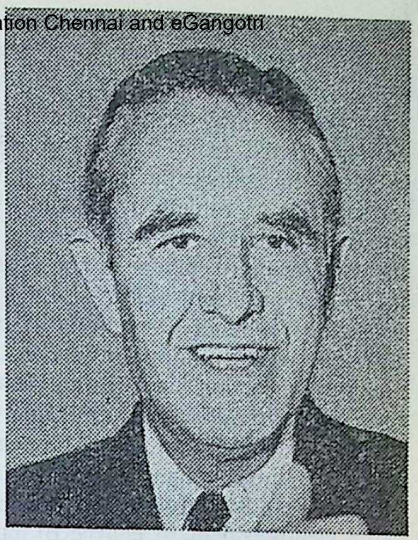
AVERELL HARRIMAN



IT can justifiably be said that Mr. Averell Harriman, the U.S. Ambassador-at-Large, who visited New Delhi last month is that man who had led the Second World War to victory; because, but for the efficient and successful administration of the 'Lend-Lease', the Allies would have been short-supplied to defeat.

And as 'Lend-Lease expeditor', Harriman bore the strenuous responsibilities of Front-Line Leadership of the War, travelling between Washington, London and Moscow; Quebec, Casablanca, Teheran and Yalta; speeding up the production and the transport of the sinews of war to front-line armies spread all over the Middle-East, Europe, Russia and Far East.

During the Second World War, there was no other front-rank statesman than Harriman who went to many a country and met and discussed with many a leader the life-line problems connected with the actual execution of the war, and as such his knowledge of the various problems of requirements confronting the post-war development-needs of the under-developed countries is so immense that in the Democratic administration, he has been rightly named Ambassador-at-Large by President John F. Kennedy.

And as Ambassador-at-Large, Mr. Harriman will be shouldering the tremendous responsibility of surveying the needs and prospects of implementing President Kennedy's Foreign Aid Programme. It is in this regard that his services will greatly contribute to the preservation of peace in the world through economic advance and development.

There is no doubt that Mr. Harriman is admirably suited to this stupendous task in the interest of the under-developed countries, because besides the rich experience of the war years, he has the background of a successful American businessman.

Averell Harriman was literally born with a silver spoon in his mouth as he is the son of Edward Harriman who amassed a large fortune as

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a railroad builder and financier. He was born on November 15, 1891.

After attending Groten School, he was graduated from Yale University in 1913. In college he first attracted attention as an athlete by making the varsity crew. Later he became one of the leading polo players in the country and a proficient skier.

During summer vacations from Yale, the young millionaire worked as a clerk and section hand in the Union Pacific Railroad yards at Omaha, Nebraska. Upon graduation, he again went for this company founded by his father and the following year became vice-president in charge of purchases and supplies.

Before the United States entered World War I, Harriman bought a small shipyard in which he built the first partially prefabricated ships in the country. Out of this developed the Merchant Shipping Corporation of which Harriman became chairman of the board. In 1920 the 29-year-old railroad and shipping magnate established W.A. Harriman and Company, a private bank.

Harriman became chairman of the Board of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1932 and during the ensuing years while other railroads were retrenching, spent millions of dollars introducing streamlined aluminium cars, low-priced diner meals, and staffed with trained nurse-stewardesses. In 1936 he investigated the possibilities of establishing a winter resort on Idaho Valley land owned by the roalroad. The result is the famed Sun Valley playground.

Previously a Republican, Harriman joined the Democratic Party in 1927. His formal entry into public service was during the first year of President Franklin Roosevelt's first administration when Harriman was appointed state administrator for the National Recovery Administration.

Harriman joined the Business Advisory Council of the U.S. Department of Commerce in 1933, eventually becoming its chairman from 1937 to 1940. The next year he was made chief of the raw materials branch of the Office of Production Management and introduced a speed-up system of armaments production that enabled American industry to reach a wartime footing.

President Roosevelt then appointed him "defence expeditor" in London shortly before passage of the Lend-Lease Act in March 1941. Gradually the orbit of his activities widened and he was shuttling to the Near East to make surveys for installation of American supply bases and to Russia to discuss Lend-Lease aid with the Soviet Union.

When Churchill and Roosevelt met on the Atlantic to frame the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms, Harriman won both the respect of the British leader and the affection of Roosevelt. He was an active participant in the meetings between Churchill, Roosevelt and other world leaders at Washington, Quebec and Casablanca, and also was present at the Big Three Conferences at Teheran and Yalta. When President Truman assumed office after Roosevelt's death, he drew upon Harriman's experience for his own meeting with Churchill and Stalin at Potsdam.

On October 1, 1945, Harriman was

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named Ambassador to the Soviet Union. He also served briefly as Ambassador to Great Britain before returning in September, 1946, to enter President Truman's Cabinet as Secretary of Commerce.

As Governor of New York from 1955 to 1958, he advocated increased state and federal contributions to education, including grants to local public schools and colleges; raising the salaries of state employees; enlarging the scope of social benefit laws; "substantial reduction" in personal income taxes, and extension of rent ceiling laws.

He has also urged the Federal Government to take steps to bolster farm income, raise the federal minimum wage from one dollar to $1.25 hourly to assist low-income families, and establish a national programme of health insurance. He frequently has publicly placed himself on record for measures to eradicate racial discrimination.

Like many Americans born to wealth, Harriman has always felt that material privileges impose a great obligation on the individual. Whether in business or in government service, he has tried to live up to his personal code: "That any man with money has a special responsibility to do something constructive in the world." It is this approach to life that has crowned every one of his actions with success.

The tall, rangy man, slightly stooped, with dark, gray-streaked hair, is regarded as a public servant who has always been dedicated to his job—studious, indefatigable, utterly honest and intelligent, hard-working executive.

Harriman is the father of two daughters by his first wife, the former Kitty Lanier Lawrence. In 1930 he was married to Mrs. Marie Norton Whitney. His hobbies are riding, skiing and swimming.

The following is a passage the for New English Bible published last month.

The Sermon on the Mount

"Our Father in heaven,
Thy name be hallowed;
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us the wrong we have done,
As we have forgiven those who have wronged us.
And do not bring us to the test,
But save us from the evil one."

For if you forgive others the wrongs they have done, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if you do not forgive others, then the wrongs you have don will not be forgiven by your Father.

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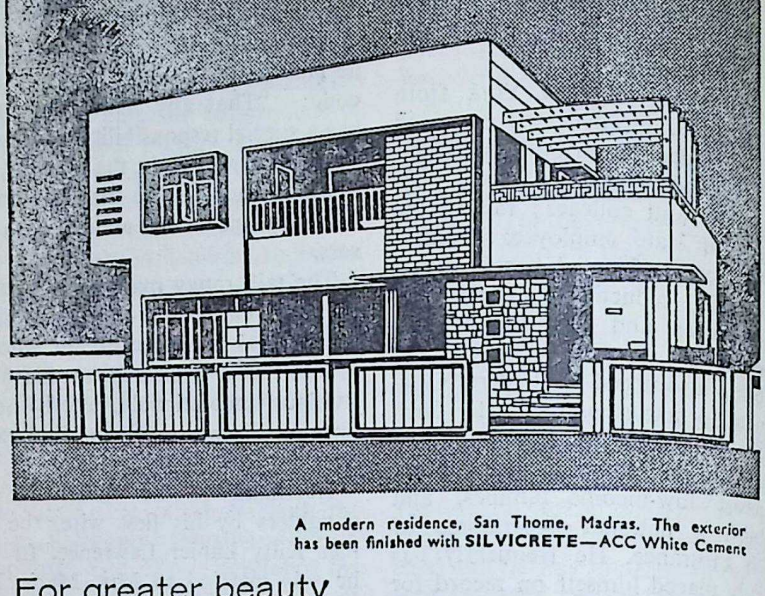

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...Yatra Visvam, bhavati eka nidam...

A Day At Shantiniketan

• SUDDHANANDA BHARATI •

WE went by the Gaya Mail to Bolpur and as we alighted, a messenger received us and motored straight to the Guest House. It was early dawn and the blossoms around were feasting the humming bees as they wafted in the gentle breeze, welcoming the sun.

We strolled here and there breathing the beauty of that Abode of Peace. Orphaned of the Poet's physical presence, yet the hand of a God-Father was visible in the ashram's life. Our beloved Premier Jawaharlal Nehru, as Chancellor of the Visva Bharati, is taking every care to keep the Tagore atmosphere alive in the Abode of Peace which has considerably widened its activities as a Central University.

The words of the Upanishad written in Bengali characters greet us at the very entrance to each department. The collective universal ideal of the Visva Bharati is summed up in the Vedic dictum *"yatra visvam, bhavati eka nidam"* which means "where the universe of beings gather in one nest of soul-consciousness". This magnificent ideal meets our eyes and also the ideals of peace, beauty and felicity—*shantam, sundaram, mangalam.*

We go to the Shanti Kala, where under the Saptaparna tree Maharshi Debendranath, the Poet's father, had sat in meditation. We feel the thrill of a calm presence when we read the Bengali words on the cement seat of Debendranath: *Tini amar praner aram, maner ananda, atmer shanti,* which means "this place has granted us serene ease for the life, bliss for the mind and peace for the soul." This was the nucleus of *Shantiniketan* conceived by the great Maharshi and fulfilled in his poetic dreams by his famous son.

The whole of Visva Bharati is indeed an artistic creation beaming a multi-coloured rapture of existence. Beauty, beauty everywhere, smiling with the glow of inner satisfaction—beauty in the flora, in the orchards, beauty in the lives of professors, boys and girls and even in the subtle rhythm of their walk and talk.

THE POET'S EDEN

The good guide takes us to Uttarayan where we see four buildings depicting the aesthetic rapture of the Poet's imagination. It fairly reminds us of the Silent Palace at Potsdam where Frederic and Voltaire lived together. Tagore himself was very fond of mud-walled homes and we see *"Shyamilin"*, the mud cottage where the Poet lived for a long time. Its

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paintings and decorations attract our eyes. We see there Tagore the painter, Tagore the sculptor, Tagore the artist.

Udichi and Punascha near it are cement buildings with decorative nuances and the towering mansion of Visva Bharati is the "Udayan" otherwise called Tagore Sadan which is a sight to see. In the drawing hall we see the Darbar of the universal poet, his high seat, chairs, quilts, sofas, the things he used, and crossing this is the high elevated silver chair of Debendranath.

This hall contains the collection of Tagore's works—his lyrics, dramas, novels, stories, essays, sketches, books containing his introduction etc., etc. We come to know here that the Poet was also a doctor of medicine, an actor, a dancer, a botanist, a student of natural science besides being a painter.

He has given a Pygmalion touch to everything handled by him. He was dead against ascetic bareness and he set life-values to everything he imagined. "My heart throbs to mingle with the heart of humanity—*Hridaye hamara krandan kare manava hridaye milite*", says the Poet.

There is a special almirah containing the editions and translations of the *Gitanjali* which brought him the Nobel Prize and world recognition. Tagore's autoscripts are also preserved there. One script says: "We give our heart to things and they reveal their hearts to us". Another says: "Thou hast brought the distant near and made a brother of the stranger". Still another says: "There are seekers of wisdom and seekers of wealth, but I seek Thy company so that I may sing."

Nearby there is a collection of famous letters written to Tagore. A card from Gandhiji says "Of course wherever I am, Shantiniketan is always in mind...Babu". The words of Nehruji are kept prominently. We wonder how one human brain can weave so many lines in verse and prose enriching universal life.

Our surprise increases as we go around the Poet's garden. It is really a pleasing poem of leaves, tendrils and flowers. The Poet by his botanical ecstasy has given new twistings to creepers, to mango and guava branches and has tried new methods of graftings and buddings and cross pollinations. The lotus pool in the centre is a memorial to his fanciful dreams of love and beauty.

●●●

There are so many Bhavans in Shantiniketan—Patha Bhavan which gives instruction up to the Xth class, Siksha Bhavan where students study up to the Inter-arts and sciences, Vidya Bhavan where graduates are trained, research scholars get diplomas and certificates; Sangeet Bhavan humming with music and jingling with dance; Kala Bhavan where students are trained in arts and artistic crafts. There are Hindi Bhavan and Cheena Bhavan teaching these languages. These are beautified by the murals and frescos of Nandalal and Abinindra and we feel as if we are in Ajanta or Ellora. There is an Agro-economic research centre too.

The Central University, as it is called now, is an excellent co-education

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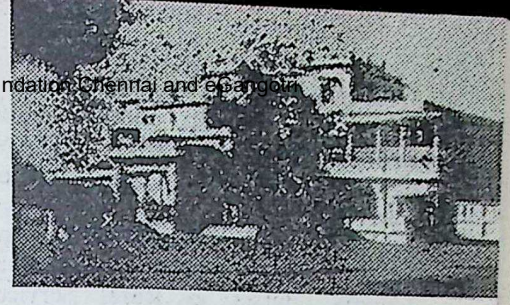
centre, building up the art of colour-ful life in the youth of the country. Co-education is a perfect success here. Though lady students have sepa-rate quarters, they study together and behave very decently with due de-corum and courtesy to each other. The morning classes begin at 8 a.m. with a mass prayer and silent medita-tion in the open. Every process of life is directed by a ding-dong Simharavam.... After a few seconds' silence, the Poet's songs are sung by the music students. And then they disperse for their classes.

The classes are held under shady mango trees where students sit in a circle in front of the teacher who also sits on the ground with them. Classes are held inside rooms during the rains. The painters are allowed the freedom of drawing any scenery in the Univer-sity campus. They go on with their work concentrating upon producing the best.

The Kala Bhavan is a veritable feast for the eyes. There we see the sym-bolic paintings of the Poet and the exquisite workmanship of the lady stu-dents and the attractive handiwork of the boys. Art plays an important part in the life of the students who had decorated even their quarters with beautiful clay models, sculptures and paintings. The Dandi Yatra of Mahatmaji has been painted on a wall and the painter has written under it "Awake, arise and stop not until you have reached the goal—*Uttishtata, Jagrata, Prapya Varan Nibhodata...*" We saw in the Kala Bhavan a student painting Krishna's smiling face and a lady painting a lotus opening at sun-rise. The teacher was never a task-master there, he was a close friend and brother. The object of education



Sri Niketan

is not stuffing the brain with infor-mation but drawing the obscure ker-nel of genius from the soul. We re-member Rousseauian Emile when we see the youthful genius budding natu-rally and opening to the light with the hue and fragrance of Nature.

The library of Shantiniketan con-tains a vast collection of useful volumes in all languages of the world. Tamil and Telugu, Malayalam and Kannada books are at a dingy corner where it is difficult to reach. English, French, German, Russian, Italian, Hindi and Bengali books are within easy reach and the card system can bring you any book easily. I was glad to see among them my treatise on Tagore and also in Tagore's own library, *Varakavi Tagore*.

The residential system, rather the Gurukula system, brings the teacher and the taught close together and there is sympathy and enthusiasm on both sides. There is no tendency to strike or create disturbance among the students who are amiable friends of the teacher. The University has yet to enlarge its science section but yet stu-dents learn elementary knowledge in physics and chemistry with the very limited number of apparatus at their disposal. English and Bengali media are kept here, and Hindi is duly en-couraged.

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SRINIKETAN

Now we turn to another grand creation of Tagore—SRINIKETAN. It has well organised departments of Rural Reconstruction, Social Education Organiser's Centre, Institute of Rural Higher Education which offers diploma courses in Rural Service, Agricultural Science, and National Extension Service and a Leprosy Control unit which treats and controls leprosy.

Seasonal festivities are a special feature of Shantiniketan. Sriniketan festival is a sight to see.

We see mural paintings and drawings on the floor. We hear thrilling songs dedicated to the PALLI JANANI, Village Mother. The paintings of Nandalal Bose give us a picture of Tagore blessing the cultivator and singing "Go back to the Soil which is the breast of the land, and life blossoms from the dust...."

The Rural festival begins by lighting an oil lamp placed in the centre of an ornamental circle with flowers smiling around it. Kamini greets the flamy Simoli which overlooks Malati smiling from the green bushes. The museum-hall in Sriniketan gives us all in a place, the work of fruitful art produced by the inmates, beautiful clay models, textile goods and ornamental wood work. All these are put to sale and they bring returns which turn smoothly the wheel of Sri, wealth, in this institute of art and artful life.

We see students going in groups for the rural service and they do their national duty cheerfully. Tagore in a speech defines the object of Sriniketan thus:

"The object of Sriniketan is to bring back life in its completeness into the villages, making them self-reliant and self-respectful, acquainted with the cultural traditions of their own country and competent to make an efficient use of modern resources for the physical, intellectual and economic condition."

"Our aim must be to give these few villages complete freedom, education for all, the winds of joy blowing across the village, music and recitations going on as in the old days."

The Poet gave the world a new pattern of life and kept his door open to all. The Visva Bharati is really a fulfilment of the Poet's famous prayer:

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of Truth,
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection,
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action;
Into that heaven of freedom, my father,
Let my country awake."

The life in Tagore's Visva Bharati is progressing towards this ideal, and its atmosphere opens the heart to the Poet's famous prayer; "Bring Light to my Heart, O Heart Dweller, and awaken the flames of beauty and purity in my life—

Antara mamo vikasita karo antara dare he
Nirmalo karo ujwala karo sundara karo he."

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BIRD MYTHS OF INDIA

M. V. Sridatta Sarma

VEDIC literature is replete with references connected with bird life. The life of the bird was closely knit together with that of the Vedic Aryans. Thus in the *Rigveda* the sage Gritsamada addresses the sweet-voiced Kapinjala (of tawny brown colour) to always warble with auspicious sounds or notes in all directions, in the south, the north, in front and at the back.

It was considered as a prognostic if a bird sang carol at the commencement of any undertaking. The Saluna bird is compared to the *udgatr* who sings the *saman* chant. The sky-lark (Bharadvaja) which sends its notes from high altitudes often becomes a subject of description to the poet.

We see in an episode of the *Mahabharata* that the *sakuntas* (blue jay) took care of the daughter of the sage Vishvamitra by the celestial damsel Menaka, when she was cast away in the solitary groves by her parents, from which incident she was known as Sakuntala. The pathetic sound of one of the herons (curlew) that was separated from its mate by the cruel act of a fowler touched the great seer Valmiki who in turn whispered on him a curse in numbers.

The Chakora or the Grecian phea-sant is described by Sanskrit poets as being fed on the moon-beams. The handsome she-pheasants drunk with the feed of moon-beams appear to be languid with passion, says the author of the *Viddhasalabhanjika.*

The Chataka is supposed to quench its thirst by rain drops only. The Alamkarika takes this subject for purposes of literary embellishment. This bird, it is said, does not partake of any water that falls on the ground. As at the fall of rains the Kadamba trees sprout with their blossoms, so also the Chataka birds attain satiation from thirst. In the science of poetics, it is described that this bird does not approach any one other than Indra, even for a drop of water. So, the rain-water trickling down from the sky serves as the merciful bounty of that Lord of rain.

The Baka or the Indian crane is regarded in Sanskrit literature as the example of a cheat or rogue. It is the very embodiment of a rogue or hypo-

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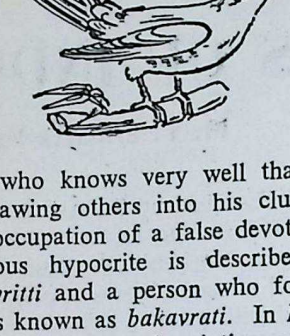

crite who knows very well that art of drawing others into his clutches. The occupation of a false devotee or religious hypocrite is described as *bakavritti* and a person who follows this is known as *bakavrati*. In *Manu Smriti* is given a description of this type of a pretender, who sits with his head lowered as though rapt in meditation, though always engaged by carrying out his selfish ends, by putting up false appearances and behaving in too polite a manner. It is common knowledge that this bird sits up with closed eyes on the sides of a water-pool waiting for its prey in the form of the fish or other acquatic creature, and when at the right opportunity, it snatches away its victim. A fiend by name Baka appeared before Krishna in the form of a crane when he was vanquished.

The cuckoo is the favourite bird of the poets. Though of the same colour and appearance as of the crow, it is recognised only in the spring when it coos. Rhetoricians take this as an example for a figure of speech (Viseshalamkara). The cuckoo has a special attainment in this respect when it produces a melodious note—the fifth of the Indian gamut corresponding to note *G* of the European staff notation (*Kokilo rauti panchamam*). By virtue of its sounding the *panchama* note it is known as Panchamasya. With the advent of the spring season, the cuckoo is generally seen associated with the mango-grove. The rhetorician takes a pretext in mocking at the crow (*Vyajaninda*), whose voice is hoarse, at the same time showering praises on the cuckoo when it sends forth its melodious note from the grove (*Kuvalayanada*).

The crow is generally treated as symbolical of a contemptible or base fellow. The word Kaka (which stands for a crow) is onometopoetic (derived from *ka u*). The crow has for its credit three maxims in literature. The first of these is known as *Kakakshigola-nyaya*. This bird is supposed to have one eye from which incident, it is styled *ekadrishti, ekaksha,* etc. As and when occasions arise, it can move the socket from one side into the other. This maxim is also applied to a word or phrase, which though used in a sentence, may if occasion requires, be used to indicate another meaning (*Anvaya*).

There is a story in the *Ramayana* according to which a fiend in the form of a crow (Kakasura) entered the hermitage of Rama during his peregrinations. Rama was relaxing on Sita's lap and was immersed in deep sleep. The crow-demon pecked on Sita's breasts and caused her injury. Rama was disturbed, being moistened by the drops of blood falling down from Sita's body. In rage, he directed his arrow on the crow which flew in the sky in all directions to escape. But, these efforts proved futile. At last, he was constrained to beg for pardon at the hands of Rama. In turn, the arrow

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impaired the sight of one of its eyes. This incident is usually alluded to as being the cause of the crow being one-eyed.

Now coming to the second maxim, any useless or unprofitable task (scheme) undertaken by one is described as *Kaka-danta-gaveshana* i.e. a search after or indulgence in counting the teeth of a crow. As it is impossible for a crow to possess teeth, the task undertaken is also useless. The maxim of the crow's teeth is generally applied for purposes of illustration of any useless endeavour.

A third maxim connected with the crow is the *Kakataliya nyaya* or the maxim of the crow and the palm fruit. In *Chandraloka* and *Kuvalayanada*, this is described thus: *"Tadetatkaka aleeyam avitarkita sambhava."* An unexpected event or happening which may either be favourable or unfavourable may occur any time serving as a chance or accident. This maxim has its origin from the story of a crow which sits on the branch of a palmyra tree. At the very moment it perches on the branch, a fruit falls on its head, so as to kill it thereby denoting a very unexpected occurrence (beyond one's control—or an act of God).

The crow's sitting upon the pinnacle is taken up as a stock example for purposes of identification of the unknown from the known. (*Kakopalakshitam devadattagrham*—The dwelling on which a crow sits belongs to Devadatta).

In the sixth *prakarana* of the *Vasishta Ramayana* is mentioned the infinitely long and healthy life that was led by a certain crow Kakabhusunda by a mastery of the vital airs as also the Kundalini energy. Vasishta approaches this bird perched on a Kalpa tree on the mount Kailas. The bird narrates the wonderful experiences of its life (in having witnessed eight births of Vasishta, a hundred of Vishnu, one thousand of Buddha, eleven of Rama and ten of Krishna).

The crow serves as the vehicle of Saturn in Indian Iconography.

An impecunious person or a grainless ear of corn is known as *Kakayava*.

The owl and the crow are adversaries and in *Panchatantra* is narrated the story of their fight with each other. It is believed that these birds live a very long life. In obsequial rites, offerings intended for the Manes are generaliy given to the crows.

In the Vanaparva of the *Mahabharata*, an owl which lived a very long life bears witness to the good deeds of a righteous king by name Indradyumna. The *Adbhutaramayana* contains an episode in which it is said that the vainglorious sage Narada was once curbed of his pride by Krishna, when he had to receive lessons in music from an aged owl!

It was believed that such birds like the owl, the kite and the osprey portended evil. A Vedic seer offers prayers to Indra to see that these are driven away from the surroundings.

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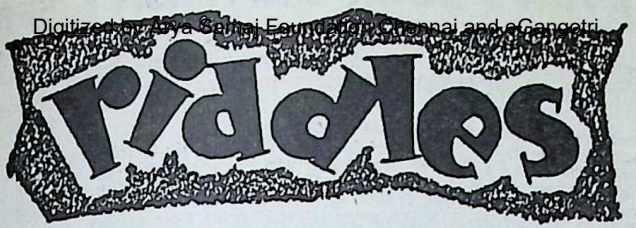

[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES IX

Smt. Yamuna V. Shenoy, Bombay.

1. *I have rivers without water,*
I have towns without people,
I have railways without tracks,
I have a border, but I am not a Sari.
Who am I?

★

Kumari Uma Appanna, Bikaner.

2. *I have two legs, but I am not a human being,*
I have a head and a mouth, but no eyes;
I take things in my mouth and grip them fast,
I am a friend of the housewife whom I aid and protect.
Who am I?

★

Sri S. Umachandran, Aravankadu, (Mysore).

3. *When people sit on me, I move and enjoy, but I am no vehicle.*
They use their legs to make me move, but I am not their slave;
I am always in the company of the young, though the aged too get fun out of me;
Yet I am lifeless.
Who am I?

★

Sri M. Rama Murthy, Bangalore.

4. *We live in cages, but we are not parrots,*
We are guarded, but we are not kings;
We judge the right, but we are not juries,
We photograph everything, but we are not cameras,
Without us life is vain and sorrowful.
Who are we?

RIDDLES—Answers to Series VIII

(1) Cloud (2) Forehead (3) Egg (4) Food.

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BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

CHAUPATTY ROAD, BOMBAY 7

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KAIWAR RAJA RAO

The Accused

[The story so far—Gopal, the accused in the case, a graduate, snatched the golden mangal-sutra from the neck of a respectable lady and tried to run away with it when he was caught hold of by some passers-by and taken to police custody. At the trial, Gopal defended himself and while admitting that he snatched away the mangal-sutra, *said that the lady had no right to wear it as it belonged not to her, but to her divorced husband.]*

[Continued from the last issue]

TANGAVELU: (*To the Constable*) Call the lady! (*He goes out*) I am glad that the accused has accepted the charges.

RADHA: (*Coming*) Oh! It is such an ordeal.

TANGAVELU: (*Getting her seated in a chair*) Yes, madam. More so for a respectable woman like you. But the criminals do not stop robbing ladies!

RADHA: Has the man there accepted your charges?

TANGAVELU: Yes, madam. He has accepted the charges of open robbery and hurt to an unknown lady, a respectable woman.

RADHA: I am glad.

TANGAVELU: Permit me to sum the case, Your Honour.

JUDGE: Yes, proceed.

TANGAVELU: This accused, by name Gopal, son of one Seshadri, aged 32 years, a graduate, stated to have tried earn his living as a teacher, business manager, agriculturist, liaison officer, etc., etc., but failed in every line due to his fantastic, peculiar, impracticable, idealistic views of life; even worked unashamedly as a coolie and sometimes begged also—driven to desparate circumstances laid his covetous criminal hands on the neck of Srimati Radha, daughter of Diwan Bahadur Raghavendra, unknown to him, and plucked the valuable gold-roped diamond-studded *mangal-sutra* of the lady, causing grievous hurt to that lady in the act and also wounding her sentiments by pulling out the symbol of her married life. Having been caught in that criminal act, he is produced in this Court and has accepted the above charges made by this respectable lady and peculiar as it is, has asked for the maximum punishment admissible under the law...

(*During the above speech made with a gusto, Radha is overpowered*

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with emotion, tries to speak, but cannot. Making efforts to suppress her emotions, she faints and is about to fall down from the chair).

TANGAVELU: (*Observing her*) Your Honour, the lady has fainted. (*There is commotion in the Court. The clerk gets some water, which is sprinkled on her face. The lady gradually recovers*).

TANGAVELU: Are you alright, madam?

RADHA: Yes, Yes. For heaven's sake, stop this trial. Please stop this trial.

TANGAVELU: (*Confused*) Why? What is the matter?

JUDGE: What does she say?

TANGAVELU: She requests that this trial be stopped.

JUDGE: Why? What are her reasons?

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TANGAVELU: Take it easy, madam. Please rest for a while. You will be alright.

RADHA: I am alright. Please stop this trial, I say.

TANGAVELU: Why, why madam? He has done enough harm to you. Such persons should not go unpunished.

RADHA: No, no. I now know who he is. (*Loudly*) He is my husband, my husband. He has every right to do anything to me... (*There is commotion in the Court. Noise increases*).

JUDGE: (*Tapping his table with the gravel*) Silence, Silence! (*Gradually the Court-room becomes silent*).

TANGAVELU: Calm yourself, madam. How can he be your husband? He looks like a criminal, a lunatic. He cannot be the husband of a cultured lady like you.

RADHA: No, no. He is my husband. He is a peculiar man, still a noble man. I did not understand his noble qualities. I was not a good wife to him. Please leave him. Free him.

JUDGE: This is very embarrassing.

TANGAVELU: What does the prisoner say?

GOPAL: I am not her husband now. I am only her divorced husband.

RADHA: No...I have not divorced him.

GOPAL: I sent my written consent for divorce. The Gramsevaka agreed to marry you and you ran away with him.

RADHA: Yes. But I soon realised that while you wanted all my love and affection but not a *paisa* of my wealth, he wanted all my wealth and possession and none of my love or affec-

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on. Fortunately I realised it before
was too late and dismissed him.

GOPAL: I am glad to hear that. I
new you would not be happy with
at flirt.

RADHA: Since then I have been
earching for you. I was unable to
ecognise you in your present dress
d appearance. I am very sorry to
et you here, in such embarrassing
rcumstances. (*To the Judge*) Free
n, free him. Let me take him.

JUDGE: I cannot allow that when
e case is going on.

RADHA: What shall I do? I with-
aw the case.

GOPAL: I do not want it to be with-
awn. I want to be punished.

JUDGE: What does the Public Pro-
cutor say?

TANGAVELU: No, Your Honour.
he case cannot be withdrawn by the
dy.

RADHA: (*Surprised*) What! Can I
t withdraw a complaint I have lodg-
?

TANGAVELU: No, madam. When
u have handed over the case to the
lice, it is for them to decide.

RADHA: I did not hand over the
e.

TANGAVELU: Yet, in the interest of
e general public, the Police have
en up the case and I will not allow
to be withdrawn.

RADHA: I say it is injustice.

JUDGE: Madam, calm yourself. The
lice always work for the welfare of
e community.

TANGAVELU: Thank you, Your
nour.

RADHA: But this is an affair between
sband and wife.

JUDGE: (*Ignoring her*) Proceed.

TANGAVELU: I repeat, that this person, Gopal, is now proved beyond doubt, according to the testimony of the lady here...

RADHA: (*Interrupting*) No! No!

TANGAVELU: (*Angrily*) Madam! If you do not control yourself, you will have to be sent out of the Court for obstructing the proceedings of this Court. You have given the testimony under oath and should not protest now. In fact, you will not be permitted. (*Radha sits down helpless. Mr. Tangavelu continues*) According to the testimony of the lady here, he has violated the personal security and safety of a respectable woman, protected by the Constitution of this country. He has committed the crime of open robbery and grievous hurt. His crime is all the more serious, since he is an educated man. He knows the consequence of such crimes and he is ex-

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pected to behave better in society. I therefore demand that he should be given the maximum sentence admissible under the law.

JUDGE: But is it not his first offence before this Court?

TANGAVELU: No, Your Honour. This is not his first offence. According to his own statement, he has deserted his wife, has been responsible for the loss of a heavy amount of his boss while he was a liaison officer and being an able-bodied person has resorted to begging—each one of which is punishable under law. Of course, those charges are not before this Court. But this is only to prove that he deserves maximum punishment. However, Your Honour cannot forget the sentimental value attached by a woman towards her *mangal-sutra* and the sanctity of the physical body of an Indian married woman, both of which have been violated by the accused at the dock, which amounts to molestation.

JUDGE: But she says she is his wife.

TANGAVELU: That is the crux of the problem, Your Honour. According to him she was divorced and consequently he has no right to touch her.

JUDGE: The fact is she is still his wife. Does this not mitigate the degree of offence?

TANGAVELU: No, Your Honour. The understanding at the time of the occurrence of the offence is the criterion for judging the seriousness of the offence. It is therefore proved that the prisoner has robbed and molested a woman in public. Such cases of bad behaviour among educated persons are on the increase. It is therefore necessary for awarding maximum punishment in these cases as a deterrent.

JUDGE: Has the prisoner anything more to say?

GOPAL: Till now I was not aware that I had committed any crime. The plain facts are: My child was separated from me when it was five months old. When I saw it after five years, I forgot myself and embraced and kissed the child. I then saw that Radha was wearing the *mangal-sutra* given by me in marriage. As I was under the impression that she had divorced me, I thought it was illegal for her to wear it still. So I pulled it and threw it away. This was simple reasoning. However that may be, I see that the Prosecutor is a very able man. After hearing the arguments of the Public Prosecutor I am inclined to think that I must have committed a serious crime. I deserve and demand maximum punishment, as he desires.

RADHA: (*Vehemently opposing*) No! No! I love him, I love him.

GOPAL: Madam, control yourself. You say you love me. If it is true, then try to help me. Tell this Court that I should be given the maximum punishment. I am determined to go to jail.

RADHA: Is sending you to jail love?

GOPAL: Yes, it is. To love is to make one happy. After becoming an accused it has struck me that I may be happier inside a jail than outside. No honest man can live under an administration where nepotism, bribery, corruption, casteism, etc., are rampant.

JUDGE: Our Constitution protects our citizens against such malpractices

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GOPAL: It is a farce, Your Honour. The Constitution is a book for foreigners to read and is ideal. But actually the Governments are interfering in every walk of life. The relationship between employer and employee, individual and society, even husband and wife are interfered with. They have even penetrated into the private lives of individuals. No honest person can lead a decent life under such administration.

JUDGE: You have reasons to be bitter. You have been a victim of circumstances and I really sympathise with you.

GOPAL: No, Your Honour, not a victim of circumstances but a victim of maladministration.

JUDGE: Let us leave it there. These matters are not the subjects to be discussed in this Court and are irrelevant to the case on hand.

RADHA: (*To the accused*) You are so idealistic. You have not yet learnt that this world is not for idealists. It is a tragedy that such noble persons like you are denied an honest living..

GOPAL: One cannot change one's nature. It is inborn.

RADHA: I am unable to answer you.

TANGAVELU: That is enough. The Court has already wasted enough time over a small case. You will allow the Honourable Judge to pronounce his judgment without disturbance.

JUDGE: The Public Prosecutor has already summed up the case correctly. If the prisoner had laid his hands on the lady knowing that she was his legal wife at that moment, there would have been no case before this Court. But, at the time of the occur-

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rence, the prisoner's understanding was that the lady had divorced him and consequently he was laying hands on a lady not related to him. This subtle difference proves the charges of theft and molestation. This makes him punishable under law. This is a Court of Law. But still, having regard to the tragic circumstances of the case and this being the first offence of the accused before this Court. I am inclined to be lenient and therefore sentence him to the minimum punishment of six months simple imprisonment.

(*Rises and goes to his chamber*).

GOPAL: (*Disappointed*) Is that all? (*Gopal's voice is drowned in the uproar in the Court. The Public Prosecutor is beaming with a triumphant smile. As the Court rises and as the prisoner is taken out of the dock, Radha falls at the feet of Gopal, crying. Gopal controls his emotions*).

RADHA: You are not my husband. You are my God. I will wait for you to return.

GOPAL: Madam, do not wait for me. I am now a jail-bird. Our breedings are different and ideologies different. Due to these disparities in ideals, moods and ways of life, we will not be happy and I cannot make you happy. The Hindu Code Bill has come in handy. Please therefore marry another suitable man and find happiness in life. After completing my sentence I do not want to see you. I shall thank you for leaving me alone. I thank you and wish you well.

RADHA: (*Crying*) No! No!

SHOBHA: I am sorry for you, Radha.... (*To Gopal*) Sri Gopal! I am really very sorry for you and am full of sympathy. It pains me to see that the life of such an honest person has been a tragedy.

GOPAL: Thank you, madam. Not only my life but the present world itself is a tragedy. We make laws to protect us and make us happy. But in actual life we realise that they only blind us and make our life a tragedy.

(*Gopal is escorted away. Radha is crying. Everyone is looking at her sympathetically. The curtain falls slowly*)

[Concluded]

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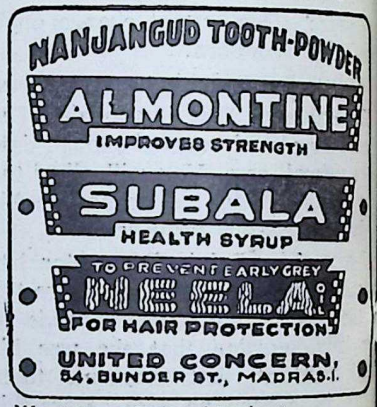

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Tapasvini

by K. M. Munshi

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

44. Gangoo's son, Krishna

DURLABHJI was at the Matheran Railway Station to receive Rajba and Raojibhai.

"How is my brother?" enquired Raj as soon as Durlabhji introduced himself.

"The doctor says that he has pneumonia," replied Durlabhji.

Rajba accompanied Durlabhji to the hotel and straightaway walked into Uday's room.

Kaviraj was sitting at a table in the verandah into which Uday's room opened. He was composing a poem; he had before him poetic lines which he had been inspired to compose during the night.

Early in the morning the poet had been told that Uday was lying seriously ill and that Sheela had left Matheran. In a mood of righteousness he felt that this was a condign punishment for a man of Uday's character, and did not go to enquire after his health. "It is but natural that such a wicked person should be a victim of divine wrath. If that were not so, how else could there prevail an atmosphere of righteousness in the world?" he thought.

As Kaviraj was engrossed in putting finishing touches to a verse he saw a young woman of 22 or 23, astonishingly beautiful, coming into the hotel and going across the verandah into Uday's room. He was certain that she was a Gujarati. Various poetic phrases came to his mind. "...a vision of grace and beauty... in majestic grace she walked and entered...a beautiful vision that materialized gently...a descending beauty from heaven..." The tired muse of Matamayur thus received fresh inspiration.

Rajba found Uday fast asleep. For a while she looked at him steadfastly. His eyes were swollen, his breath was uneven and fast, his lips were moving but could not articulate words distinctly.

"Brother," she said at last as she sat down on his bed and gently touched his forehead. Uday opened his eyes wide and with considerable effort succeeded in identifying her.

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Have you come?" he said in a feeble voice.

"Yes, brother, I have come. I, Raj," she said as she enveloped him in her arms.

"Really and truly!" he asked, trying to set his gaze on her.

"Yes, I have just arrived. Don't worry."

"Oh! Sister, I am most miserable." As he spoke, tears streamed down his eyes.

Durlabhji, the sensible man that he was, took himself away.

Raj, as she laid her palms on his cheeks, said: "Uday, God is great! He always helps those who are in distress. Nothing is going to happen to you. You see, I have come as quickly as I could. You had simply to think of me and I am here immediately."

For some time Uday was unable to stem the flow of his tears. Then imperceptibly he fell asleep.

Raj laid his head gently on to the pillow and straightened his bed. As she began to re-arrange the things that were lying in confusion on the bedside table, she saw the note that Sheela had left and also Mattamayur's article. She read them both and immediately understood what had happened. She went and stood in front of the window looking at the outside mountain for a little while.

A little later Durlabhji came to invite her to come to the dining hall for noonday meal. Uday was sleeping quietly, so she followed him. When she went down the steps of the dining room, a strange sight met her eyes. A storm was raging. Eighteen-year-old Gangoo was lying on the ground weeping bitterly. Durlabhji's wife, Kashi, was shouting at her at the top of her voice, while her son Narotam was standing brandishing a big stick at the poor girl. Kaviraj was

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also there, looking fierce, asking to turn the sinner out of the house.

Raj went straight towards Gangoo and took away the stick from Narotam's hand with quiet firmness. Kaviraj, Kashi and Narotam were taken aback by the vigour of Raj's intervention.

"Why do you want to help this miserable woman, sister? She fully deserves all that is meted out to her," remarked Kaviraj in a voice which he tried to make as gentle as his nature would allow him to. In the meantime Kashi had also got over her initial surprise and had resumed her abuse of Gangoo. Durlabhji intervened asking Gangoo to leave the hotel that very moment.

Raj ignored them all, sat down by the side of Gangoo and took her dust-covered head on to her lap. Gangoo made no attempt to get up from the ground to which she had been thrown by Narotam. She was afraid that if she got up she would be asked to leave the hotel forthwith. All the time she went on weeping bitterly, saying from time to time, "Where can I go?"

Raj smoothed her hair and enveloped her in her arms. This sympathetic action of Raj stimulated everyone to speak at the same time, each one saying the same thing in her or his characteristic way that the good name of the hotel was in danger; the only way to save it was to drive Gangoo away.

Raj sat imperturbably with her arm round Gangoo and asked her what the matter was. Gradually Gangoo overcame her fear and between hysterical sobs, told Raj her story of misfortune.

Gangoo's parents had died a year ago. Left an orphan she took a job as a maid-servant with a family. While living in the family she was seduced by the young son of the family. Her caste people were shocked when she, an unmarried girl, gave birth to a child. The caste *panchayat* in their indignation excommunicated her from the caste. For some time she went to live with her aunt who was living at some distance. When visitors began to flock to Matheran in October, Gangoo went out to look for a job and secured one with great difficulty. When asked about her family she replied that she was a widow and had no source of livelihood. "I have a little son which I will bring with me," she said. The lady of the house refused to employ a maid-servant with a child. "Her attention," she said "will be constantly diverted to the child and she would not do her work properly."

Gangoo pleaded with the lady to have pity on her. "My little son is very good and quiet. He never cries," said Gangoo. The lady of the house seeing that Gangoo was helpless allowed herself to be persuaded but as a business man's dutiful wife drove a hard bargain. Gangoo was to serve day and night. In return she would receive food and clothing, but no pay. As she had nowhere else to go, she accepted that job.

For ten days Gangoo worked hard at her new job. Unfortunately for her the gardener of the bungalow found out that she was an unmarried girl who had given birth to a child and an outcaste of her community. He informed his master and mistress wh

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were shocked at this news. They promptly turned her out from their house.

By this time the Parvatashram Hotel was filled to capacity by visitors who had begun to arrive for the holidays. Having left her child with her aunt, Gangoo applied for a job at the hotel. As there was scarcity of servants at the hotel, she was engaged on a salary of Rs. 5/- per month with food and clothing. Her duties were to clean the vessels, wash clothes and look after the needs of the women guests. She was allotted a small dark room at one end of the house near the store-room, to sleep.

After she got the job she brought her child at midnight and put it in a small trunk which her former mistress had given her. In order that the child may not fall inadvertantly, she kept the lid open with a string tied to a nail. During the day, now and again she would snatch a few moments from her work to go and feed the child. At night she would take him out of the trunk and sleep with him on her side.

With the tips that she got from the women guests of the hotel whom she had served and the Rs. 5 that Sheela had given her, she purchased a woollen frock and a tiny shawl for the little child and was immensely happy with her new possessions.

During the Diwali holidays the hotel was so crowded that no one paid any attention to Gangoo. But when the holidays were over and the visitors had left the hotel, someone noticed that she went frequently to her room. The curiosity of Durlabhji's servant, Narotam, was aroused and his suspicions were confirmed when he heard at night the cry of a child coming from Gangoo's room. Her secret was now discovered.

Durlabhji and his wife Kashi were shocked at Gangoo's behaviour. They felt that the reputation of the hotel would be ruined if it was discovered that they had employed a maid-servant who had an illegitimate child. No one of a respectable family would patronise the hotel again.

Durlabhji in his excitement mentioned the matter to Kaviraj, whose advice was stern: Drive Gangoo out of the hotel forthwith. Gangoo was in despair. She did not know what to do except to throw herself from the mountain-top.

As a possible alternative she threw herself at Kashi's feet crying "Where am I to go, where can I go?" Gangoo thought that Kashi being a woman and a mother would take pity on her. But she was a puritan, a devotee of Goddess Amba. She had no pity in her heart. She was only concerned with the awful crime Gangoo had committed. She had borne a child while still unmarried!

When Gangoo completed her narrative, Raj made her get up and asked her to show the boy to her. Durlabhji and Kashi were dumbfounded at the behaviour of such a respectable guest.

"What is this?" asked Mattamayur. But before he could say anything more Raj looked at him in such a way as if he had said something odd.

"I shall be happy to listen to whatever you have to say after I return" said Raj, as she left for Gangoo's room. She went there, picked up the [illegible] from the open

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trunk, removed the dirty rags with which it was covered and put on the frock and shawl which were lying in a corner of the room. Then she carried the baby to the dining room followed by Gangoo who was still sobbing, unable to understand what was happening.

"Durlabhji, bring me some milk" said Raj, in the most natural way possible. Durlabhji did not know whether he should comply with the request. He looked towards Kashi and towards Kaviraj and finally towards Raj, who showed clearly that she was waiting for him to bring the milk.

Kaviraj was overwhelmed with Raj's beauty. Beautiful women had always a great attraction for him and all those beautiful women had paid homage to him; he thought that this young woman would do the same. But the tables had been turned in this case. So overwhelmed was he by Raj's beauty and conduct that he could find nothing to say. Ultimately he summoned up a stern expression and asked: "What do you think you are doing?"

Raj looked at the poet with an expression so innocent as if to say how anyone could put such a question.

"What do you think mothers do when they look after their children?" Raj's voice was full of affection as if it was her own child that was concerned.

When Durlabhji brought the milk she started feeding the little one. For a while she turned to Gangoo and asked her to take the child into another room and feed it herself.

"Durlabhbhai, I want you to reserve the room next to mine for Gangoo and her child. They are my guests" she said.

"But Rajba Saheb, your guests!" exclaimed Durlabhji in complete bewilderment.

"Would you rather we went to another hotel?" asked Rajba sweetly. "If so we shall go to the Rugby Hotel after we have had our meals. But for the moment, please send dinner for me and Gangoo to our rooms. It is perhaps better that we dine there."

The atmosphere became quite tense. Raj walked towards her room with one of her hands on Gangoo's shoulder. Even Kaviraj could not find any words.

o o o

The rest of the day Raj sat by the side of Uday. Twice the doctor came to give injections so as to maintain his strength.

As she watched Uday breathing hard, Raj began to doubt whether Uday would get well. She stopped herself from being a prey to panic; she asked Gangoo to attend to Uday, had her bath and sat on the floor in *padmasana* (a yogic pose) and began to pray for Uday's life. Raj had complete faith in God. For months she had been training herself to achieve single-minded trust in Him. "He must live, Lord! You must save him" was Raj's refrain.

Slowly she closed her eyes, controlled her breath and concentrated on Uday. For a while in her mind's eye she saw Uday standing erect, laughing and cheerful. As she concentrated further the darkness before was illuminated by a green soothing light sometimes flashing across like light-

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ning, sometimes rippling like the waters of the lake. The light was transformed, it acquired radiance and completely hypnotised her. For a long time Raj remained in this state of meditation; she lost all count of time. Then she opened her eyes. The room was lit up by a soft light. She saw someone standing in front of her —a small dark figure in a yellow *pitambar*, a crown on his head, a flute on his radiant face. From the flute came forth the notes which filled her heart with delight as she had never experienced before. She became one with God.

Suddenly Raj became aware of her surroundings. There was darkness around her. The small figure which had radiated joy had disappeared but she could still hear the lingering notes of the flute.

Suddenly with her eyes open she saw an ancient sage standing in front of her. It disappeared as she fell prostrate on the ground to touch his feet. "Call Sheela," came a clear voice of command.

Raj felt that she had got the answer she had been seeking. God had told her what to do. She felt convinced that Uday would now live.

She returned to Uday's room and found him sleeping peacefully. She heard Gangoo's child crying in the next room. "Go and feed the child" she ordered "and then bring him to me."

Raj's heart was full of joy and confidence. As she stood by the bedside of Uday, Gangoo came and handed Krishna to her. The child had now been fed, given a bath and dressed in nice clothes. Raj took the child in her arms and went out into the verandah and began pacing it from one end to the other.

Kaviraj Mattamayur was torn by conflicting emotions. He was angry at Raj not paying him any attention. He was drawn to her and was anxious to add her to his numerous admirers. Seeing her walking up and down the verandah he approached her and tried to make conversation by enquiring with a smile how Uday was.

"He is better," replied Raj. "I hope he will soon get over his delirium."

Kaviraj saw the little child smiling at him and his poetic instincts were immediately stirred. He muttered under his breath a line. "It is not a smile, but half smile and half sunshine."

"I must say you are a wonderfully devoted nurse," the poet said, trying to make friends. "Your brother is a lucky one. Few men have the good fortune to have such a sister."

Raj did not reply but went on playing with the little child.

Kaviraj continued "Your are wrong to spoil Gangoo and her child in this manner. You are giving them too much importance, too much prestige."

For a minute Raj did not give any reply. Then she asked as if making a humble enquiry from a knowing person: "Prestige and importance. Where do they come from?"

"Prestige comes of good breeding, good manners and good morals. If we do not uphold prestige we go the way of disgrace and degeneration," replied Kaviraj.

"What do you think will happen if we do not take any notice of peo-

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ple who are in distress? Perhaps then we would have no need for compassion. Is not compassion intended for people in misery?" asked Raj.

Kaviraj was astonished at this reply. He had not expected such a thoughtful query.

"But how can we ignore sin?" the poet asked. "It must be condemned. How can we compromise with it?"

Raj kept quiet for a moment smiling at the little boy. Then suddenly she pointed at him and asked "Do you find a sinner in this boy?"

"He is the fruit of sin. If we accept him we would destroy the very foundation of Aryan culture."

Raj looked at the poet with an expression of surprise as if she had never heard such a remark. Turning to the child she asked the question "So you, little man, you are going to ruin Arya Dharma?" The child looked wide-eyed and innocently at Raj. Raj turned towards Kaviraj and said, "I am afraid I am not able to understand this. Indeed none of us three can understand you."

As Raj said nothing more, but just looked at him, the poet was forced to ask: "Which three people do you mean?"

"First of all myself" replied Raj. "I am of course ignorant. Then, this little boy Krishna."

"Who is the third?" enquired Kaviraj.

"Oh! the third? He is the founder of Aryan culture."

"The Founder of Aryan culture!" exclaimed Kaviraj somewhat excitedly. He thought that Raj was making fun of him.

"Yes," she said, "Lord Krishna Dwaipayan Vedavyas. When did the fisher girl, Matsyagandhi, marry his Rishi Parashar?"

Without waiting for a reply Raj quickly walked away to her room, tossing the little child from one arm to the other.

Kaviraj was very offended. He had never expected such conduct and such a retort. It had never struck him that the father of Aryan culture had been an illegitimate child.

He went into his room as was his habit, sat down to compose the rough draft of a poem. That very morning he had been inspired by this astonishingly beautiful woman. He had composed lines in which he had described her in terms of a goddess who had found her way to this earth. Now he found that the same young woman was responsible for his inability to compose a single line.

"Who was it?" he asked himself. "Who said that compassion was for those in misery? Was it Sri Krishna, Patanjali or Buddha? Why had she made a reference to Vedavyas, the Founder of Aryan culture?" The poet could not understand this young woman at all. Was she making fun of him? Was she trying to teach him a moral principle? Or, as he said to himself, was she only trying in her own humble way to clear the confusion in her own mind! After all, what sin had Gangoo's son committed? It was shocking, he thought, that she should have spoken of Matsyagandhi, the mother of Vedavyas and Gangoo in the same breath.

[*To be continued*]

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Rambha's Curse

FOOLS rush where angels fear to tread. This proverb had no better application than in our gambler who flogged the angels. Not content with what he had done, he walked home like a peacock to proclaim his achievements to Rambha.

It is easy to judge a person from the manner in which he starts a conversation. Like a fencer some beat about the bush before coming to the point which is only an index of their underestimation of the other man. But there are others who talk at point-black range with disastrous results. But halfwits and nitwits have their own ways.

Our gambler for instance chose a long ambit. As soon as he saw Rambha, he started laughing uproariously.

"What is the matter, lord?" asked she.

"Oh, nothing!"

"Are you all right?"

"Fine, much better than you are!"

"Thank God!" replied she feeling relieved.

"Rambha! I had my day."

"What do you mean?" asked she.

"Well, you remember those fellows in the Deva-loka who came to your help when you swooned?"

"Yes, what of them?" asked she feeling apprehensive.

"I met them down there."

"You did?"

"I beat them up!"

"What? You did so and for what?" asked she becoming nervous.

"They failed to salute me, your husband, when I accosted them at the river-bank."

"Good god! You have really upset the apple-cart. I am sure they will complain to Devendra who would assuredly take me to task and you too. May be, curse us!"

The gambler now became jittery and clinging to her, begged: "Rambha, hurry up to Indra, please, and try to save me from his anger!"

Rambha accordingly left for Deva-loka greatly agitated and stood before Indra bowing. On seeing her Indra who had already heard the complaint from the aggrieved party chastised her: "Not only did you think fit to live with a human, but made that chaff of a man beat my devas too! How dare you insult me thus? Take this curse!" roared he.

The aggrieved Devas, however, intervened and said: "Lord! Rambha is innocent. It is her husband who is wicked and is the culprit. Please be lenient on her!"

Indra relented and agreed to modify his curse which he pronounced as follows: "Rambha! You shall become an evil spirit and live in Bhooloka. Till such time as the present eleven

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tall towers of sacred Vishvanatha's temple at Kashi are pulled down and are reconstructed, you shall stay in that form!"

Submitting to the inevitable, Rambha requested Indra to stay that curse till she saw her husband and communicated this news. Indra agreed.

Running home Rambha related, amidst tears, to her gambler husband Indra's curse and said, "Lord! I shall soon become an evil spirit, but let me chalk out a way for our early reunion. After becoming an evil spirit, I shall "possess" the daughter of Kashi Raja. You come there and offer to de-possess the princess. I shall cooperate with you so as to convince the King of your ability. As a part of the treatment, prescribe to the King that all the eleven tall towers of the Vishvanatha temple be demolished and reconstructed. You will thus be aiding my early release and our reunion." Little do fools realise the consequences of their actions.

The king's favourite daughter was possessed by an evil spirit and as a result she behaved in such a way that she drew tears from all the people of the city. The royal parents wore their eyes out weeping. The princes tore her clothes, spat at people and jumped from balconies. The royal household became soaked in calamity.

The king widely made it known that whoever would de-posses his daughter of the evil-spirit could marry her.

A few who aspired to her hand without the requisite qualification learnt their mistake at an enormous cost.

When the gambler went to Kashi, therefore, the atmosphere was tense.

Walking into a hotel run by an old woman, he asked her "Mother! What is the news in this city? I am new to it."

"O, my son!" began the lady. "The latest news is that the King's daughter is mad. They say she is possessed by a devil. The King has offered to give her hand to whomsoever would cure her of her malady. Many a young man has come to do so; but failed miserably and the King is overwhelmed with sorrow!"

"Mother! In my early days I had travelled all over the country—from Malabar to Himalayas—and have sat at the feet of many sages who have taught me all the *mantras*. I have cured worse cases. Poor King!" said he.

The old woman smiled and asked: "Are you sure of what you are saying?"

"As sure as I am alive," replied he

"Look, my son! The King's order is to bring to him anyone who claims to have such knowledge, and failure to do so is punishable. Would you therefore accompany me to the King? If you have no objection, I shall call you my grandson. Now, come and have a wash and no one should go out on an empty stomach. Food will be ready in a few minutes." She went inside.

After providing a sumptuous food, the old woman took the gambler before the King. The latter who had of late seen a crop of pseudo *mantriks* was inclined to be sceptic. Asked he of his Minister *tete-a-tete*; "Doesn't

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he look a boor? Do you think he will have the stuff in him?"

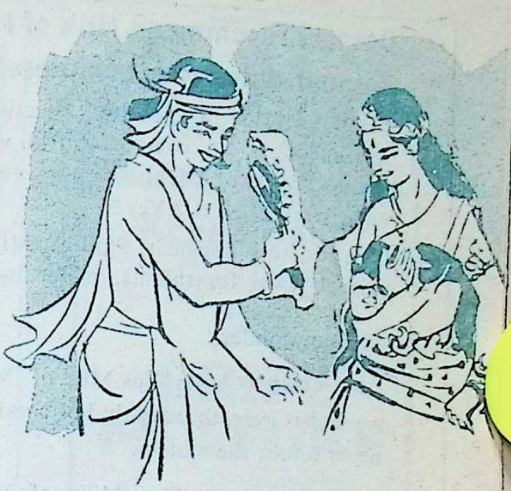
"Who knows Lord, which snake-pit contains the snake? Appearances are often deceptive. I believe there will be no harm in allowing him to try," replied the Minister.

The King asked the gambler: "You know that I have offered to give the hand of my daughter to whomsoever cures her of her madness. Now I add half my kingdom to it. But I would also postulate that, having offered to cure her, should you fail to do so, you must answer it with your head. Are you game?"

Normal people look before they leap but gamblers do after leaping. Consistent with the character of his tribe our hero promptly put his signature to the agreement incorporating the strange clauses and started operations with gusto.

Ordering for a complete outfit of magic paraphernalia, he lighted a massive oil lamp with a large wick, incanted imaginary spells and uttered incomprehensible words and invoked Rambha on the large flame in token whereof he called for a cackling spark which, to the astonishment of all assembled, it did give forth.

Convinced as the King became of the power of the gambler, he caused his daughter to be brought into the room. When she did, our hero took a handful of the sacred ash and uttering some formula threw it on her face. True to her promise, Rambha who "possessed" the princess, co-operated,



and the latter tamed. The gambler then ordered her to follow him to a nearby hill. On the way he made her carry a huge piece of rock. The royal retinue which followed the strange pair felt panicky lest the rock should descend on their heads. But emboldened by the presence of the *mantrik*, they followed them at a distance.

On reaching the foot of the hill, he asked the princess to deposit the rock on the ground. She did so meekly.

When the gambler showed her a mirror, the princess blushed at her appearance and ran for shelter behind a tree.

It was clear that she had become normal.

Thereafter the royal retinue took charge of her and led her to the palace.

[To be continued]

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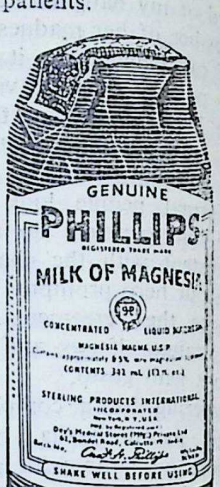

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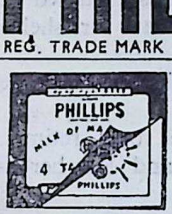

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News & Notes

EXPORT PRODUCTS EXHIBITION

ON the occasion of the ECAFE Conference held recently in Delhi, the Ministry of Commerce and Industry, Government of India, organised an Export Products Exhibition which was a very popular feature, as it gave to businessmen in the export-trade in our country a comprehensive idea of the products available for export and of the efforts being made by the Government for encouraging export promotion.

After the attainment of Independence by India the demand for Indian books throwing light on Indian culture, civilization and life has been on the increase and Bhavan's Book University and allied publications have been trying to meet this demand.

Above is the view of the Bhavan's Book Stall at the Exhibition.

SHASTRIYA SANSKRIT EXAMINATIONS

THE Shastriya Sanskrit Examinations conducted by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan will begin at the different centres spread all over the country on the 10th and end on the 15th of this month. The detailed time-table can be had either from the respective Pariksha Sampadak, Department of

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SWAMI PURUSHOTTAMANANDAJI

SRI SWAMI PURUSHOTTAMANANDAJI of Vasishta Guha (14 miles from Rishikesh) attained Maha Samadhi on the night of the last Maha Sivaratri.

Hailing from Travancore, Swamiji was of a religious bent of mind from an early age and he was influenced by Sri Ramakrishna Movement. He worked under Swami Nirmalananda of the Ramakrishna Mission for more than twelve years. Initiated by Swami Brahmananda in 1916, he became a Sannyasin in 1923 under the name Swami Purushottamanandaji.

In 1929 Swamiji settled in Vasishtha Guha in the Himalayas and spent his life in prayer and meditation in that solitary cave in the midst of the dense forest.

An *ashram* gradually developed near the cave without any effort on the part of Swamiji. Many people visited him at the *ashram* and were influenced and benefited by him.

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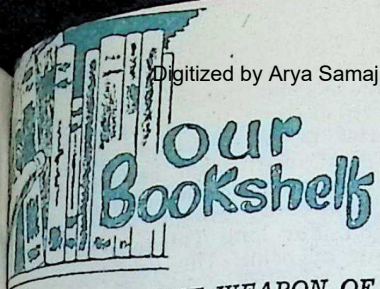

GANDHI WIELDS THE WEAPON OF MORAL POWER. By Gene Sharp. Foreword by Dr. Albert Einstein. Introduction by Bharatan Kumarappa. Published by Navajivan Publishing House. Ahmedabad. pp. 316. Price: Rs. 5.

The book under review is a significant addition to Gandhian literature. It will be of value to future historians and research students. It is a faithful record of India's peaceful struggle for liberation under Gandhiji's guidance. It gives a vivid picture of the strategy and technique of non-violence as a moral-force pitted against brute-force. Though the facts marshalled are known ones, having been already recorded in newspapers and magazines, there is a novelty of approach, which instead of philosophising on *Satyagraha*, narrates more effectively the practical application of it without hatred and violence. In his approach, the author, who is a confirmed pacifist and who has undergone imprisonment for civil disobedience to military conscription as Gandhiji's moral-power as the only alternative for brute-force which in the context of the race among the nations for the manufacture and piling up of nuclear weapons, is bound to destroy the human race, if allowed to take its own course.

—*Sri H. R. Aiyer.*

GUJARATI

VIVIBAL (Provisions for the Journey). By Pamnyas Dhurandharvijay Gani. Published by Jain Sahitya Vardhak Sabha, Ahmedabad. pp. [illegible]. Price: Rs. 1.50 nP.

A COLLECTION of diary jottings, consisting of stray thoughts, reflections, moral sayings and advices for the guidance of the individual traversing the path of life. The general outlook revealed by these is moral, optimistic, positive and balanced. Most of the pieces are commonplace, though doubtlessly there is a class of readers that finds some guidance, inspiration or solace in this type of writing. For a wider interest and appeal, the author would be well advised to devise a book which illustrates a truth or aphorism by means of some illustrative incident or anecdote chosen from actual life.

ABADI-NA MARGE (Pathway to Prosperity). By Keshavlal Motilal Vyas (Sri Sayaji Village Development Series, No. 26). Published by M. S. University of Baroda. 1959. pp. 102 + 12. Price: Re. 1.75. n.P.

A PRAISEWORTHY attempt to popularize the ideal of selfless service for rural upliftment. In the form of a simple but interesting narrative the author has described how a retired teacher devotedly applies himself to the task of uplifting his utterly backward village, and how, though single-handed to start with, he succeeds through sincere work, understanding and love, in banishing the evils of untouchability, illiteracy and superstition, and brings prosperity to all through co-operative efforts. The small book would certainly do its small bit in creating understanding and sympathy in its readers for the stupendous yet urgent task of village reconstruction.

—*Dr. H. C. Bhayani*

KANNADA

SRI BHASYA OF RAMANUJA, Part I, Catuh Sutri. Edited and translated by Prof. R. D. Karmarkar. Published by University of Poona, Poona. pp. 200. Price: Rs. 8.

THE volume under review is the first part of the translation of Ramanuja's commentary on the Vedanta Sutras, and it covers the first four *sutras*. *Sri Bhasya* is decidedly a difficult work full of astute logical subtleties and closely argued thesis. In fact in the very first *sutra* we gather all the im-

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portant tenets of Visistadvaita. Reality is a complete organic inseparable unity of Matter, Souls and God, the first two being subject to the control of the third in all the forms. The first two are the *visesanas* and the dominant one the *visesya*. The inseparable complete whole is the *Visistadvaita*. Matter and soul are sustained by God, subject to His control and absolutely subserve His purpose. The relation between these entities is that of the relation between the body and the soul. It is called *aparthak siddhi* relation. Devotion to the Lord and self-surrender to Him are the ways to *moksha*. There is unity between the *Karma kanda* and *jnana kanda*. The universe is not illusory. Such in brief is the philosophy of Ramanuja.

Prof. Karmarkar has laid the world of students under a deep debt of gratitude by bringing out this translation. For long Thibaut's translation is out of print. The venerable professor has established his reputation by his sixty years' work as the doyen of the profession. It is an invaluable book to the students. It is an excellent introduction to the study of Ramanuja. The notes of 80 pages are valuable for study.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

Regard your neighbour's gain as your own gain and regard your neighbour's loss as your own loss.

—Tao

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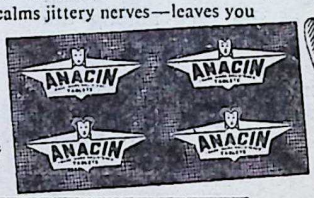

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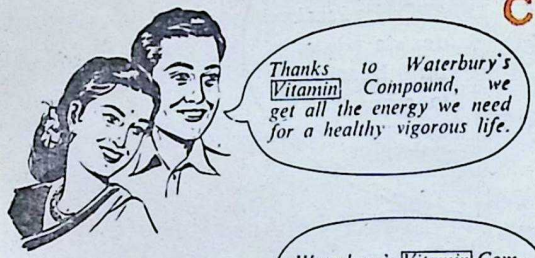

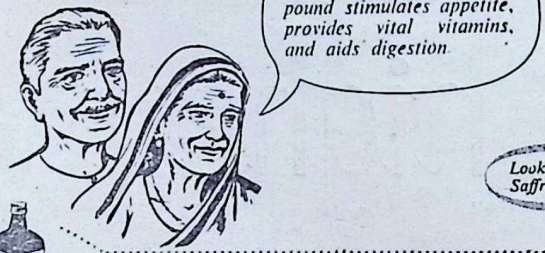

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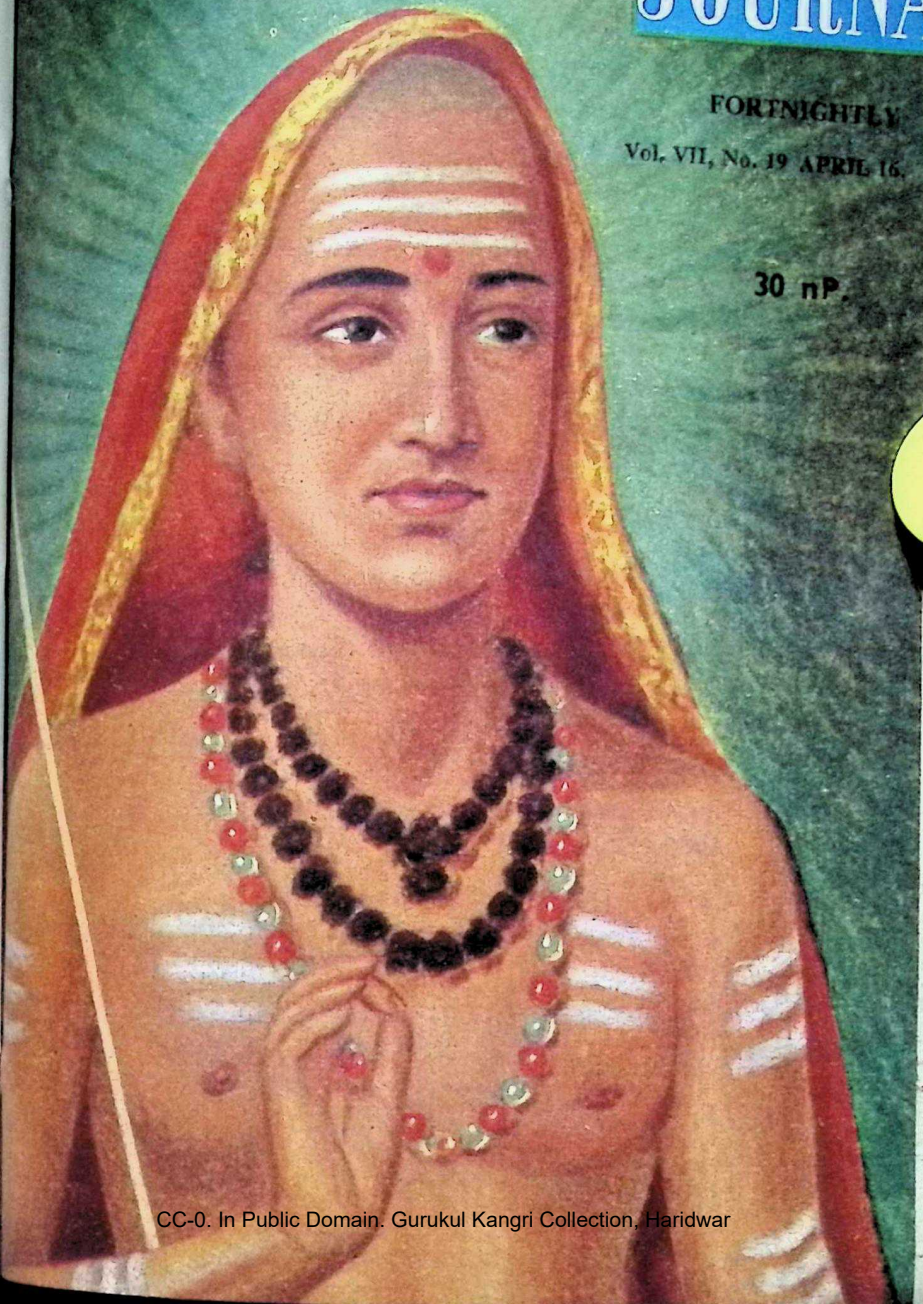

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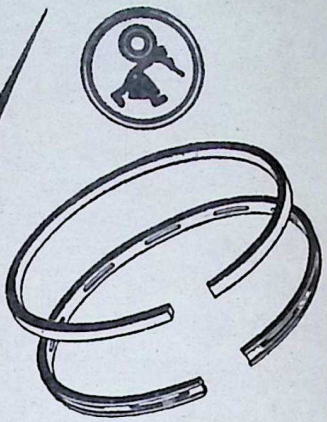

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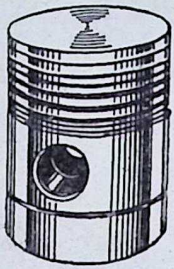

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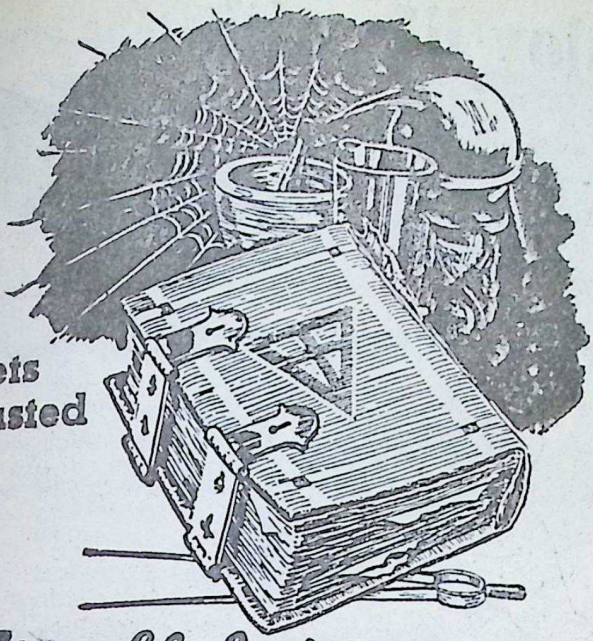

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Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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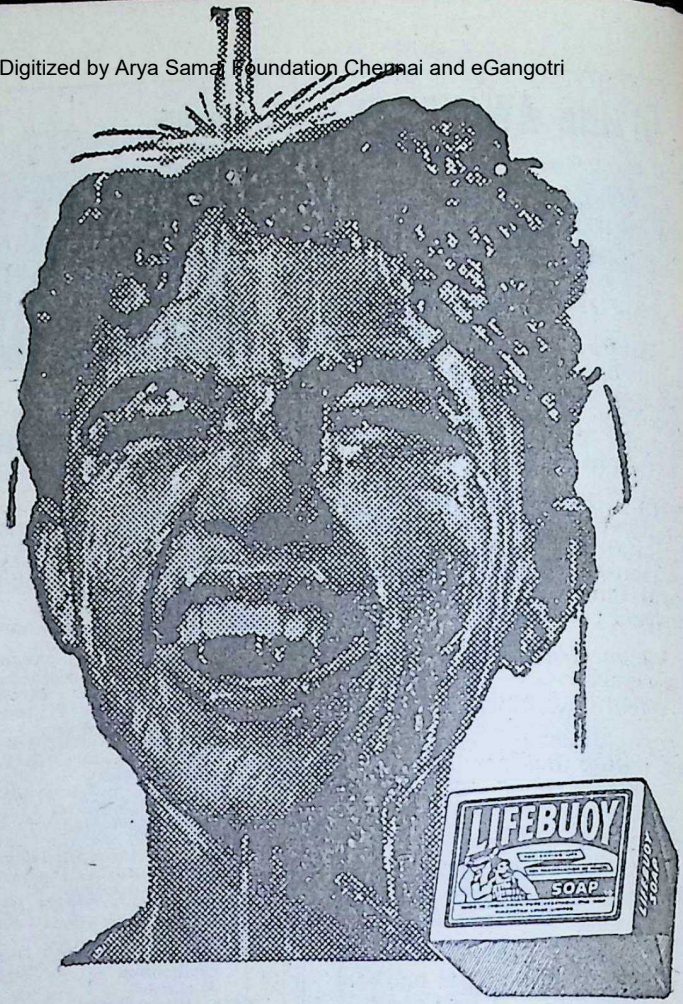

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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SRI SANKARA

आशैलाद्उदयात्तथास्तगिरितो भास्वद्यशोरश्मिभिः
व्याप्तं विश्वमनन्धकारमभवद्यस्य स्म शिष्यैरिदम्।
आरात् ज्ञानगभस्तिभिः प्रतिहतश्चन्द्रायते भास्करः
तस्मै शंकरभानवे तनुमनोवाग्भिर्नमः स्यात्सदा॥

Salutations with body, mind and speech to the glorious Sun that is Sri Sankara struck back by the lusture of whose knowledge the splendour of the solar orb became dim like the moon, and the effulgent renown of whose disciples enveloped all the countries from the Far East to the Far West and dispelled the darkness of ignorance from every region.

—Sri Sureshvaracharya

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 229

• THE FOUNDATIONS OF INDIAN CULTURE • ARYO-DRAVIDIAN SYNTHESIS • THE QUEST OF THE ABSOLUTE

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
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MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE post-Vedic period lies between the event associated with the wars of Parashurama and the dawn of the Magadhan supremacy which may be placed about the beginning of the seventh century before Christ. This period covering about four to seven hundred years saw vast changes and movements.

The sacred river Sarasvati dried up to be apotheosized as the Goddess of Learning. The Yamuna began to flow. The centre of Aryan power shifted to the banks of the Ganga. Kings of mixed Aryan-Dravidian descent founded large kingdoms.

The period saw a splendorous efflorescence. It was the result of the impact of the Vedic Culture on the Early Dravidian Culture, the most momentous event in the history of India.

In the study of our Culture, this fact should never be forgotten: Indian Culture is the product of Aryo-Dravidian synthesis, ethnic, social, religious and cultural; the result of an integration of languages, values, norms and traditions of both the races and language groups, with quite substantial contribution from the pre-Dravidian non-Aryans. This was the result of contact and conquest, and above all, of the influence of the *ashrams* which vigorously enveloped the seething tribes in the land living in varying stages of social and cultural development.

The impact of the two Cultures took place in North India, where the two races first came in contact during the Vedic and the post-Vedic periods. There is little doubt that before the arrival of the Aryans, the migrating tribes of Early Dravidians occupied Baluchistan, Sind, Rajputana and Malwa. They also occupied north and north-east Punjab and even the valley of the Ganga.

There is a strong Dravidian element even in the Vedic Sanskrit, and a marked 'Dravidization' of the spirit of the Aryan languages. There is an equally powerful infusion of Dravidian elements in Aryan religion, ritual and thought, mythology and legendary history, all indicating that the

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usion took place in the plains of North India.

The Aryans, though virile as a race nd aggressive in their cultural outook, were a nomadic people. Their aterial culture as compared with that f the Early Dravidians was not adanced and it appears that in the proess of fusion they bodily adopted it. The racial fusion is attested by seral notable instances. Veda Vyas as the son of an Aryan Rishi, Parara, by a fisher girl of Kalpi in U.P. ho also became the queen of the most owerful Aryan ruler Santanu, and the eat grand mother of the Pandavas. Shoora, the father of Vasudeva, Sri rishna's father, and of Kunti, the other of the Pandavas, was born of Naga woman. Quite a few of Sri rishna's consorts were non-Aryan in rigin, and his brother Balaram marri the daughter of Kukudmin, who beonged to a race of people who lived Saurashtra long before the Aryans me. In fact, Aryan, Naga and Asura lood seems to have been freely mixed Yadava veins, as would appear m *Hari Vamsa*. Hidamba, one of wives of Bhima, was a Nishad wo-n. Quite a few kings like Jarasandha Shalva were non-Aryans in origin were several *rishis*. The dynastic hises of royal houses given in the *Mahabharata*, insofar as they are pre-an, are Dravidian and Austric.

During this period, as during the ic period, the action of the domit minority of those who created, ght and transmuted values, was cted towards—to use the words of Vedic sage—'Aryanising all'. This nt welding different tribes into a ety with common traditions, common norms of conduct, common institutions; giving them a consciousness of unity and continuity inspired by the *Vedas* and developing in them a common urge to collective action in intellectual, social and cultural spheres.

Thus the political and military dominatoin of the fair-skinned Aryans over the dark skinned Dravidians gave place to the cultured hierarchy of men who followed the pattern of Aryan life in varying degrees. Varna, which meant 'colour' in Vedic time, acquired a secondary meaning of a social group. The social group, which accepted the synthesised norms of conduct, institutions and traditions was called *dwijas*, twice-born. This group was formed irrespective of race or language, and regardless of whether its members were the conquerors or the conquered.

Those social groups who did not conform to the cultural pattern of Aryan life were called the Shudras. However they were continually being brought into the fold of *dwija* life on attaining accepted cultural habits. This process had continued throughout the ages and has been continuing till now The belief that the Shudras were cast into a position of irredeemable social inferiority by wily priests and wicked kings, entertained by some Western scholars and inherited by a section of our educated men, is a myth. Untouchability, as we know in recent ages, was unknown during this period.

In this way, *Chaturvarnya*, the Fourfold Order of Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas and Shudras—the confederation of four interdependent social groups—came into being.

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> It (Varnashrama Dharma) is a universal law, stated in so many words by Hinduism. It is a law of spiritual economics. Nations of the West and Islam itself unwittingly are obliged to follow that law. It has nothing to do with superiority or inferiority. The customs about eating, drinking and marriage are no integral part of Varnashrama Dharma. It was a law discovered by our ancestors, the rishis who saw that if they were to give the best part of their lives to God and to the world, and not to themselves, they must recognize that it is the law of heredity. It is a law designed to set free man's energy for higher pursuits in life.
>
> —Mahatma Gandhi

The belief, again inherited by our educated men from Western scholars that *Chaturvarnya* at all times was a rigid hereditory institution is not correct. I have already referred to the mixed descent of several heroes of the epic. Again, both Sri Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita* and Dharmaraja in the well-known *Yakshaprasna* attributed *varna* not to heredity, but to the qualities and actions of men.

●●●

The rise of the post-Vedic Culture can best be described by a short survey of the life of its great apostle, Veda Vyas. The Vedic age had gone. The *mantras,* accepted as sacred chants, were invested with divinity. The bed of Sarasvati had become a series of lakes.

Then Krishna Dvaipayana, descendant of the great Vedic Rishi, Vasishtha, possibly brought up in the ancestral *ashram* at Kurukshetra, collected the Vedic mantras, redacted them, standardised their accents and gave them a new sanctity. Even today in Tamil Nad, Kerala and in Gauhati, in Hardwar, Banaras and in Puri, the *mantras* are chanted with the self-same accents which have come to be considered as sacrosanct. Thus the *Vedas* rightly became the Rock of Ages, a source of inspiration, the bond which ensured the continuity of all movements of the intellect as well as social adjustments.

The other institution, which I am inclined to trace to Veda Vyas is the Tirth Cult, the magnetic force which even now sends our people to visit holy places to have a dip in sacred rivers of the land. To have a dip in the Ganga at Varanasi has been as important to a man from Kashmir as a man from Kerala. You have to go to Badrinath or to Kumbha Mela at Prayag to find out how men and women from all parts of the country seek the same spot to find self-fulfilment. To a whole continent full of tribes the cult gave, generation after generation, a unity of sacred traditions, a common consciousness of ancient achievements and a collective urge which made everyone feel that the whole Bharat was the land of *Dharma.*

To Vyas, we also owe the heritage of historical traditions preserved in the *Mahabharata* which have been rightly described as the 'Collective Unconscious' of India. And to his son Shuka, we owe the foundation of the ascetic order, which for three thousand years, through its wanderer *sannyasis,* has kept alive the vitality of fundamental values and given enlightenment and solace to millions. Und

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ankaracharya, it rescued and re-or-anised Hinduism; under Dayanand, amakrishna, Vivekananda it revitalis- our culture in modern times. To- y it carries on its evangelical work all parts of the world with unfad- vitality.

Then came the Bharata War (ap- oximately 1200 B.C.). Almost all the gs, irrespective of race and langu- e, which were within the ambit of -India contacts, with their armies, thered in the Punjab to participate this fratricidal war between the embers of the most influential royal use in Madhyadesa. In a battle ting for eighteen days, they mingled ir blood and created for the first e an all-India consciousness. At end, Yudhishthira was acclaimed the whole of the then organised dia as a *Chakravartin*.

This struggle left a tremendous im- ession on the collective conscious- ss of the people. Racial memory, ough text, sermon, story and epic ital, was focussed on two great per- alities of the time who became ing lights illuminating the Indian d for all time: Vyasa, the learned venerable seer and ascetic, the our of the *Vedas*, and Sri Krishna, warrior and statesman, the ever- mphant Superman. One taught *rma*, the other upheld it.

● ● ●

e can now shortly refer to the ified values which the Aryo-Dra- ian synthesis gave rise to. The y Dravidian society appear to be archal and naturally found it easy cept *kula* as an essential institu- to which they contributed the ele- of a deep attachment to family life. Polygamy, possibly common among the non-Aryan tribes, appears to have been accepted by the new society in the place of monogamy which was favoured by the Vedic Aryans.

The religious ideas and practices were fused. The concepts of life and nature, the practices and the rituals began to flow side by side in two streams intermingling their waters like the Ganga and Yamuna at Prayag. One stream which flowed from the Vedic Aryans was *nigama*, the other dominated by *yoga* which flowed from the Early Dravidian was *agama*.

The synthesis led to a common pantheon being accepted. Shiva the Dravidian Father God, with his charactertic mount, the bull, was known to the people of the Harappan culture. He was first identified with the Vedic Rudra, and was in this period recognized as *Ishan*, the lord of the creation. The Vedic gods—Indra, Varuna, Surya and Agni—all took a subordinate place. In thus emerging into the Indian Pantheon, Rudra ceased to be the terrific Vedic god and became the Dravidian Shambhu, a beneficent giver of well-being, a yogi, a *pashupati*, the lord of the animal world. Throughout the ages invested with the majesty of the Supreme godhead, Shiva has retained his original unsophisticated and loving character, without losing the awesomeness which evoked terror in unlettered hearts in bygone ages.

Ma, the Mother Goddess of the Mediterranian people, with the lion as her mount, was once worshipped in many parts of Asia. Though unknown to the Vedic Aryans she took her

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place in the pantheon as Uma, the consort of Shiva, acquiring the name of Parvati in the process.

With the Father God and the Mother Goddess, the Dravidians also brought the Son God, Murugan or Subrahmanya in the pantheon as Kumara, Skanda or Kartikeya. Ganapati possibly emerged from the non-Aryan and non-Dravidian sources.

On the other hand, the Vedic god Vishnu—originally another name of Surya, the Sun God—elevated into pre-eminence and acquiring a halo of rich magnificence, shared with Shiva the leadership of the Pantheon.

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Yajna became a highly elaborate ritual, reserved for kings and sages of renown, and in the new community the Vedic *homa* was replaced by the Dravidian *puja*, the offering of water, leaves and flowers to the gods.

The spiritual influence of the Dravidian also led to the spirit of *yajna* being identified with the surrender of one's egoistic impulse to the gods; it flowered as the *aikantika bhakti* of Narayan to develop centuries later into the *bhakti* of the Alwars and the *Bhagvata*.

The spirit of tolerance and the supremacy of *ahimsa*—non-violence —were certainly new values evolved as a result of the impact and *tapas*, which was a discipline by which instincts and urges were sublimated by purifying the body and the mind, came to be associated not very happily with *tyaga* or renunciation of the world.

The tremendous vitality of the Aryo-Dravidian

characterised by intellectual sweep and audacity, which ranged over the problem relating to the meaning and purpose of life. The core of this problem, starting from the Central Idea of *Rita*, revolved round the quest: What is the basic power on which the Eternal Law rested? How are the afflictions which bedevil human life to be conquered in order that man can live in freedom and strength in conformity with the Law?

Without encumbering myself with the doctrinal differences in which schools of philosophy and religion indulged from generation to generation, the broad solution which they formed could be summarised as follows:

First, the Supreme or the Absolute —Brahman or Ishvar pervades and moves all that is, and as reality, is beyond all that exists and all that does not.

Secondly, the creation is governed by a Universal Law of Evolution first foreshadowed in the *Aitareya Aranyaka*, according to which the Divine Essence in matter passed from one stage of created things to another till it reached fulfilment in man's attaining conscious identity with the Supreme.

This Cosmic Law worked in sentient beings through the operation of subsidiary laws.

The first of such subsidiary laws was the Law of Karma, according to which *atman*, the Divine Essence supporting the sentient frame, progressed from birth to birth on the way to self-realisation, *samsiddhi*.

The second, was *Samanya Dharma* the Law of Moral Causation, an inevitable and universal law of cau-

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and effect which made it possible for men to cut short the process of evolution by transmuting human limitations through non-violence, truth, non-stealing, non-waste and non-possession.

The third, was *yoga*, the discipline to integrate one's personality in order to secure conscious identity with the Supreme in this very life.

At the root of this solution was the conviction that man was not a struggling worm but a 'self', an essence with a supra-physical destiny, which can only be attained by a mastery over the affliction which was man's lot on earth. This mastery, in its turn, can only be achieved by integrating personality by self-discipline so as to raise the 'self' above the flux of passing sense-experience. The discipline implied a double process, the relinquishment of the greed for life and the broadening of the personal self into a universal self. The end of this discipline was variously named, self-realisation (*Siddhi*), emancipation (*Mukti, Moksha*), freedom (*Nirvana*), enlightenment (*Jnana*), bliss (*Anandа*). In substance it was absolute integration of human personality (*Kaivalya*) freed from the limitations of attachment, fear and wrath.

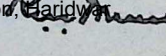
The quest of the Absolute led to the birth of a great idea which came to be an integral part of the Central Idea of Indian Culture. The Absolute descended on earth in human form; the aspirant, by complete surrender, attained Him. Narayana, an ancient sage, who 'became all beings' had already been worshipped as God Himself in the post-Vedic period. Slowly the Vedic God, Vishnu, attracted to Himself the characteristics of the other gods, the new conception of *avatara* identified Vishnu with the sage Narayana. Similarly, Vaasudeva was accepted as God, descended on earth—an *avatara*. Later, Narayana, Vaasudeva and Vishnu all three became Hari, the 'Deity Eternal', the Supreme Lord, the 'Vaasudeva comprehending all'.

The apocalypse in Canto XI of the *Bhagavadgita*, which, following some scholars, I consider part of its original pre-Buddhistic version, saw this 'God of gods,' *Saashvata Dharmagopta*, the Protector of Eternal Dharma, born to re-establish *Dharma*, thus overshadowing all older gods, except Shiva. Krishna Vaasudeva, the hero of the *Mahabharata* and a deified hero of Yadava tribe, identified with Vaasudeva, the Supreme, was invested with divine attribute possibly by the end of this period.

In order that these values revolving round the Central Idea could be translated in life, a whole super-structure of tradition, norms of conduct and institutions was reared. Social, economic and political orders were so moulded and adjusted as to enable men in every generation to find fulfilment by living up to the Central Idea. All the canons which regulated the super-structure were given the generic term of *Dharma*, as used in the *Dharma Sastra*.

These were the great achievements of the Aryo-Dravidian synthesis of the post-Vedic period.

Yours sincerely,



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FOR YOU, MY SON... the great dams that will help us to produce more food, the fertilizer factories that will coax more from our soil, the bridges and highways that will link village and city, electricity undertakings that will power our industries, the hospitals that will minister to the sick, the schools and colleges where dedicated men and women will teach our children...This is the India of tomorrow which ACC and India Cements are proud to help to bring into being.

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हे मर्त्याः ! परमंहितं शृणुत वो वक्ष्यामि संक्षेपतः
संसारार्णवमापदूर्मिबहुलं सम्यक्प्रविश्यस्थिताः ।
नानाज्ञानमपास्य चेतसि नमो नारायणायेत्यमुं
मन्त्रं सप्रणवं प्रणामसहितं प्रावर्तयध्वं मुहुः ॥

O mortals, who are deeply caught in the *samsaric* ocean which is wild with buffeting waves of dangers! I shall tell you in a nutshell what will contribute to your greatest good. Do not clutter your mind with manifold knowledge. Just repeat reverently the *mantra* OM NAMO NARAYANAYA as often as you can.

श्रीमन्नाम प्रोच्य नारायणाख्यं
के न प्रापुर्वाञ्छितं पापिनोपि ।
हा ! नः पूर्वं वाक्प्रवृत्ता न तस्मिन्
तेन प्राप्तं गर्भवासादि दुःखम् ॥

Who has not achieved his desires, not excluding sinners, by repeating well the lovely nama NARAYANA? Was it not because our tongue failed to do so that we have had to suffer miseries like living in a mother's womb?

अनन्त, वैकुण्ठ, मुकुन्द, कृष्ण
गोविन्द, दामोदर, माधवेति ।
वक्तुं समर्थोऽपि न वक्ति कश्चित्
अहो जनानां व्यवसनाभिमुख्यम् ॥

Although it is quite within the competence of people to say Ananta, Vaikuntha, Mukunda, Krishna Govinda, Damodara, Madhava etc., they fail to utter even one. Alas, that they should be preoccupied with matters that surely give birth to distress!

तत्वं ब्रुवाणानि परं परस्मात्
मधु क्षरन्तीव सतां फलानि ।
प्रावर्तय प्राञ्जलिरस्मि, जिह्वे !
नामानि नारायण-गोचराणि ॥

O tongue! I am telling you the profoundest truth: pray, repeat incessantly the names of the Lord that will make Him manifest to you, and further, produce, for the good, fruits sweet and continuous like honey dripping from the honeycomb.

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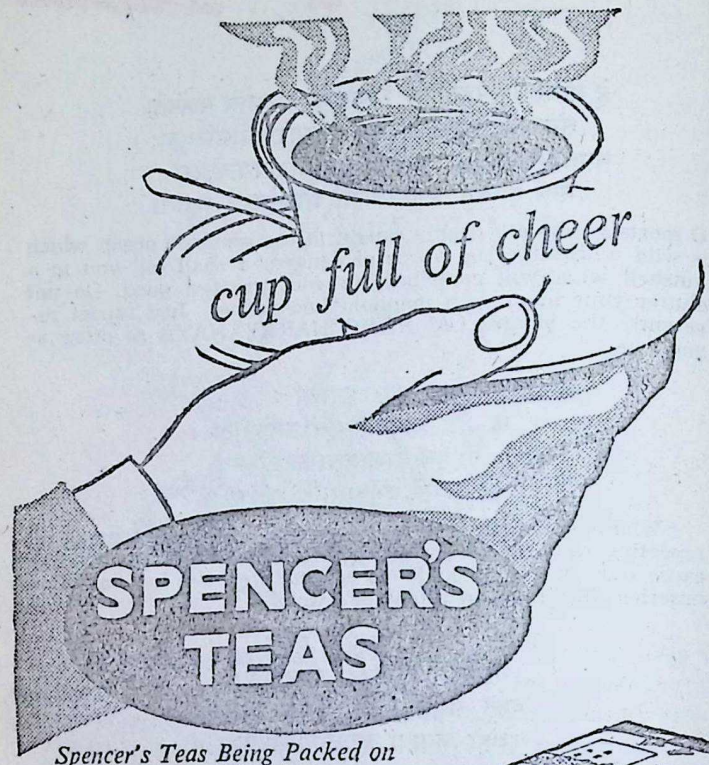

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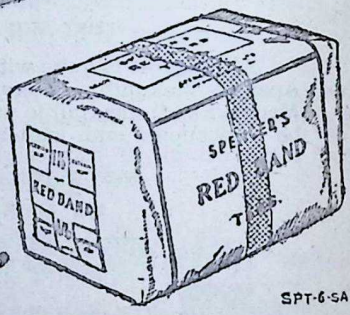

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THE HAMMER OF FOLLY

Fool! Give up thy thirst for wealth, banish all desires from thy heart.

Let thy mind be satisfied with what is gained by thy Karma.

Do not be proud of wealth, of friends, or of youth; time takes all away in a moment.

Leaving quickly all this, which is full of illusion, enter into the abode of Brahman....

Life is tremulous, like a water-drop on a lotus leaf....

Time is playing, life is waning, yet the breath of hope never ceases.

The body is wrinkled; the hair grey, the mouth has become toothless, the stick in the hand shakes, yet man leaves not the anchor of hope....

Preserve equanimity always....

In thee, in me and in others there dwells Vishnu alone; it is useless to be angry with me, or impatient.

See every self in Self, and give up all thought of difference.

—Adi Sankaracharya

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SRI SANKARA on VEDIC STUDIES

SWAMI ATMANANDA

वक्तारमाद्य 'यमेव नित्या सरस्वती स्वार्थसमन्विताऽऽसीत्।
निरस्तदुस्तर्ककलङ्कपङ्का नमामि तं शङ्करमर्चिताङ्घ्रिम्॥

—*Sarvajnatma-muni*

THE practice of only learning the Vedas by rote and not caring to know their meaning is almost universally prevalent among the Vedic scholars. This practice is not approved by Sri Sankara in his *Bhashyas*, a selection from which is given below.

It is also the belief amongst these scholars that mere recitation of these Vedas without knowing their meaning is a highly meritorious act. It is supposed to have Adrishta Phala (unseen effect). This belief is not supported by Sankara (see below).

Belief by itself, no doubt, has wonderful influences on man. Belief, the incentive to action, produces results undoubtedly. Sankara holds that the Vedas have to be understood if they are to bring about results. If meaning was not necessary, why the Veda Bhashyas, and Jaimini and Vyasa-Sutras and the numerous commentaries on these works?

All but the last of this selection deal generally with the construction of sentences, inclusive of Vedic sentences. Hence they are a part of "Mimamsa." As the Jaimini-Sutras came to be called *Purva-Mimamsa*, Vyasa-Sutras when they came to be framed later, were called *Uttara-Mimamsa*.

अविपरीतार्थ प्रतिपत्तेः श्रेयः प्राप्त्युपपत्तेः लोकवत्

As in common life (in Scriptural matters also), it is but proper that not an incorrect understanding leads to welfare (*Br.* 1-3-1).

दृष्टार्थत्वात् अध्ययनं अर्थावबोधपर्यन्तं इति स्थितिः

Study by rote has a "seen" purpose It is an agreed canon that it ends only with a comprehension of the meaning (of the passage) (*Br.* III-4-6).

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न शब्दमात्रं अर्थस्वरूपं भवति शब्दार्थयोर्भेदात् ।

The mere word does not constitute the object in its reality. The word is different from the object which it denotes (*Br.* 1-4--10).

अविपरीत बोधात् श्रेयः प्राप्तेः विपर्यये च अनिष्ट प्राप्तिदर्शनात् ।

Correct comprehension (of the Vedas) leads to well-being, and erroneous notions, as we find, lead to evil (*Br.* 1-3-8).

नह्यसत्यपिसंभवे मुख्यस्यैवार्थस्य ग्रहणं इति कश्चिदाज्ञापयिता विद्यते ।

Indeed when literal meaning is inappropriate, no authority enjoins that literal meaning alone should be accepted (*S.B.* IV-3-14).

तत्र हि गौणी कल्पनाशब्दस्य यत्र मुख्यार्थो न संभवति ।

Where literal meaning does not fit in, then alone the metaphorical meaning is to be adopted (*Pra.* VI-3).

अन्यनिन्दा अन्यस्तुतये

The criticism of one serves as a tribute to another. (*Br.* 1-4-6).

श्रुतहानि अश्रुतकल्पनायाः अन्याय्यत्वात्

It is unreasonable to give up the known meaning of words used in Sruti and put new meaning in their place (*Br.* 1-4-10).

निश्चितं च ज्ञानं पुरुषार्थसाधनमिष्यते।
अतोऽसंशितः वाक्यार्थो वाच्यः परहितार्थिना

And sure knowledge leads to the supreme end of human life, viz., liberation. Hence one who wishes to do good to others should not use expressions of a doubtful import.

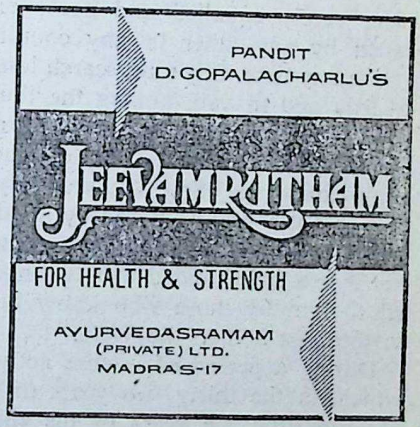
क्रियायामिव वस्तुनि विकल्पस्य असंभवात्

There cannot be alternatives in truth as in rituals or actions.

[*Note*:—In rituals there may be two or more alternatives. Taking the observance of Ekadasi fast, for instance (fast on the 11th day after Full moon or New moon), one sect observes it on the day when Ekadasi touches Dasami (tenth day), other sects observe it on the day Ekadasi touches Dwadasi (twelfth day). So far as rituals are concerned, both the alternatives are correct and approved. But in truth there cannot be any alternative. $7 + 3 = 10$ and 10 alone. In the same way, ignorance can be removed only by truth, and not by anything else such as Karma.]

पुरुषाभिप्रायतन्त्रौ अर्थानर्थौ।

Good and evil are not absolute, but depend on each one's opinion (*Br.* II-1-20).



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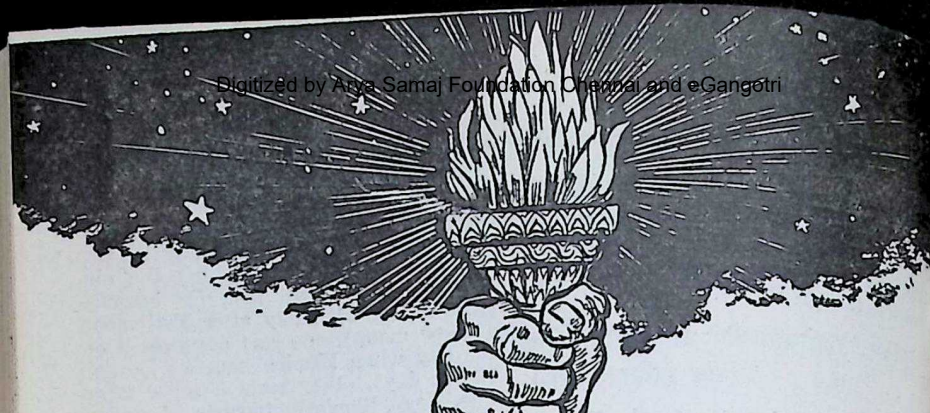

Pageant of Great Lives—18

SRI SANKARA

Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan

AMONG the Master Minds, Sages and Saviours of the World, Sri Sankara holds a place rarely equalled and never excelled by any other in any country and at any time. One must search long, wearily and in vain among the illustrious of every land for a seer and saint of such stature and of such achievement as Sri Sankaracharya. This is not a praise uttered by his devout disciples and followers alone; but it is a full-throated tribute tendered to him by those who know both in the East and in the West.

During a period of intense activity which, in the thirty two years of his life, omitting the years of his childhood and nonage, could not have exceeded fifteen or sixteen of them, he traversing its farflung corners on foo performing his intellectual *digvijay* and engaging in a religious crusad which brought the votaries of ever persuasion under one universal syste His marvellous intellect guided by t instinct of absolute fidelity to scri ture distilled out of the source-boo of Hindu religion a philosophic Truth of unassailable certainty. In thoroughness and in its profundi the system of Sri Sankara holds first place among the philosophies the world. Much as followers of ot schools may regretfully refer to error, it is not wholly unmerited th generally, Vedanta and Advaita understood to be synonymous. T chronologically first in Vedantic in pretation is also acclaimed as

sanctified the soil of Bharata Varsha.

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Sri Sankara was no mere dialectical etaphysician. He also prescribed a ay of life, which if properly pursued ith faith and understanding, must evitably lead to an experience in hich the individual loses himself in e discovery of his true nature. Ap- alling as it is in its heaven-kissing andeur, relentless in its incisive gic and, possibly, forbidding in its stere absoluteness, Advaita Vedanta s been the despair of minds of a ser breed. But we have the authority the illustrious line of his disciples at to a wise and initiated mind go- rned by discipline, and held by de- tion, Sri Sankara's system ground- on *sastra,* guided by *yukti* and aranteed by *anubhava,* in its design d in its execution, has an artistic auty all its own which compels con- ction and invites acceptance. His merous followers have borne testi- ny to the validity and value of his chings, and, even in our day, we amidst us walking verifications of verities that he taught.

The sacred day of Sri Sankara's ent into the world was *Vaisaakha dha panchami,* the fifth day of the ht half of the Vaisaakha month. a numerology known as *Kata- adi Sankhya,* that day also deter- ed the name that was given to him, ame of Vedic origin whose signi- nce he justified in a superlative sure by the many acts of universal ficence that marked his earthly

ccording to the tradition of the hful, Sri Sankara is the incarnation God Parameswara Himself who, to the assurance of the *Gita,* came the world to arrest the decline of Dharma and enthrone it once again on the minds and wills of men. Those who, in his day, beheld the young *sannyasin* of austere beauty, radiant with spiritual light, clad in the orange garb eloquent of renunciation and carrying the anchorite staff to chase away the myriad ills which ache the human heart also saw in that *youthful* Preceptor of the *aged* pupils the replica of the universal Guru who, sitting on Himalayan heights, His gaze southward bent, dispels the darkness in the caves of ignorance by an initiating look of soothing grace and unparted lips which utter the unspoken word. If Siva who is worshipped as Dakshinamurti is the eternal Teacher of all the worlds seated in expository silence under the ageless banyan tree, Sri Sankara, it is believed, is the dynamic edition of that static splendour who walked abroad sustaining himself by his *vaadabhiksha,* speaking words of Vedantic wisdom to rescue erring mortals from the tormenting fires of life in this vale of tears. The eternal Sambhu, the Reservoir of Beneficence, became the historic Sankara who carried that Beneficence to the minds thirsting for it in the world.*

It is said that 'Sri Sankaracharya shares with the illustrious personalities of the world the mystery that veils their personal lives. Perhaps it is one of the laws of spiritual eminence that the great spiritual teacher must be self-effacing. Though there are a number of his biographies known as *Sankara Vijayas,* obviously written after his time, they contain conflicting details which may confound the reader.

* *Sambhavati iti Sambhuh-Samkaroti iti Sankarah.*

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Modern historical research concludes that he was born in 788 A.D. and lived till 820 A.D. Traditions preserved in the annals of the several *maths* that he established place Sri Sankara's birth somewhere in the second century B.C., and even earlier. Apart from minor differences, almost all the *Sankara Vijayas* agree in respect of the main events of the Acharya's life. His father Sivaguru and his mother Aryamba were pious Nambudiri Brahmans of Kalady in Kerala, South India, coming from an ancient and orthodox stock. In response to the devout prayers of the childless couple, the Lord Siva of the Tiruchur temple consented to be born as their son and thus fulfil His own mission to restore the Vedic religion and the Vedantic philosophy which had been undermined by atheistic creeds and sanctimonious practices. Asked to choose between a long lived but a stupid son and one who would live but for eight years, but would be extremely intelligent, the wife had no hesitation, not unmixed with grief, to ask for the latter.

Soon after this promise, Aryamba was blessed with a child whose divine features proclaimed that he was not of common clay, and bespoke the God that had taken shape in his being. Sivaguru passed away soon after the young boy grew under his mother's tutelage. He was soon initiated into Brahmacharya and evinced precocious mastery in the several branches of the sacred lore.

The appointed eight years were drawing to a close. Sankara went to bathe in the river flowing by his hamlet when a crocodile caught hold of his feet. The boy cried out to his mother telling her of his parlous state and added that the only way for him to be saved from the monster's jaws was to die symbolically by taking *sannyas* then and there. The grief-stricken mother had to yield to save her son from imminent death.

Standing in the water, Sankara uttered the *mantra* of entrance into the *sannyasa* order and, coming ashore, having obtained another lease of eight years of life by his second birth, he begged leave of his mother to go forth as a wandering mendicant. With tear-laden eyes, the old lady bemoaned the fate that had come on her only child, anxiously queried who would feed him and take care of him as she had done and grieved that it would not be given to her to see her son and settle as a householder. Consoling her the young Sannyasin replied: 'All those who offer me *biksha* will be my mothers hereafter. My disciples will be my sons. I shall delight myself consorting in private with my spouse of meditation on the Supreme Being.' Promising in reply to his mother's entreaties to be at her death-bed when that hour came, Sri Sankara went forth into the wide world in quest of a Guru to be initiated and instructed by him in the traditional style. He found him on Narmada banks in the person of Sri Govinda Bhagavatpada and went through the necessary noviciate under him in record time.

Sri Sankara then travelled to Banaras where used to gather great scholars from all corners of the country. It was there that he wrote his

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immortal commentaries on the Upanishads, the *Bhagavad Gita* and the *Brahma Sutras*. Tradition has it that Vishnu's *alter-ego*, Sage Vyasa himself engaged in dialectical dispute with Sri Sankara on the substance of the commentaries. The debate dragged on for so many days that one of the disciples of Sankara felt constrained to exclaim 'who can decide between the contestants, when one is the *avatara* of Vishnu and the other the *avatara* of Siva Himself?' Vyasa ultimately signified his appreciation of the fidelity with which Sri Sankara had commented on the *Brahma Sutras* and granted him a further lease of sixteen years to propagate the Truth of Advaita and liquidate the unorthodox systems.

More than once did Sri Sankara travel on foot through the length and breadth of India, meeting numberless opponents in debate, vanquishing them by his piercing dialectic and converting them after conviction to his ways of thought. One such historic debate was with the Mandana Misra, the apostle of the ritualism of Purvamimamsa with whom he argued for forty days with Mandana's wife herself as the empire. The stakes were that he who was defeated should assume the victor's *ashrama*. When, on the 40th day Ubhaya Bharati—that was the name of Mandana's wife—who every person used to invite Sri Sankara for his *'bhiksha'* and Mandana for his *'kaval'*, invited both for their *'biksha'*. Mandana understood that Sri Sankara had won and immediately became a *sanyasi* under the name of Sri Sureshwara.

Thereafter Sri Sankara

> **In his short life of 32 years Sankara achieved that union of sage and saint, of wisdom and kindliness, which characterizes the loftiest type of man produced in India . . . . It seemed to him that the profoundest religion and the profoundest philosophy were those of the Upanishads . . . . Like Aquinas, Sankara accepts the full authority of his country's Scriptures as a divine revelation, and then sallies forth to find proofs in experience and reason for all Scriptural teachings. Unlike Aquinas, however, he does not believe that reason can suffice for such a task; on the contrary he wonders, have we not exaggerated the power and role, the clarity and reliability of reason . . . . It is not logic that we need, says Sankara; it is insight, the faculty (akin to art) of grasping at once the essential out of the irrelevant, the eternal out of the temporal, the whole out of the part . . . . To Sankara the existence of God is not a problem, for he defines God as existence and identifies all real being with God . . . . Brahman is the cause and effect, the timeless and secret essence, of the world. The goal of philosophy is to find that secret and to lose the seeker in the secret found . . . . It was a subtle and profound philosophy to be written by a lad in his twenties. Sankara not only elaborated it in writing but defended it successfully in debate.**
>
> —Will Durant

disputants in several parts of the country, overcame them in debate, and arrested the rot that was creeping into the spiritual polity of the land. In his time, in the realm of religion, India presented a dome of many coloured sects which stained the white radiance of true religion. Warring creeds of dubious practices which entangled the mind without ennobling it claimed

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men's allegiance, enslaved the human spirit and degraded the human soul. Sri Sankara purged these religious sects of all their excrescences and raised them to a pedestal of worshipful dignity. He did this so completely and so successfully that other religious prophets who came after him did not have to clear the morass of diabolic unorthodoxy from the paths of Vedantic quest. Yet Sri Sankara came to fulfil and not to destroy. If today the Hindus of diverse denominations observe their fasts and feasts in worship of the several forms of the One Supreme God like *Ganesh Chaturthi, Sivaratri, Janmashtami, Sri Rama Navami* etc., that is because Sri Sankara rescued the ancient religion from the onslaughts of its *avaidic* opponents. His *Shanmatha Sthaapana* (establishment of six forms of religious worship) was at once a purge and a purification. He was no fanatic wedded to one faith. Uncompromising in his demand for moral purity and rational validity, he conceded that forms of worship might vary according to the wishes of the votary.

Sri Sankara visited every famous religious shrine from Badri in the North to Rameswaram in the South, from Jwalamukhi in the West to Kamarupa in the East, rehabilitated their sanctity, tempering the presiding deities into beneficent forms of abiding grace and easy accessibility, and recasting in most of them the *yantras* which made for their religious power and potency.

A more than passing reference must be made to two famous events in Sri Sankara's life. One is his encounter with a *chandala* when he was returning from his holy bath in the Ganga at Banaras. When asked, so the story goes, to keep out of Sankara's way, the *chandala* retorted with a poser intended to put the Acharya's *advaita*-consciousness to a crucial test. Realising that he who appeared before him was no ordinary mortal, but an *atma-jnani* of uncommon kind, Sri Sankara broke forth into the pentad of verses known as a *Maneeshpanchaka* each of which ended with the refrain that one who had realised his self as the very Brahman Itself was worthy of reverence as his Guru, be he a high caste *dwija* or a low-born *chandala*. Incidentally, it may be observed that it is wrong to interpret this as an argument for caste equality by saying that Sri Sankara got the worse of the encounter and that he was compelled to make obeisance to a mere *chandala* thus negating all distinctions of high and low birth. The kind of *chandala* that he had in mind is the one who answers to the first four lines of each *sloka*, the true *atmajnani* who has realised the Supreme Truth.

The other incident is his hastening to the death-bed of his mother upon getting a premonition of it, speeding her way to Vaikuntha by instructing her in Krishna Stotra and beginning to perform her funerals in scorn of the prevailing custom which prohibited a *sannyasi* from engaging in any ritual—even that relating to obsequies to one's own mother. Jeered and boycotted by his erstwhile kinsmen, Sankara, we are told, hacked his mother's body to pieces, carried to the backyard of her house and consigned it to flames which he produced by his incantational powers. When it was all

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over he pronounced a curse on his clansmen of Kalady that thenceforth their own back-yards were to be their cremation ground and that no *sannyasin* should thereafter accept *biksha* in that hamlet.

In the course of his wanderings, Sri Sankara collected round him a host of disciples who were the conduits of his teachings to distant corners of India and beyond. Tradition preserves the names of four of these innumerable disciples, namely Sureswara, Hastamalaka, Padmapada and Totaka. Numberless also must have been the seats of Advaitic learning that were established by him and left in charge of his disciples. Four of these each associated with one of the above four famous disciples flourish today at Sringeri the first among them, Jagannath, Dwaraka and Badri. When the second span of sixteen years granted to him by Veda Vyasa was coming to a close, he returned to Kanchi in the South where he installed a Sri Chakra in front of Sri Kamakshi's shrine and ascended the 'throne of omniscience' and established the Kamakoti-pitha. According to more than one rescension of *Sankara vijaya*, the Acharya spent his last days at Kanchi and attained *Siddhi* there while some other traditions point to Kashmir as the place of his *sarvajnapitha arohana* and to Kedarnath on the Himalayas wherefrom he disappeared from the scene of his labours for the spiritual regeneration of India. These five maths, those of Sringeri, Puri, Dwaraka, Badri and Kanchi are alive to this day in the persons and activities of the holy successors of their illustrious progenitor the heritage of the *advaitic* wisdom and the *advaitic* way of life which is Sri Sankara's bequest to them and through them to the world at large.

Down the ages, the Advaita philosophy, which one must hasten to warn was not propounded as a new school, but was only expounded by Sri Sankara as the *aupanishadam saastram* (the teaching of the Upanishads) has claimed the respectful attention and admiring assent of every thinking man. As Swami Vivekananda used to speak of it, it is the most scientific philosophy and religion and it is remarkable how modern science pays homage to its truth through the writings of such distinguished savants like Eddington, Einstein, Max Plank and a host of others. Half a *sloka* gives the pith of this 'perennial philosophy' in the words: *'Brahma satyam, jaganmithyaa, jivo brahmaiva na-aparah'*. According to Sri Sankara, Reality is only One. In the truth of Absolute non-difference, there is no room for plurality or duality, substantive or adjectival. That Reality is Pure Being and is known as Brahman. It is *sat, chit* and *ananda*—existence, knowledge and bliss. These three are not threefold qualities of Brahman but the unitary substance of Brahman. No affirmative predication can be made of Brahman. Finite mortals of limited understanding cannot know what Brahman is. But what can be said is that Brahman is not like anything that we are familiar with in our world.

The manifold of our experience is a false appearance of Reality wrought by *maya* and *avidya*. *Maya* condemns itself by its impossible inconsistency. Its 'reality' stands rooted in 'un-

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reality' and 'truth' untruthful holds it falsely true. The phenomenal world is the creation of Ishvara who is the eternal incarnation of the qualityless Brahman under the claok of *maya*. The diversity of individual existence, living and non-living, constitutes a make-believe world which is a destorted projection of the foundational Brahman which Itself is unseen and accounts for the multiplicity of forms and names. The extended world is most certainly existent to our practical consciousness, but is sublated into its substratum of Brahman as an ultimate Truth upon the dawn of enlightenment. Every individual *jiva* is in essence the Supreme Brahman appearing cribbed and confined in separating limitations, which fall asunder when the *ajnana* which fashioned them disappears by the realisation of the great declaration *That thou art*. Untouched by *maya*, the wise one who has attined this *samyakjnana* obtains release here and now. He however appears to be bound by residual *karma* to sojourn on earth till it is lived out. Yet, autonomous as he is, he goes about the rest of his life, like an automaton, oblivious of difference, a visible affirmation of absolute identity which, if he would convey it in words, must take the form 'I am Brahman'.

These truths, Sri Sankara elaborated at great length in his commentaries on the Vedantic tripod, the Upanishads, the *Gita* and the *Brahma Sutras*. For those who cannot, for some reason or other, have access to his *bhashyas*, he has provided a number of minor treatises as vaired as one of one *sloka* only to one of a thousand *slokas*. Among these the *Vivekachudamani* and the *Upadesa Sahasri* are the most widely read and justly popular. Alike in prose and verse, in the Bhashyas and the Prakarana-granthas as also in the *bhakti-stotras* that he sang, Sri Sankara's writings constitute a body of literature of unequalled worth. Its rich variety provides for the lisping baby sweetly babbling in metric re-creation and also for the meditating *mowni* losing himself in contemplative meditation.

His *Saundaryalahari* in praise of the Mother of the Universe is a hymnal masterpiece highly reputed for its spiritual power and propitiatory potency.

Sri Sankara was a not mere philosopher. He was a saviour in addition to being a seer. Prescribing discrimination, and detachment and discipline to qualify one to membership of the Society of Mumukshus, he leads the aspirant to the *advaitic* goal through the corridors of religion where he makes him worship the same Supreme Brahman manifesting Itself in diverse forms and known by different names. To him all religious practices and all forms of devotion stem from and orient toward the same underlying *advaitic* Truth. Other Vedantic schools were denominational and partisan (one had almost said—fanatical) in their religious teachings including the form in which they conceive their God and the name by which they called Him. Sri Sankara was singularly free from such creedal exclusiveness or fanaticism. His religion was superlatively universal in form and content. Other philosophies and religions may quarrel with it. But S

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Sankara's Advaita has quarrel with none.

Though centuries have passed since Sri Sankara lived and taught, there has not come into the world another thinker so daring and uncompromising as he, who could come near him in the abundance of his spiritual graces, in the vigour of his intellect and in the comprehensiveness of his teachings. This high water-mark of philosophic thought and religious experience established by him has yet to be bettered by any achievement in the East or in the West. Paying his tribute to Sri Sankara, Pandit Nehru wrote: "He was evidently a man who was intensely conscious of his mission, a man who looked upon the whole of India from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas as the field of his action and as something that held together culturally and was infused by the same spirit, though this might take many external forms. He strove hard to synthesise the diverse currents that were troubling the mind of his day and to build a unity of outlook out of that diversity. In a brief life of thirty-two years, he did the work of many long lives and left such an impress of his powerful mind and rich personality on India that is very evident today."

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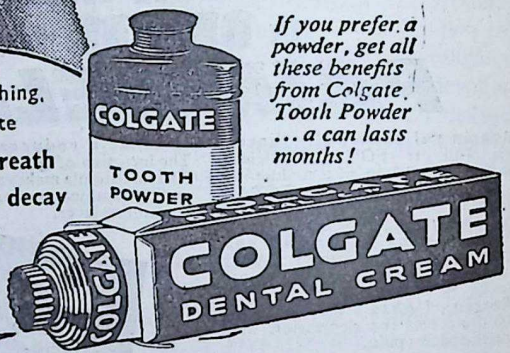

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.... the real antithesis in the world of philosophy is not between Indian philosophy and European philosophy, but between Sankara's Advaita on the one hand and all other systems of philosophy on the other ....

SANKARA'S ADVAITA:

Religion of the Future

Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao

THE central doctrine of Advaita Vedanta, namely, the concept of Nirguna Brahman, has great significance and far-reaching implications for a universal religion.

Most of the dogmatic theologies and religions give us sharply defined and fully described conception of the Ultimate Reality.

They make for the definiteness of conceptions and differences in religion.

We get at descriptions of God, Prophet and revelations rigidly and exclusively defined.

This accentuates differences.

Denominational theologians claim exclusive and complete disclosure of truth to themselves. They say, they alone possess the truth. They declare, "Thou shalt have none other God but me. Thou shalt have no other prophet but me, no other text, no other church than the one I declare to be true."

Every prophet of denominational religion abrogates the truths of previous revelations and holds to the inerrancy of his word, person and institution.

He tolerates no other rival and approves of no other approach.

This leads to religious wars, inquisitorial methods and conversions.

This brutalises men and makes stones of their heart.

Each religion revels in the art of

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> Supreme as a philosopher and a dialectician, great as a man of calm judgement and wide toleration, Sankara taught us to love truth, respect reason and realise the purpose of life . . . . He destroyed many an old dogma, not by violently attacking it, but by quietly suggesting something more reasonable, which was at the same time more spiritual too. He put into general circulation a vast body of important knowledge and formative ideas which, though contained in the Upanishads, was forgotten by the people and thus recreated for us the distant past. He was not a dreaming idealist, but a practical visionary, a philosopher, and at the same time a man of action, what we may call a social idealist on the grand scale.
>
> —Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

competitive indoctrination of the tenets of its creed.

Sankara declares that Brahman cannot be described in any positive terms.

It is absolutely indeterminable in terms of any predicate for the simple reason that there is nothing beside it.

Further, all relational knowledge is self-contradictory in the last analysis. Description and predication are relational modes of knowledge.

Hence, Brahman is indeterminable.

It does not mean that it is absolute nothing. In the words of Sankara, men of slow wits (*mandabuddhi*) regard it as *asat*.

All the descriptions in the scripture are like the finger pointing to the moon. We must not mistake the pointing finger for the moon.

One of the Zen masters advises, "Do not hunt after the truth, but only cease to cherish opinions."

The *neti-neti* method leads to it. It is, *avacanena provaca* as the Upanishad puts it.

The description of Brahman in a negative manner leaves room for its manifestation in different ways.

The existence of the spirit is the absolute truth. The intellectual manifestations of the same in different creeds is relative. They do not conflict with one another. There is room for all.

"The truth is one, sages call it by various names." "The one that exists is conceived as many." "The one glory manifests itself in many ways."

The relative formulations are due to differences of temperament and outlook. They do not go against Advaita.

Sankara's Advaita is no creed. It is not in conflict with any other system. It recognises the measure of worth in each system.

The existence of the spirit in absolute and its creedal manifestations are relative. So there is no need to wrangle about them. Hence, we look upon all creeds as a fellowship of faiths.

Sankara's mysticism is not abstract. It is not only a sound system of metaphysics but it is also a humane philosophy of religion.

He reconciles the God of religion with the Absolute of philosophy.

Whenever men have to think about God, they do so only in terms of human analogy. All language about divinity is symbolic. Professor A. N. Whitehead writes, "Mankind, it seems, has to find a symbol in order to express itself. Indeed, expression itself

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s symbolism. Symbolism is no mere ille fancy or corrupt degeneration. It s inherent in the very texture of uman life. Language is itself sym-olism."

Symbols suggest but do not express. They provide the support for expe-ience which lies beyond the power of words.

The God of Advaita metaphysics is necessary stage for man.

Sankara's mysticism is super-theism nd not atheism.

The descriptions given in religion of e Absolute are in the words of Berg-on, "crystallisation brought about by e scientific process of cooling, of hat mysticism had poured white hot nto the soul of man. Through religion ll men get what a few privileged souls ossessed in full."

From the above survey we gather at Sankara's mysticism represents e pure spiritual religion for which e world is yearning.

It is a unique type of mysticism hich regards spirit as the basis of eality.

From the point of logic the Abso-te of Sankara is unique. It is not like e Western Absolutes of Hegel, Brad-y nor is it like the Absolute of agarjuna.

Adapting the words of Lowes Dick-son, we can assert that the real anti-esis in the world of philosophy is t between Indian philosophy and uropean philosophy, but between ankara's Advaita on the one hand d all other systems of philosophy the other.

The Advaita of Sankara accepts the current challenge to religions by its insistence on spiritual experience.

Sankara takes his stand on verifiable truth and not on creedal declaration.

"It is not opposed to science or reason. It is not contingent on any events past or future. No scientific criticism or historial discovery can refute it as it is not dependent on any impossible miracles or unique historical revelations. Its only *apologetic* is the testimony of spiritual experience".*

It is not dogmatic. The element of humanism in it is perfect.

It is the future religion of the world acceptable to us who are the children of science and reason.

In a world where one half lacks a faith and the other half has one imposed on it, the way out is Advaita.

* Dr. S. Radhakrishnan.

अधिगतभिदा पूर्वाचार्यानुपेत्य सहस्रधा
सरिदिव महीभेदं संप्राप्यशौरिपदोद्गता।
जयति भगवत्पाद श्रीमन्मुखाम्बुजनिर्गता
जननहरणी सूक्तिर्ब्रह्माद्वयैकपरायणा॥

Victory unto the Advaita Bhashya of Sri Bhagavatpada. Like the holy Ganga flowing from Sri Hari's feet, the Bhashya flowed from the Poojyapada's lotus mouth. Like Ganga, the Bhashya too divided into many streams flowing in many lands, i.e., taking after the successive propounders (like Padmapada, Ananda Giri etc.). Like holy Ganga, the Bhashya liberates one from metempsychosis. (And like holy Ganga and its tributaries, ultimately reach the Advaitic ocean).

—Appaya Dikshita

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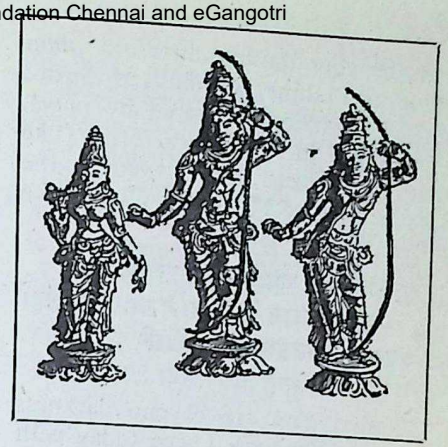

Rama arrives at the Ashrama of Sutikshna, disciple of Sage Agastya. The former welcomes him. Reception over, Sutikshna prays:

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

Sutikshna's Prayer

त्वन्मन्त्रजाप्यहमनन्तगुणाप्रमेय
सीतापते ! शिवविरिञ्चिसमाश्रितांघ्रे ।
संसारसिन्धुतरणामलपोतपाद
रामाभिराम ! सततं तव दासदासः ॥

"O Lord of Sita! Your excellent qualities are too innumerable to be recounted. You are indefinable. Shiva and Brahma worship your feet, which constitute the flawless ferry by which one crosses this ocean of *samsara*. O, beloved Rama, I, who intermittently recite your name, am the servant of your servant.

मामद्य सर्वजगतामविगोचरस्त्वं
त्वन्मायया सुतकलत्रगृहान्धकूपे ।
मग्नं निरीक्ष्य मलपुद्गलपिण्डमोह–
पाशानुबद्धहृदयं स्वयमागतोऽसि ॥

"You who are unseen by the entire world, have condescended to visit me in person, seeing me immersed by your *maya* in the dark well of children, wife and home, and my heart bound by the noose of infatuation for the dirty, fleshy form of body.

त्वं सर्वभूतहृदयेषु कृतालयोऽपि
त्वन्मन्त्रजाप्यविमुखेषु तनोषि मायाम् ।
त्वन्मन्त्रसाधनपरेष्वपयाति माया
सेवानुरूपफलदोऽसि यथा महीपः ॥

"Although you have made the hearts of all people your temple, in the case of those who do not care to recite your *mantra*, you choose to spread your *maya*. But for those who worship you, you withdraw your *maya* and confer on them benefits, like kings unto their servants, commensurate with their devotion.

विश्वस्य सृष्टिलयसंस्थितिहेतुरेकः
त्वं मायया त्रिगुणया विविधीशविष्णू ।
भासीश ! मोहितधियां विविधाकृतिस्त्वं
यद्वद्रविः सलिलपात्रगतोऽनेकः ॥

"O Lord! Although you are the supreme cause of creation, protection and the destruction of the Universe,

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you, by your illusory threefold *gunas* shine as Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva; indeed for people covered by *maya*, you appear in millions of forms (like man, bird, beast, etc.), even as the same sun reflects as many suns, in the different water-pots.

प्रत्यक्षतोऽद्य भवतश्चरणारविन्दं
पश्यामि राम! तमसः परतः स्थितस्य।
दृग्गोपतस्त्वमसतामविगोचरोऽपि
त्वन्मन्त्रपूतहृदयेषु सदा प्रसन्नः॥

"Rama! You are beyond darkness (*ajnana*). Yet have I seen today with my physical eyes, your lotus feet which shows that although invisible to those wrapped in *ajnana*, you are ever present in the hearts of those purified by reciting your *mantra*.

पश्यामि राम! तव रूपमरूपिणोऽपि
मायाविडम्बनकृतं सुमनुष्यवेषम्।
कन्दर्पकोटिसुभगं कमनीयचाप-
बाणं दयार्द्रहृदयं स्मितचारुवक्त्रम्॥

"Although you are formless, I see your form. You have taken this beautiful human shape to mystify mankind,—the form which is as lovely as a crore of Manmathas and you hold the excellent bow and arrow with an all too tender a heart, sporting an adorable smile on your lips.

सीतासमेतमजिनाम्बरमप्रधृष्यं
सौमित्रिणा नियतसेवितपादपद्मम्।
नीलोत्पलद्युतिमनन्तगुणं प्रशान्तं
मद्भागधेयमनिशं प्रणमामिरामम्।

"I prostrate incessantly before Sri Rama, in the company of Sita, clad in bark-clothes, unconquerable, whose feet are always served by Lakshmana, of the hue of *nilotpala*, of endless, adorable qualities; peaceful and, to my eternal fortune.

जानन्तु नाम तव रूपमशेषदेश-
कालाद्युपाधिरहितं घनचित्प्रकाशम्।
प्रत्यक्षतोऽद्य मम गोचरमेतदेव
रूपं विभातु हृदये न परं विकांक्षे॥

"Rama! Grant me that this form of yours which in reality transcends all limitations of time and place and which appears like a streak of lightning and which appears before me today shine eternally in my heart. Know that I have no other desire."

इत्येवं स्तुवतस्तस्य रामः सुस्मितमब्रवीत्।
मुने! जानामि ते चित्तं निर्मलं मदुपासनात्॥
अतोऽहमागतो द्रष्टुं महते नान्यसाधनम्।
मन्मन्त्रोपासका लोके मामेव शरणं गताः॥
निरपेक्षा नान्यगताः तेषां दृश्योऽहमन्वहम्।
स्तोत्रमेतत्पठेद्यस्तु त्वकृतं मत्प्रियं सदा॥
सद्भक्तिम भवेत्तस्य ानं च विमलं भवेत्।
त्वं ममोपासनादेव विमुक्तोसीह सर्वतः॥
देहान्ते मम सायुज्यं लप्स्यसे नात्र संशयः॥

Hearing the sage praise him thus, Rama replied smilingly: "O Sage! I know that your heart is purified by your devotion to me. You have had no other means. That accounts for my coming to see you. Those who recite my *mantra* in this world, who have taken refuge in me, without any other desire or go, get my *darshan* daily. Those who always read this prayer composed by you in my praise shall be devoted to me in wholesome *bhakti* and will attain pure knowledge. By your single-minded devotion to me, you will be released from all bonds and in the end will without doubt reach my abode.

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Philosophy of Mahavira

Dr. A. S. GOPANI

REVERENCE for all forms of life characterizes most of the teachings of Mahavira.* Even the least interference with the lives of others is condemned outright. Each has a right to live and no one should try to deprive the other of this right. Trials and tribulations, woes and miseries, sorrows and sufferings were the hard facts with Mahavira as they were with the Buddha. Cycle of worldly existence was an evil of the first magnitude and to get rid of this was, therefore, the common goal of Mahavira and Buddha as it was also of the Upanishadic thinkers. But the means and methods suggested and employed by both of them differed. Buddha held radical views while Mahavira was accommodating. The Upanishadic thinkers saw reality behind the world of phenomena; Buddha said that everything was transient; Mahavira made the common experience his starting point. Change or no-change, both were real to him and he thus stood between the two, the Upanishadic thinkers on the one hand and Buddha on the other. Freedom did not mean the enjoyment of the permanent and the blissful, he contended. Freedom cannot be equated with total cessation, he emphasized. To him, freedom was the freedom from passions only.

Freedom from passions was also a necessary prerequisite for undertaking voluntary death. Suicide is a misnomer. When the body refuses to help the soul in its onward march and, on the contrary, blocks its path, it should be abandoned, first making sure that it has now not the least purpose to serve. It is to be clearly borne in mind that it is not under pressure of passions that death is to be courted. Passion for death is equally bad as passion for life. Freedom from passions and only that and nothing else is the main and the only note that emerges from the teachings and the practices of Mahavira.

Mahavira said that every soul has got infinite capacity for spiritual progress and also said that it can by its very nature gain infinite knowledge and can enjoy boundless joy provided complete non-interference from outside is vouchsafed. Truth should not be thrust, he declared, but should first be practised and then preached. An individual rather than society occupied his thoughts more as is evident from the fact that he gave, very often, exhortations embodying recommendations and prescriptions and revealing his own honest experiences helpful in removing individual imperfections and securing a spiritual cure. Social progress, thus, came to be subordinated to individual perfection. All the other differentiating factors and features followed as natural corollaries from this main difference in outlook and approach. Mahavira illustrated by his conduct that life is not meant for enjoyment at all as it can

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* Mahavira Jayanti was celebrated on the 30th of last month.

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reach the final goal through ceaseless exertion only. This exertion also covered penances and ascetic practices. Freedom from passions which literally meant freedom from pleasures and pains, being the final aim and end, he advocated for a transformed, metamorphosed life which was something essentially and entirely different from the life improved. Life transformed was a life divine. He was neither a pessimist nor a nihilist. He was an optimist and a realist. His philosophy was not the philosophy of escapism as he never ran away from trials and troubles. He courted disasters as they came; suffered them boldly and unruffled with the only and the exclusive object of evolving himself into perfection—a state of transformation par excellence. This is the foundation on which the superstructure of Jainism as built by Mahavira stands.

From this main source the whole network of rules and regulations governing the life of a monk and a nun, of a layman and a laywoman, followed. He accommodated moral endeavour in conformity with his conception of soul which was according to him not absolutely unchanging. Thus spiritual regress was as much a fact for him as was spiritual progress. Doctrines of absolute staticity or absolute extinction, in other words, eternalism and nihilism, were thus ruled out by him. According to Mahavira, a substance was not static because it underwent change every moment and also was static as it never lost completely its existence—to use a Jain terminology, it persisted through modes. This is how the doctrine of Syadvada germinated. This is how a room was made for both Being and Becoming. The thinkers according to whom Being was entirely unchanging and Becoming was a development of Being encountered self-contradiction which they tried to explain away by taking either Being or Becoming or both as illusory.

The *Sutrakrtanga,* one of the Jaina canonical works, gives a vivid description of the heretical theories and doctrines, prevalent in the days of Mahavira, relating to the world, its creator, soul, rebirth, and morality. It is in the background of these very theories that Mahavira's attitude is to be understood and assessed. The soul and the body were, according to Jainas, two different things. They believed in good actions and bad actions. Final liberation was to be worked out by application to life of the threefold principle of right faith, right knowledge and right conduct. Mahavira was neither a sceptic, nor an agnostic, nor a materialist. He had faith in moral values, faith in the infinite capacity of the soul and faith in redemption. He was neither indecisive like the sceptics nor dogmatic like the extremists. He struck the golden mean as he had immense faith in toleration. He was non-absolutistic in approach and outlook. Jainism, as it is today, bears a deep impress of his genius as an interpreter of the basic principles of Jainism which he inherited from his predecessors and enunciated in the context of the various speculations, theories, doctrines, and ideologies current in his age.

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.... Shivaji Maharaj stands for the greatest Hindu since Prithviraj Chauhan ....

THE GREAT STAR OF HINDUISM

Nanalal Dalpatram Kavi

THE holy Shruties recite मातृ देवो भव। पितृ देवो भव। (Respect your mother as God, respect your father as God).

The first preceptors of Shivaji Maharaj* were his parents—Shahaji and Jijabai. The third preceptor of Shivaji Maharaj was his religious father, the great Ramdas Swami.

The foundation of life is religion. Religion is the foundation of the state. Religion is the mainstay of the whole world,—such is the belief of the Aryans. Sri Ramdas Swami instilled and reared these sentiments in Shivaji Maharaj.

Shivaji Maharaj was the Arjun, holding the Gandiv bow. Sri Ramdas Swami taught him the religion of performance of duty without desire. The powerful Sri Ramdas Swami gave him the message of *Gitaji*, conveyed to the world from age to age. It was the great Sri Ramdas Swami who taught Shivaji to unfurl the *Bhagva Jhenda*, crimson banner, on the field of battle. It was Sri Samarth Ramdas Swami who transformed the battles of Shivaji into holy sacrifices, who transformed the banner of Shivaji into the banner of Religion. Sri Ramdas Swami, the religious father, was the third architect of Shivaji.

And the fourth maker and moulder of Shivaji was Tulja Bhavani, the All Powerful, the mother of the world, the Goddess Tribhuvaneshwari of Tuljapur. She gave the sword

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* This year Shivaji Jayanti falls on 17th April.

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to Shivaji. It was the embodiment of the Great Force for re-attainment of Swaraj by India. These four were the creators of Shivaji Maharaj.

Two incidents in the life of Shivraj Maharaj stand out before me. Some may have the capture of Torna in view; others may think of the fall of Sinhgad. 'The Fortress was conquered, but the Lion was lost.' Some may remember the Durbar at Agra, others may remember the installation ceremonies at Raigad.

My gaze is riveted, however, on two other incidents in his life. One, the gift of the Empire to Sri Ramdas Swami. The pages of history have registered many a gift; but it is difficult to find another to equal this.

O Aryan Spirit! What was Shivraj Maharaj presenting to Sri Ramdas Swami? He was pouring at the feet of his preceptor, the wealth of a lifetime, the treasury of his soul. The great donation of the All-of-life stands out before us today.

Also another incident. The hermitage at Alundi, the cottage of Tukaram, even like that of Sudamaji. As if Krishnadev visited Sudamaji!

A desire to adorn Poona was born to Shivraj. The ministry of eight proceeded to Alundi, bowed down before the saint and delivered the message of the king. "The king beseecheth you to come to Punya-Pattana."

The Sudama said, "Our work does not lie in the resort of pleasures, the centre of policies, that Dwarika. I charge you to give this *Abhanga* to Maharaj and tell him that *he should protect Religion as he protects life.*"

Shivraj Maharaj was made of divine earth. He himself proceeded to the house of Sudamaji: "Prince of Devotees! Grace by your presence, my Punya-Pattana. Best of Poets! Come and adorn the grandeur of my Empire!" prayed he.

The Prince of Devotees did not accede to the Prince of the Empire. The Prince of Poets rejected the glories of Empire. "Oh King! Enjoy the pleasures of Empire and fight the battlefield of life. But guard always one thing with thy life, namely thy Religion."

Gentlemen, do you know Shivraj? Who was Shivraj Maharaj?

Shivraj Maharaj stands for the Greatest Hindu since Prithviraj Chauhan. He was the crown and essence of Hinduism during the seven centuries, the Great Star of Hinduism.

Aryavarta is immortal, and the dreams of Swamiji will come true in the spiritual progress of the World on this Earth and beyond.

[From the English translation of the Gujarati original—by Sri N. H. Pandia.]

Shri Shivaji is a symbol of many virtues, more especially of love of country.

Shivaji did not belong to Maharashtra alone; he belonged to the whole Indian nation. No greater disservice can be done to the memory of Shivaji than to reduce this brilliant statesman, administrator and gifted general to the size of parochial personality and seek inspiration from him for any brand of chauvinism. He was not an ambitious ruler anxious to establish a kingdom for himself but a patriot inspired by a vision and political ideas derived from the teachings of the ancient philosophers.

—Jawaharlal Nehru

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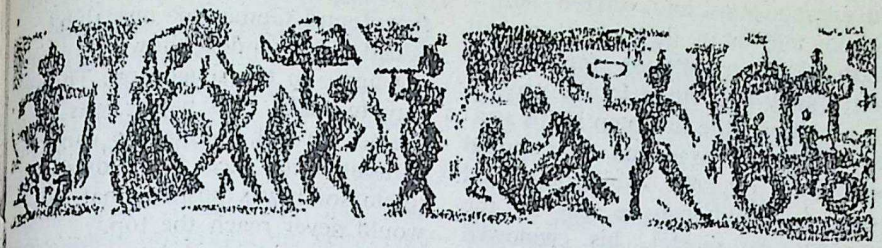

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

19. Uddhava in 'Hell'

WHEN Krishna left Kundinpur, Uddhava felt that his heart had also left him to keep company with his beloved friend. In his infancy his father, Devabhagh, brother of Vasudeva, had sent him to Vrindavan to be brought up with Krishna, and to him, his cousin was both a passionately-loved hero and his better self. Since then he had lived for Krishna and thriven only in his company. His supreme privilege was to serve his hero unobtrusively, to fulfil his slightest wish and to help him in accomplishing all his purposes. His thought processes had also been fused with Krishna's, so much so that often he would anticipate his friend's wishes and immediately take steps to fulfil them.

So, when Krishna left for the Sahya Mountains, he bent all his energies to help him come back in triumph. Living as the guest of old Kaishik, the father of King Bhismaka of Vidarbha, he could see that Princess Rukmini had felt heart-broken when Krishna went away to seek an asylum in wilderness. In her, therefore, he found a fiery spirit which was impatient to help him in his work. She mentioned the plans of Uddhava to her grandfather Kaishik, and the three of them spent considerable time in devising ways to frustrate the object of Jarasandha. Of any such plan they decided, the astute Kaishik, king of Chedi, they thought, should be the pivot.

What Krishna had anticipated had come true. Jarasandha had no desire to destroy Mathura for the fun of it.

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Vasudeva's sons had offered him a mortal affront; they had almost shattered his reputation for invincibility; they had stood in the way of his ambition; the first step in his strategy, therefore, was that they should be hunted out like rabid dogs and killed. It would then be easy for the Emperor to instal his widowed daughters in Mathura as dowager queens with some infant Yadava placed on the throne.

With the blessings of Kaishik, Uddhava, in disguise, went to Chedi and secretly presented himself before Damagosh, when Jarasandha and his friends had halted in his capital on their way to the Sahya Mountains. Damagosh quietly listened as Uddhava spent his ingenuity and eloquence to bring him into the plan, and then thought over the suggestion carefully. It would be unwise, he concluded, to let go an opportunity of shaking the foundation of Jarasandha's hold over his allies, if Vasudeva's sons were as valiant as reported. He, therefore, left with Jarasandha's party for the Sahya Mountains, accompanied by Uddhava in the disguise of a charioteer.

Things had turned out better than Damagosh had imagined. He had helped to stop the fight and saved the life of the Emperor, and also saw with undiluted satisfaction his inglorious discomfiture. When, therefore, Jarasandha's friends had hastely departed with him, Damagosh embraced Krishna and Balaram heartily and told them of all that had happened. With a smile of appreciation he also narrated how Uddhava had persuaded him to help.

'Everyone wanted to go back when they found Gomantak unscalable', he added. 'Jarasandha, however, would not agree to the suggestion. The only way to make him happy was to set fire to the hill, so that he can retire without losing face. So I advised him to do so. I was positive that the fire would never reach the top.'

'Well, we did not let it reach the summit', said Krishna with a smile.

'Krishna, are you really what everyone says you are—a god?' asked the king. 'You have commanded the sea and it obeyed. And between two of you, you have annihilated the prestige of the greatest of our kings. And ....', he added with a twinkle in his shrewd eye, 'he will never be able to live down the ridicule to which you have exposed him.' Damagosh laughed aloud at what he thought was a huge joke. 'This victor of a hundred battles to run for his very life before two boys! And together with his loyal allies! I could never have hoped to see such a happy day!'

In the meantime, the Garuds who had gone in pursuit of Jarasandha's bowmen returned with a few captives, the rest of them having fled away. They were overjoyed when they saw the triumph achieved by Krishna and Balaram and by their screeches conveyed the message of victory to their kinsmen who were watching from the top of the Hill. Immediately the Garuds, men and women, led by their Chief, came down the Hill and surrounded Krishna, Balaram and Damagosh with shouts of wild ecstasy and offered flowers, fruits and food to them all, after breaking a hundred

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cocoanuts to ward off evil. They had also brought along 'nectar' for Balaram, which the young giant took till his eyes rolled and his legs refused to stand. Damagosh too was not slow to refresh himself with it.

After a heavy repast, in which the Garuds also joined, they, both men and women, celebrated the victory by a ceremonial dance in which Krishna and Balaram also joined. They were as merry as only the Garuds could be when dancing.

For two days Damagosh and his party camped at the foot of the Hill enjoying the hospitality of the Garuds. The King of Chedi who had heard so much about Krishna was amazed to find such ripe wisdom and uncanny perception in his young relative and was very glad that in the big game that he was playing to counteract the growing influence of Jarasandha, he had now found someone whose power to work miracles appeared unlimited.

On the third day Krishna sent Uddhava to Karvirpur with a message to Shrigalava that he and Balaram—now that they were here—would like to pay their respects to the great Yadava Prince. Balaram disagreed with this friendly overture.

'Krishna, I don't want you to send such a courtesy message; the fellow is behaving like a blackguard; he betrayed us to Jarasandha', said Balaram. 'If you want to meet him, do so yourself; I would not come.'

'We do not lose anything by being courteous at all times', replied Krishna. 'And we should not lose an opportunity to make Shrigalava friend. Who knows?—he may be a good man at heart'.

'You may go on making as many friends as you like', said Balaram. 'I won't have anything to do with such a wicked man. You remember the mighty Bhargava told us that Shrigalava was an enemy of Dharma and had kept several venerable *acharyas* in Karvirpur in prison for not accepting him as VAASUDEVA, the Great God.'

'Perhaps the Great God may confer a favour on me by releasing those *acharyas*!' said Krishna. 'I do not like to desert such venerable masters of the Vedic lore,' he added firmly.

●●●

Uddhava rode to Karvirpur, accompanied by Vainateya and other fleet-footed Garuds who often ran ahead of the horse. Four warriors of Chedi also followed them on foot.

When Uddhava reached the fort, they were stopped by the guards from entering it. The guards were dark-skinned men dressed in loin cloth and huge necklaces and armlets of silver, each bearing a heavy wooden club and a copper lance. When informed by Guruda of Uddhava's mission, their chief, who carried a shield of silver, went inside the fort to obtain instructions. After a considerable time, he returned with orders. Only Uddhava was to be allowed to enter the town escorted by a fair skinned officer, who spoke the sacred language.

Uddhava, once he entered the fort, was asked to dismount and give up his arms. Then he was led on foot towards the palace which was more

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a citadel than a royal residence. On the way, he met dark-skinned men and women, the men in loin cloth, the women in short saris, all loaded with rich ornaments of gold and silver. The marts too were full of gold and silver trinkets. Rich sweets were on sale everywhere. Uddhava could not have believed that Karvirpur was rolling in such riches, had he not seen it with his own eyes.

The citadel had all the signs of having been prepared for some festival. The officer explained to Uddhava that these preparations were made to welcome Jarasandha, the King of Magadha, who was coming to pay his respects to 'the great lord'. Uddhava smiled. People in Karvirpur evidently did not know that the preparations were wasted; Jarasandha was on his way home.

As Uddhava entered the citadel, he saw a large congregation drawing a huge, open, four-wheeled chariot. A short thick-set person with a well-combed beard, decked in gold and with a cubit high diadem on his head, sat on a throne of gold placed on it, the jewels in his diadem, necklaces, waist-band and armlets flashing like living eyes in the sunshine. He also wore on his left shoulder a huge bow. Uddhava could easily see that it could be no one else than Shrigalava himself.

The crowds, in their own language, were shouting worshipful slogans, and as the chariot was drawn out of the citadel, the townsmen on both sides fell prostrate on their face in homage.

'Is this your king?' asked Uddhava.

'Not our king. He is Lord VAASUDEVA,[1] the Great God in person', said the officer with appropriate reverence.

'He is not the son of Vasudeva, but is VAASUDEVA, the Great God, is he?' asked Uddhava with a smile.

'You are a foreigner, so naturally you don't know anything about us', said the officer. 'According to us, VAASUDEVA is the Great God, and he is the master of us all.' So saying he touched his eyelids with his forefinger to show reverence.

In the meantime, the procession came near where they stood and the officer fell prostrate before the king as the chariot passed by. Uddhava, not to give offence, did likewise. Shrigalava glanced loftily at Uddhava and the procession went its way.

Uddhava was then taken to a stone rest-house intended for distinguished guests, where the officer looked after his needs. He was, however, obstinately unresponsive and Uddhava's curiosity about Shrigalava remained unsatisfied.

Next morning he was sent for by the King. When Uddhava entered the compound of the stone palace, he found King Shrigalava seated on the same throne in the same pose, immovable as the image of a god, shining in gold and jewels. By his side stood the queen, an emaciated frightened-looking woman, who evidently did not enjoy what was happening. She was supported by a young and very beautiful woman, whose

1. Vasudeva's son is called *Vaasudeva*. God was also referred to as *Vaasudeva* in some of the Aryan cults, particularly in the cult from which Pancharatra Sampradaya sprang.

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ves were fixed on Shrigalava in
istatic veneration. Next to her stood
boy, evidently the Prince, who was
ore interested at looking furtively
t his mother than at his father or
e worshipping crowd.

A number of men and women were
fering *arti*[2] to the King waving a
undred lights in front of him, and
nging hymns evidently in his praise
a language which he did not un-
rstand. The throne was surrounded
y women scantily clad but richly
dorned and numerous fierce-looking
en with heavy wooden clubs in their
nds.

What shocked Uddhava most was
at some Brahmans who looked like
haryas, stood on all sides of the
ing offering obsequious worship.
his was so different, he thought, from
e respectful behaviour of the kings
Aryavarta towards masters of high
arning like Gargacharya and Sandi-
ni, and it made him indignant.

When the ceremony of waving the
hts was over and cocoanut cream,
eacle and coriander seeds were dis-
ibuted to all persons present there
gifts of the divinity, Uddhava was
ken by another officer near the
rone.

Uddhava offered due salutations to
rigalava. The King stared at him
r some time, making him feel un-
mfortable. Then smoothening his
ard, he boomed a question in the
ored language, which he spoke with
unfamiliar accent and mixed with
range words. 'Who are you, stran-
ger? What is your name? And what favours do you seek from Lord VAASUDEVA?'

'I am Uddhava, son of noble Devabhagh, the valiant Shoora of Mathura. I have come to ask no favours. I have come on behalf of my cousin, Krishna V*aa*sudeva', said Uddhava.

'Krishna of Mathura? What have we, VAASUDEVA, to do with him?' asked the King in a fierce, authoritative tone. 'We have nothing to do with him. We understand that this cowherd has killed his maternal uncle, the son-in-law of our friend, the lord of Magadha, and he is hiding like a coward in the Gomantak Hill. We are sure by now our friend, the mighty Jarasandha, must have dispatched him to hell'.

'Oh great and noble King'—began Uddhava.

'Who told you that we are a king?' angrily asked Shrigalava. 'There is only Lord VAASUDEVA here', he said loftily and looked on all sides, when all the persons present folded their hands and bowed their heads in corroboration.

'Noble lord, forgive me. I am ignorant of the ways of Karvirpur', Uddhava said meekly.

'Then you should not have come to our kingdom. What do you want of us?' asked Shrigalava.

'Krishna V*aa*sudeva would like to come to Karvirpur and pay his respects to the lord', said Uddhava trying to humour the king.

'He would be dead by now', Shrigalava said.

'He and his brother Balaram, lord, have already driven Jarasandha

2. The ritual of waving of lights before a deity of a very highly venerable person.

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away, wounded Prince Rukmi, the Prince of Vidarbha, and killed King Darad', said Uddhava.

Shrigalava glared at Uddhava as if he was out of his mind. 'You are telling lies', at last he thundered. 'The lord of Magadha is coming here as our guest'.

'He is fleeing back to Magadha as fast as his horses can carry him', Uddhava replied.

For a moment Shrigalava was silent. Then he said: 'Uddhava, go and tell your friend Krishna that we would permit him to see us only if he recognised us as VAASUDEVA. the Supreme Lord of the three worlds', said Shrigalava.

Uddhava lost his patience. 'Krishna V*aa*sudeva....'

'Don't call him V*aa*sudeva!' There is only one VAASUDEVA in the world and we are here', said Shrigalava. Again he looked on all sides, and the courtiers and the attendants folded their hands and bowed their heads in agreement, with little noises of approval.

Uddhava was tickled at this egregious vanity. Krishna, his friend, never called himself a god, but acted like one, while this pompous fool called himself a god and could not behave even like a man. 'How can he drop his name? He is the son of Vasudeva, the lord of the Shooras of Mathura, and therefore V*aa*sudeva—and your kinsman, Best among Yadavas', he added.

'There can't be two V*aa*sudevas in this world', Shrigalava said firmly. 'If Krishna does not acknowledge us as the only God, VAASUDEVA, we will not see him'.

'I am afraid, there will have to be two V*aa*sudevas, O, great V*aa*sudeva', said Uddhava with equal firmness.

'Yadava, you commit a sacrilege. To hell you will go unless you acknowledge us VAASUDEVA as the Supreme God'.

'I take your leave, lord of Karvirpur. Krishna V*aa*sudeva does not claim to be a god as you do, but Krishna, to me, very much looks like one', said Uddhava as he hurried to leave.

'You shall not utter such heresies in our presence', said Shrigalava. 'Send him to hell', he thundered, and with a sweep of his arm, ordered his men to take Uddhava into custody.

About twenty attendants, with lance in hand, fell upon him, and binding him with ropes, led him away from Shrigalava's presence.

Uddhava was forcibly carried to the far end of the citadel. For a moment he felt worried about the fate of Krishna and Balaram if they came into the hands of this wicked king; his one anxiety, therefore, was how to warn Krishna of the danger. But situated as he was, he could do nothing. Parashurama, he knew, had already warned Krishna against the wiles of Shrigalava, but he could never conceive him to be such an amalgam of vanity and wickedness.

Uddhava was brought near what looked like the mouth of a well and unceremoniously flung into it. As he came down the opening, however, he saw that it was not a well into which he was thrown, but an opening of a large cave. He descended on his feet

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and saw sunlight streaking in from a distant corner.

When he reached that corner, he discovered an opening leading down to a part of the valley which had been enclosed on two sides by high stone walls. When he stepped into what looked like a veritable pit of hell, he saw a group of elderly men—whom he guessed to be the captive *acharyas* offering their *arghya* to the Sun God near a stream. He walked up to them and prostrated himself before them. With a silent gesture of the hand, they blessed him. Everyone of the *acharyas,* though reduced to a skeleton, had high intelligent foreheads and eyes unnaturally bright.

'Uddhava!' came a familiar voice from behind.

Uddhava turned round to find Punardatta, the son of his guru Sandipani, rushing to him with open arms. Both embraced each other with effusive cordiality.

'How do you happen to be here?' asked Punardatta.

Uddhava explained to him how he came to this 'hell' and inquired of Punardatta as to why he was here. Punardatta then told him all about himself.

●●●

There were ancient sects which worshipped VAASUDEVA as the Supreme. Galava *rishi,* who had come all the way to Karvirpur with the Yadava conquerors, belonged to this sect and had great influence with the ruling family. When a son was born to the young Yadava King of Karvirpur with his blessings, the infant was named Shrigalava.

The young prince was brought up in the sect of Vaasudeva worshippers. When Galavacharya died, Shrigalava, then the King of Karvirpur, disbanded his *ashram* and made himself the head of the sect. In course of time, by threat, bribe or persuasion, he got most of the people to join the sect.

In course of time, when Shrigalava conquered the neighbouring tribes, he proclaimed himself VAASUDEVA, the God of gods, come to earth, and assumed all the insignia of godhood. He transformed the sect to suit his wishes, and enforced his own worship first by favours and later by threats and penalties. His ways, thereupon, earned for him the sobriquet Shrigal or the fox.

Some of the learned *acharyas* of the town stood out against this enforced worship. They were prepared to give Shrigalava all the honours due to a king which the *shastras* enjoined, but not to recognise him as the God of gods. Among them was Punardatta's maternal grandfather, Rudracharya, an outstanding *acharya,* who remained uncompromising in his loyalty to the gods to whom the divine *Vedas* were addressed. Led by Rudracharya, many *acharyas* refused to change their faith. Shrigalava, however, got some *acharyas* to offer him exclusive worship in return for rich rewards. Punardatta's grandfather, and those like him, who declined to compromise their independence, invited the wrath of the king on themselves. Those who once looked up to him with reverence withdrew their support. As Rudracharya was the most respected of the unyielding *acharyas,* Shrigalava decided

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to make an example of him and began to frighten all who associated with him. Even his pupils left him.

Three years ago, Shrigalava found himself powerful enough to disband Rudracharya's *ashram*. Then he took the next step. He persecuted all who were suspected of giving support to the old man.

However, the old man, abandoned but unbent, stood unflinching in his resolve. One of his sons fled from Karvirpur. Another came to a compromise with Shrigalava. However, living on whatever he could get, Rudracharya refused to yield and followed his way of life strictly. He would not give up a single ritual, nor depart from the ascetic rigour to which he was pledged. He would not attend the congregational worship which Shrigalava commanded him to attend.

'Then Shrigalava decided to wipe out all the learned *acharyas* who would not accept him as the Great God and prohibited them from following the rituals of the faith,' continued Punardatta. 'My grandfather was the first to be sent to this 'hell'. Then, whoever among the *acharyas* refused to accept his godhood and join in his worship were sent here. They were seventeen in all, including my grandfather. Three of them have already died here. The rest are rotting as you see'.

'But how did you happen to be here?' asked Uddhava.

'On my return to Gurudeva, my father, we learnt of what had befallen my grandfather. So I came to negotiate his release in the hope that Shrigalava would let my grandfather come with us. But he would not yield. On the contrary, he wanted me to join in worshipping him as the Supreme God. I declined and found myself in this hell. I am glad for it; I am now with grandfather', said Punardatta, with a wry smile. Then he added: 'I always seem to find my way into difficulties, and to meet you when the situation becomes hopeless.'

'To find a way, as we did at Vaivasvatpur', said Uddhava.

[*To be continued*]

The best preacher is the heart, the best teacher time, the best book the world, the best friend God.

—Talmud.

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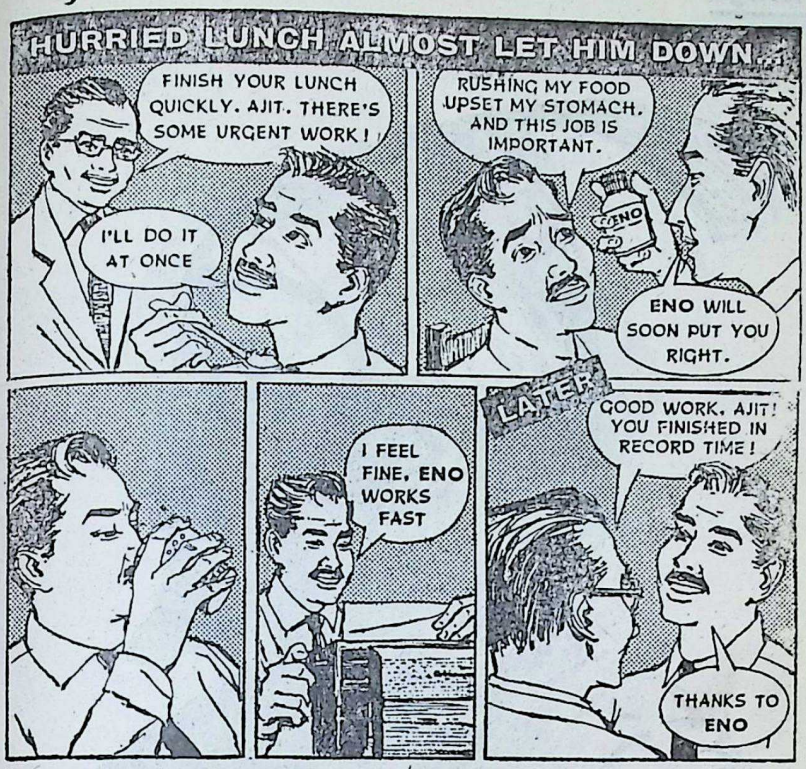

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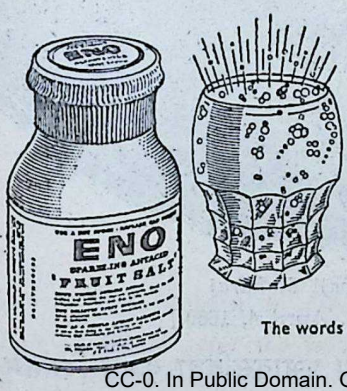

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Homage

Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj
[b. April 4, 1630—d. April 4, 1680.]

यत्पुण्यराशिरभवच्छिवराजनामा यस्य प्रभावमवितुं कमले दिगंतम् ॥

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—Gaga Bhatt

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Sri S. Satyamurti
[b. August 19, 1889—d. March 28, 1943]

"If you want to enter the legislatures merely to show up the bureaucracy, it is enough if we send Satyamurti and others."
—Mahatma Gandhi

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. . . . the power of poetry is the power to make the truth "come true"—to give it the form which will endow it with the meaning which will make it true . . . .

The Crucial Flaw in Our Civilization

Archibald MacLeish

THE old relationship between man and world has been replaced by our new, precise, objective, dispassionate *observation* of the world. With the result that our understanding of our experience of the world has been curiously mutilated.

The world is still there bright and sharp and analyzed and explicable. But we ourselves, facing the world, are not there.

Our knowledge seems to exist of itself independently of us, or indeed of any knower—scientific knowledge stated in its universal scientific laws, its formulas and equations true for all men everywhere and always, not for a single man alone.

But, at the same time and for the same reasons, the human savour, the personal significance, the subjective apprehension and our knowledge fades and blurs.

One way to speak of this is to say that the *knowledge* of the fact has somehow or other come loose from the feel of the fact, and that it is now possible, for the first time in human history, to know as a mind what you cannot comprehend as a man.

I agree that this way of talking is not entirely scientific, and may perhaps, not even be intelligible, but what I think of when I use these words is only too intelligible.

What I think of is the Americans and the Russians and the Chinese of our own generation—shall we call them the "good" Americans and Russians and Chinese?—who *know* Hiroshima (the walking dead who could not die stumbling through the dark of that first day with "great sheets of skin peeled from their tissues to hang like rags") but who, in spite of that knowledge, are still able to talk about the repetition of those horrors (and of horrors even worse) as conceivable, as possible—as, to the Communist Chinese, "inevitable" and even, it would seem, desired.

This divorce between the knowledge of the fact and the feel of the fact exists in our world whether we like its existence or not and it is because it exists that the word art—or better, the word Poetry, which signifies for me that way of looking at the world fundamental to the creation of all art—belongs beside the word Science in these grave discussions.

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Not until mankind is again able to ee feelingly, as blind Gloucester says o Lear upon the heath, will the cru- al flaw at the heart of our civiliza- on be healed. And to see feelingly nly poetry can teach us.

That statement, I have no doubt hatever, will sound, to many, like he worst kind of special pleading. What has poetry to do—really to do— ith a world in conflagration, societies collapse?

Poetry, you will say, is a head- g under the rubric, Literature, the list of college courses. is an embellishment, some- ing taught to prevent a college's gra- uates from making unnecessary fools f themselves in their dinner conver- ations after the day's real work is one—the stock sold at a profit or a ss, the advertisement placed, the nsuit argued, the draft of the state per initialled.

Or poetry, you will say, has nothing do, can have nothing to do, should ve nothing to do, with societies and ilizations and, above all, world in isis. Poetry is its own world. Poetry ver makes anything happen. Life is e thing: poetry another. And you ll end up, like as not, quoting those miliar sentences of Thomas Mann: "Contemner though she is at the se, [art] has never been able to lt the march of evil. Intent on en- wing life with reason and dignity, e has never been able to put a stop the most arrant nonsense. She is t a force, she is only a comfort." But whichever way you say it, you ll be saying the same thing: that etry is about as remote from the urgent concerns of our generation as anything could well be.

Our crisis is not a weapon or a hostile nation or a political party.

Our crisis is man, the new man in whom this new knowledge is carried—along with the old ignorance which was there before: the new scientific man who knows but does not know, who can but can't, who will but won't—and who is dangerous to himself and others because he has lost his relations to his own reality in losing his relation to a world he thought he knew.

We need to remind ourselves of that fact, for unless and until we realize what our crisis is, we cannot very well discuss the measures to be taken to meet it.

Slogans as definitions of a problem beget slogans as answers to the problem.

The fact, however, is otherwise. The fact is that nothing is as close as poetry, as the poet's vision, to the tragic dilemma in which we live.

If it is true, as it assuredly is true, that our dilemma is founded in those great events which have changed the human situation on this earth, and if it is true that the cleavage of the dilemma is that divorce of the feel of the fact from the knowledge of the fact which frustrates us in our efforts to know ourselves in the new world we live in, then only the poet's vision can right the world for us and right ourselves as actors in the world.

The end and aim of any true work of art is precisely the achievement of the relationship we have lost—the re-

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lationships between man and world—between man and man's experience of the world.

And the means of poetry, the means by which life is apprehended as something to be felt and experienced rather than manipulated, are precisely the means which, with us, have atrophied—the means by which men recognize their lives and so themselves.

Rightly read, any poem is a recreation of common experience the effect and action of which is an uncommon understanding of that experience.

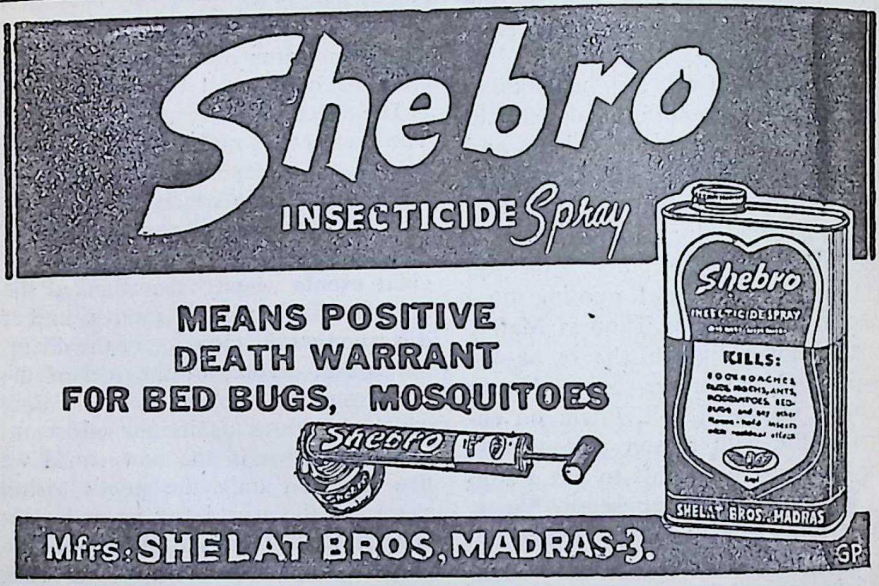
Rightly perceived, the power of poetry is the power to make the truth "come true"—to give it the form which will endow it with the meaning which will make it true, and true not only for our minds but for ourselves as men.

It is for this reason that science and yet more science is not the only answer we must give as we measure our needs in the context of persisting crisis.

The great ages have been ages founded upon one image or another of man against the sky, man against the universe, and that image, whether in Athens or Florence or Loyang or among the rocks Isaiah knew, has always been an image poetry created.

Only when poetry reclaims, in the consciousness of living men, the place it had always held in earlier civilizations, will the triumphs of modern science promise us a world in which humanity can live alive.

[Courtesy: *New York Times*]



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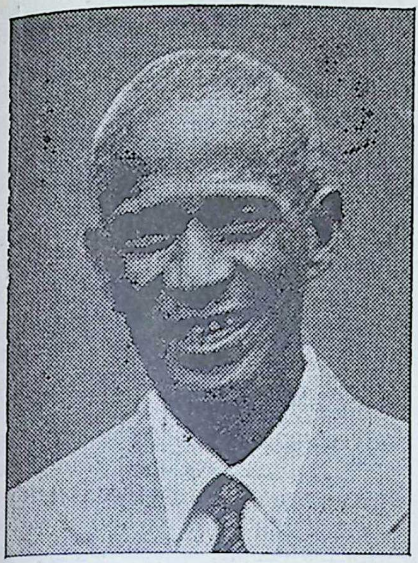

SIR MILTON MARGAI

THE eighth British dependency to become a full member of the British Commonwealth since 1947 will be Sierra Leone, when she attains Independence a few days hence, i.e. on 27th April.

Sierra Leone on the West Coast of Africa has a population of 2¼ million and an area of 28,000 sq. miles. Sandwiched between Liberia and French Guinea, its capital, Freetown, has an annual rainfall of about 150 inches, a temperature that hovers in the low eighties in the hot season, enchanting hills and is one of the finest natural harbours. Its University College is a most notable institution of learning for Africans in Africa.

The population which is 99.8 per cent black consists of over dozen tribes of whom the most important are the Mende and the Temne. The famous "Inside' man Gunther refers to the 'intriguing and romantic' history of this territory thus: "The first settlers (1787) were 400 Africans rescued from slave ships by the British Navy; with them came thirty white prostitutes from the slums of London. These together are the foundation of contemporary Freetown society."

Traditionally one of the most loyal of British Colonies, Sierra Leone has her own domestic problems, one of which is the cleavage between the pure Creoles, descendants of the first settlers, and the natives. There are at least two well-defined political parties —the National Council for the Colony of Sierra Leone (NCCS) and the Sierra Leone People's Party

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(SLPP). Bending before insistent national demands the British had been giving progressive political reforms. Last year the leaders joined a United Front which successfully negotiated her independence.

The biggest economic issue of that country relates to diamonds for which it is justly famous. Diamond production which is under the monopoly controlled by a Trust contributes to about 15% of the country's revenue and it is said that more diamonds leave the country illegally than legally. This is the Government's headache.

Now, the undisputed leader of the country is her present Prime Minister, Sir Milton Margai, who has been leading the country for nine years now. A real protectorate man, Sir Milton's father was a trader and his grandfather a warrior chief. Educated at Freetown, he took his medical degree at Durham in England in 1926. He was the Protectorate's first doctor. Starting life in private practice he entered Government Service and retired in 1950 as Senior Medical Officer. Along with Mr. Laminah Sankoh, he formed the national party, SLPP.

Before entering politics Sir Milton Margai instituted a campaign among women for instructions in anatomy, mother-craft, and literacy. At the initial stages, the tribal chiefs looked upon it with suspicion but later they got reconciled.

From the time the SLPP took office in 1952, there have been gradual but considerable improvements in the conventional life of the people. Universal compulsory education is the Government's creed. Facilities for education and social welfare have been introduced on a large scale.

Sir Milton is 65, and age is respected in Sierra Leone. He is at least a generation older than other important politicians. Thus custom and knowledge are in his favour. Young men call him 'Pa'. The Chiefs respect him, because he has assured them places in the new set-up. He is experienced and practical. He never forgets that the ultimate object of politics is the welfare of the people.

Cool, quiet and cautious, the Doctor is slight of build and wiry but resilient. He keeps fit by playing tennis. Although normally he looks grave, it is not typical of him: he enjoys a joke rather raucously. Although a good host, he now lives quietly and relaxes more freely than before. Duty requires that he be fierce and often tough with his people, as for instance when they try to defraud the state revenues by smuggling diamonds out of the country.

Although the foundations have been well laid for her independent future, it is not without difficulties as indeed the past as in 1956, for example, when there were strikes. Next to combating illicit digging and smuggling of diamonds, external relations will demand the attention of Sir Milton. A pan-Africanist by temperament, though not doctrinaire, the learned doctor is said to lean more on the side of Nigeria which surely is a good sign. India sends out her best wishes to Sierra Leone on this happy occasion.

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or

THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

45. HIS HIGHNESS' PROBLEMS

RADHARAMAN received Sheela at the Victoria Terminus with warm affection. He had convinced himself that whatever Sheela might do or say, in the end she would do exactly what he wanted her to do. But no sooner they met, he realised that her attitude towards him had changed; she was only discharging her duty to him as his wife. However, he forgot all about it when he found that immediately on her arrival at the house, Sheela took over the responsibility for making arrangements for the evening's reception.

Leading personalities of Bombay attended Radharaman's reception. The Governor and his wife were, of course, the principal guests. His Highness Samar Sinh was also present. Sheela proved herself matchless as hostess, though Radharaman was not too pleased when he found that she had put on a very simple dress and hardly any ornaments. But his vanity was satisfied when he found that Sheela played her part so well. He felt proud when he found her talking with the Governor with self-confidence. He was happy; she was going to be a most helpful instrument in securing high status and popularity. He, therefore, decided to win her affection once again, for he felt that without her he would never achieve the objectives he valued most in life.

Sheela heaved a sigh of relief when the reception was over. Her mind was still occupied with Uday who was passing through a crisis at Matheran, when Radharaman came to her and said: "Sheela, today you were really wonderful. It was astonishing how you managed today's party".

"Well, I am glad you liked everything", replied Sheela as if it was not she to whom the compliment was paid. Radharaman remarked sweetly: "You are really wonderful." Sheela gave no reply but started going up the stairs to her room.

"Why are you in such a hurry? Come, let us sit together in the library for a while".

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Without saying a word, Sheela followed Radharaman to his library and sat on a sofa opposite his usual seat. Radharaman walked up to her and sat down beside her. "I am so glad you came. I knew you could come. Listen to me". And when Sheela made no comment, he added: "How happy we are! Few people are as happy as we are". Sheela smiled almost imperceptibly, not knowing what to say.

"What are you thinking about?" inquired Radharaman.

"Nothing in particular. I was just wondering when you would be appointed the member of the Governor's Council," replied Sheela.

"His Excellency did make a mention of it today. Tomorrow when I go to see him with His Highness, possibly there might be some talk about it."

"Well, let me offer you my congratulations", commented Sheela as he attempted to get up.

"Not so quickly," said Radharaman moving close to her.

"How then?"

"This is how", said Radharaman as he pressed Sheela eagerly to himself. Sheela, in disgust, sat quietly without uttering a word.

"Do you know what that awful man Mattamayur has written in today's *Sanatan Yug?* Who is Piyush? Is it Uday?"

"Yes, he has written the novel *Tapasvini.*"

"The poet is my enemy. That is why he has involved you and me in this matter", Radharaman smiled.

"What do you think?" inquired Sheela cautiously.

"How could I know that Uday was such a gay bird? I thought he was a bore; he did not seem to be a deep one", said Radharaman. "When we meet again, we will tease him. What have you done to this man Mattamayur?"

"Do you think his attack is directed against me?" inquired Sheela, not wanting to give any reply to Radharaman's question. She guessed that her husband was trying to find out what her real feelings were and she was not quite sure what her attitude should be.

"Who can dare to attack you? You are my loyal and beloved wife." He again put his arm round her and was taken aback when he found her irresponsive.

"Shall we retire?"

"Just as you wish", said Sheela in a voice which trembled a little. She shut her eyes and ground her teeth, as she made herself ready for the final sacrifice.

●●●

After some time Sheela went to her bedroom, leaving Radharaman irritated. He had received a shock, mental as well as physical. For the first time it dawned on him that he was no longer irresistible and that he had made love to a block of ice. His passion had remained unrequited, and as his frustration grew, so did his anger. He helped himself with a couple of pegs of whisky, and in a dejected mood, retired to bed.

In the solitude of her room, Sheela wept bitterly for some time. Sleep did not come to her even after she had taken some sleeping tablets. It was with some difficulty that she resisted

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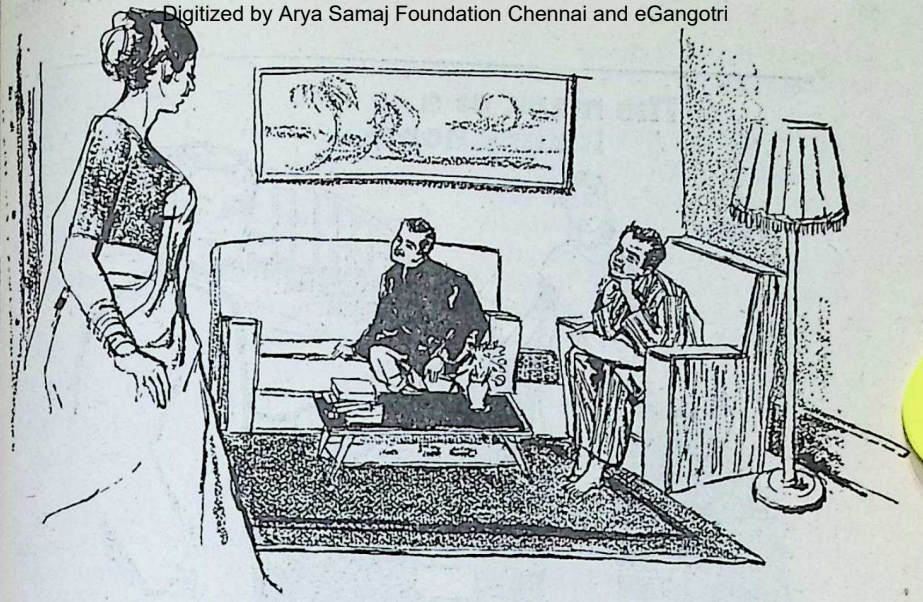

the temptation to take a few more tablets and put an end to a life which had become unbearable. In spite of the sleeping tablets, however, sleep evaded her. Her thoughts were in Matheran, while her body was in Bombay. In self-condemnation she said to herself, 'I had not realised how incredibly difficult this penance of mine is going to be.'

After she got up, she made some tea for herself. Just then a servant knocked at the door and said that there was a telephone call for her from Matheran. She thought that the worst had happened, as she ran to the telephone.

"Sheelaben, I am Raj, calling you from Matheran." Raj's voice was hoarse like a boy's.

"How is Uday?" enquired Sheela, her heart beating fast.

"He is not making any progress. Last night he was delirious."

Sheela could sense the anxiety in Raj's voice. "Oh! God" said Sheela as she put her hand to her throat.

"You must come here", she heard Raj saying.

"I! I! Raj, you must know, it is quite impossible for me to come."

"Not for my sake, but for the sake of Uday."

"I am afraid I cannot come", repeated Sheela, who seemed incapable of saying anything else.

"But you have to come." Raj's voice was now calm and composed, though persistent.

"But how can I come? I am afraid you do not understand things," said Sheela in a tearful voice.

"Sheelaben, both of us want Uday to live. That is why you must come". The voice of Raj was firm.

"Raj, you do not seem to realise anything. If I could, I would fly over". Sheela's voice broke down as she said

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is. "What am I to do? Oh miserble me!"

"Well, then you must catch this vening's train for Matheran. I shall eet you at the station". Raj's voice as now very soft, almost as if she as whispering in Sheela's ears *"That the mandate"*.

These last words were said in a olemn voice, full of humility and ith. It had a surprising effect on heela. She was speechless as she sat own on the chair. "Mandate? Whose andate? Who gave it? Oh! my God". he wept as she had never before ept.

Uday had given her some idea of e strange powers possessed by Raj, ut she never knew its nature. She ould still hear the soft voice and ense the firm faith. There was magic those last words. As she wept, heela kept murmuring: 'I must go. must go. Must go. That is the manate. Whatever happens I must go to latheran today. Uday must not die. ut how am I to go? How can I go ithout abandoning this house? And if go now, who will disbelieve Matmayur's charges?'

There was again a knock at the oor. With some difficulty she regaind her composure. "Baisaheb" said e servant as he came in, "Saheb is alling you. Maharaja Saheb is with im".

●●●

His Highness had come at that arly hour for Radharaman's advice s they were both to meet His Exellency the Governor at four in the fternoon.

His Highness was deeply agitated. e handed over to Radharaman a copy of a telegram which Hanskunverba had sent to His Excellency the Governor:

> "YOUR EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY—I was staying in Vihar Bhavan at the invitation of His Highness Samarsinhji of Premkot. The Arab servants of His Highness kidnapped me and my two maid-servants and locked us up in his Ilshamgadh Fortress, in a jungle 30 miles away. One evening his maid-servants searched me and took away from my person certain important papers including a Trust Deed. With much difficulty my maid-servants and I were able to escape. I am sending you this telegram from where we are. In spite of my status, His Highness has dared thus to torture me and to hold me illegally. My Trust Deed is for Rs. 8 lakhs. His Highness must return that sum to me. Even the successor of my husband His Highness of Manigadh refuses to help me. I am indeed helpless and am seeking justice at your hands. Your obedient servant —HANSKUNVERBA, DOWAGER MAHARANI OF MANIGADH."

Radharaman stared fixedly at the copy of the telegram. His Highness' face was a picture of anxiety. For several minutes neither spoke a single word.

"I must say, Your Highness, it is surprising how you cannot do anything without getting into a mess", at last remarked Radharaman impatiently. "Perfectly stupid. How foolish to attempt to arrest people in this way! And if you must decide to do any

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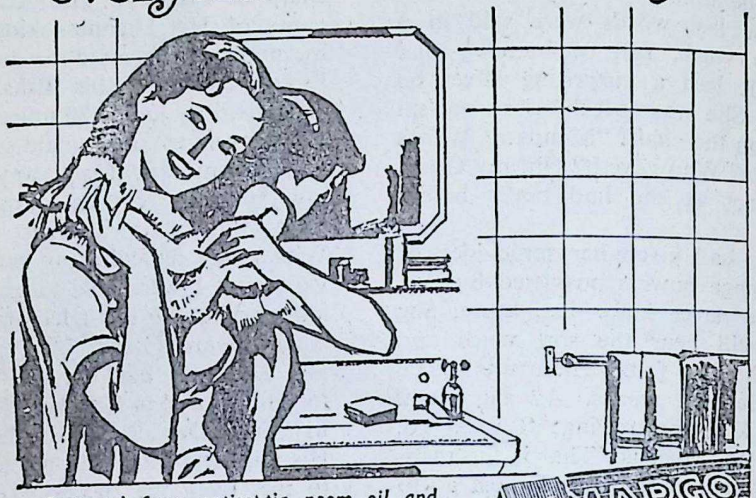

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such thing, surely you must take all possible precautions to see that the persons do not escape!"

"She is a devil" remarked His Highness.

"Well, then you should have thought of it first. What shall we say to the Governor? You are utterly unmindful of your reputation. I am tired of trying to find ways and means of saving you from the mess you make every now and again." He had been wanting to vent his anger on someone because of his bitter experience and disappointment of the previous night and His Highness had the misfortune to be the first victim. He was however so dejected that he was in no shape to resent such language.

"Where are the Trust Deed and the papers?" Radharaman enquired.

"My men will bring them today or tomorrow" replied His Highness.

"So it means that unless Uday gives evidence that he attested the Deed, nothing can happen to you."

"But Uday is mad. He might speak the truth."

"It will be for you to see that he does not speak the truth. I cannot suggest anything to him that would not be professionally correct" said Radharaman.

Radharaman then began to summarise the case slowly as if in a court of law. "If Uday is prepared to say that he never attested any such document, we would be able to say that this is a false document. We could also then suggest that this story of your love affair with her is also imaginary; that all you did was to give shelter to the helpless Maharani who had left Manigadh because of the ill treatment she had received there. It was out of your generosity that you had received her. That should be your statement. But are you sure that none of your officials or employees would say anything to the contrary?"

"Well, they are all loyal to me. If they do not give proper evidence, I can ruin them without any difficulty" remarked His Highness with an air of complete confidence.

"What do you think of Rowjibhai? How will he behave? He is your favourite, is it not so? He was in charge of the affairs at Vihar Bhavan."

"I am quite certain that he will not say one word against my interests. I have lent him 50 lakhs of rupees and made him the Managing Agent of our Premkot Mills."

"Well then, what it comes to is this: If Uday does not join us, the game would be up," concluded Radharaman.

"Yes. That is true. But what shall we do with him?" enquired His Highness. As if to indicate that he saw no way out, he put his hand on his forehead.

"Well," said Radharaman, "I cannot think of any solution. Have you any ideas?"

"Unfortunately", remarked His Highness, "neither conferment of a jagir nor payment of money would tempt him".

"Well, you should know more than anyone else that he declined to have anything to do with the offer of the rulership of Manigadh" confirmed Radharaman in a manner which made His Highness squirm.

"If only I had come to Prem

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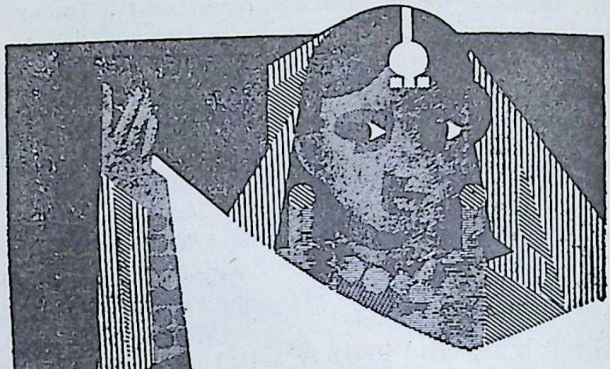

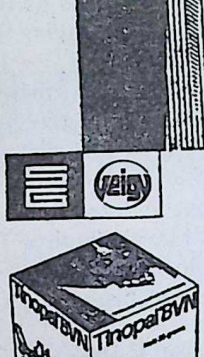

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kot, I would see that he is removed for good", said His Highness softly.

"Do not talk nonsense. Do you think he is a slave of yours?" interjected Radharaman angrily. "If you try to do any harm to him, you will lose your *gaddi*. Then I shall not be on your side. This is Bombay and not Premkot. You must not talk like this in front of me."

His Highness once again put his hand on his forehead in dismay as he remarked: "I am sorry. But what is there for us to do?"

"I am afraid you do not seem to be able to do anything except creating difficulties", repeated Radharaman with the arrogance natural to a leading light of the Bar. Suddenly he jumped up and said: "That is right."

"What?" enquired His Highness to whose anxious mind this sudden burst of energy on the part of the barrister seemed to offer a ray of hope.

"You must marry Uday's sister somehow or other. If need be, you must be prepared to agree to the condition that her son would succeed you."

"My God! Radharaman Saheb, you are really my guardian angel" said His Highness enthusiastically. "You are really wonderful."

"Why? What has come over you?" enquired Radharaman. "Why do you talk in this excited manner?"

"My dear sir, you are a genius. Only yesterday I made up my mind that whatever happens, I must marry Rajba. Yesterday she came with me in my saloon from Poona to Neral. 'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair!' Was it not Tennyson who said something of the sort? What a woman! I have decided to marry her and shall do everything in my power to win her."

"Your Highness, you talk as if you have lost all sense of proportion. Since, however, you are so enamoured of her, go ahead and marry her. If you agree that a son born to her would succeed you to the rulership, Uday will not say one word against you".

"That's it", said His Highness excitedly. "I do not care for the Maharani Saheb. I shall arrange for her to live away from us so that Rajba's son can come to the throne. But Radharaman, you will have to help me."

"I can only play the part of the adviser; I cannot undertake any further responsibility. But see that Uday does not oppose your marriage with her and their mother also agrees".

"My dear Radharaman, please help me. I beg of you."

"But how can I help you? Don't imagine that Uday is the kind of person who will do whatever I want him to do. Have I not seen you getting excited in this manner a hundred times before over women?"

"Listen, I have a suggestion. He is lying ill in his hotel at Matheran", said His Highness who was now full of enthusiasm. "Rajba has gone there to nurse him. I have taken over Pestonji's bungalow. I suggest you send Sheelaben to Matheran to live in that bungalow as my guest on the excuse that she may be able to help in nursing Uday. Then on Saturday both of us would go up to Matheran. Sheelaben will assist us in arranging a meeting with Rajba. If necessary I shall stay on. I must win her. Please do not

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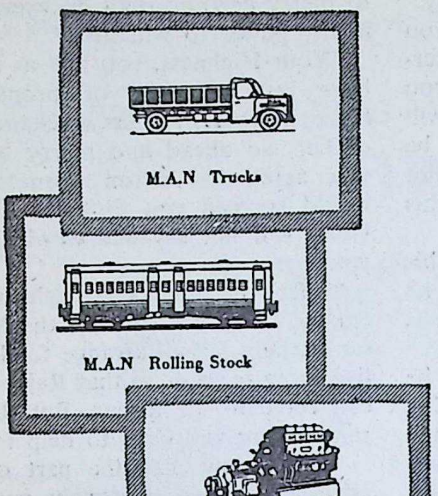

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y 'no'. Please, please send Sheelaben raightaway today to Matheran, and can follow tomorrow in the even-g. My dear sir, if you cannot find solution, no one can. Please come my assistance." His Highness was of breath by the time he had shed talking. He stopped for a mo-nt to regain his breath.

Barrister Radharaman could only ok at this sudden burst of eloqu-ce in surprise. His Highness, how-er, who had not finished, went on add: "What a wonderful woman! y dear Radharaman, she is a veri-le empress."

A client after all is a client, and if is extremely rich in addition, it was t natural that Radharaman should ree to reconsider the situation. hen he thought of the coldness with ich Sheela had responded to his e the previous night and the shock mind and body had received from icy contact, he did not relish the a of having to see Sheela again. He lised, moreover, that if Sheela con-ued to be in the house, he would be able to go about as freely after pleasures as he would have liked. wever, as it was he who had press-her to come, it was not an easy task ask her to go away so soon. But v that His Highness had provided excuse, no one could have the htest reason to suspect his motives. He rang the bell and when the ser-t came in response, asked him to uest Baisaheb to come as His High-s was desirous of seeing her.

heela immediately arrived in an iously agitated mood. "Jai Maha-, Sheelaben. How are you?" greet-His Highness whose spirits had risen by now. "I have to trouble you for some very important work. I would like you to go straightaway to Matheran".

"What! What do you say!" said Sheela in amazement, as she helplessly sank on the sofa. She was stunned at being asked to do precisely what she had been dying to do!

"Yes, Sheela" confirmed Radharaman in his most persuasive professional voice. "His Highness has rented Sir Pestonji's bungalow at Matheran for the whole season. He and I will be coming there tomorrow for the week-end. We would like you to go by this evening's train. Will you be able to manage?"

Sheela put her hands over her eyes and thanked God for his mercy.

"Uday is also very ill. Sheela, Uday's sister is there all by herself to nurse him." Sheela was not yet certain if all that was happening to her was true.

"It would be a good thing for you to go and help her. After all, Uday is one of us".

Rajba's final words came back to Sheela: *That is the mandate.* She said to herself: "Oh! God, how grateful I am to you!"

"Well, then I will make all the arrangements", Sheela heard His Highness say. "My car will leave you at the station. I am asking Rowjibhai to proceed immediately to Neral so that he can get to Matheran by rikshaw before you arrive there."

Lest they may change their minds, Sheela stood up and said: "I had better go immediately and get ready."

●●●

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Radharaman brought the fingers of his two hands together in the way of an eminent lawyer. This was with him an indication that his mind was working most effectively.

"Your Highness, what will happen to my work if I come with you to Matheran and stay there for three successive days—Friday, Saturday and Sunday?"

"Do not worry. What will be your fee?" His Highness was a good judge of his adviser's cupidity. "I hope three thousand rupees a day would be appropriate."

"Quite reasonable."

"Very well, then it is agreed. I know you are my well-wisher." His Highness put an end to all further talk. [*To be continued*]

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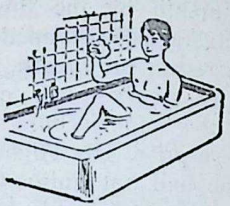

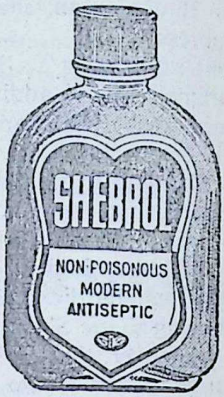

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Ganga Yatra

HE charm of childhood is its utter simplicity. Unlike the grown-ups, childhood's aspira- s are not unduly coloured by s. Hence the young one of the le was not quite happy at the way mother closed the issue of his go- on a pilgrimage to Ganga.

fter a few days of stay on the k of Gautami, therefore, the ng one again asked his mother day: "Mother! Obeisance unto Having taken birth in your illus- s bosom, does it become me to inue to remain an imbecile? Do stand in the way of my aspira- to have a dip in the holy Ganga thus bring about the liberation ll our ancestors. Please, I beg of give me permission to proceed anga."

e mother-beetle became immers- n sorrow at the persistence of her l. Reflected she: "I have indeed e a fool of myself by having ex- ed the holiness of Ganga to my g one. Alas! How can I turn him ? Let me try again."

id she to the young beetle: "Son! ve heard it said that one attains same *punya* of giving up life in ga by doing so in the Gautami r here, on a Harivasara (*eka-*. In fact, Mother Gautami was born much earlier than Ganga and when she is here right in front of us why should you take all the trouble to go there? Isn't it foolish to search for ghee when one has butter in one's own hands? Please give up your mad idea!"

Young beetle: Mother, I do appreciate your anxiety. The distance is no doubt great and the route hazardous; but don't you know that in the matter of *thirthas,* one that is far off is any day superior in virtue? Please, for heaven's sake, give me permission to go.

Mother beetle: Son! It is a sin to stand in the way of persons desiring to go on *tirtha-yatras*; I have tried, out of my affection, and your age, to point to the difficulties on the way. But you are determined in your aspiration. I shall be committing a sin myself by refusing you permission. O! I do not know how you will traverse the distance; how you will reach your destination and when you will return. At a far off place, when you have no proper food, what will you do? O, how I wish, when you are away, some one comes and tells me "I met your son, he is happy; he also travelled with us; he has stayed back today; he will turn up tomorrow!" When you return safely and when I

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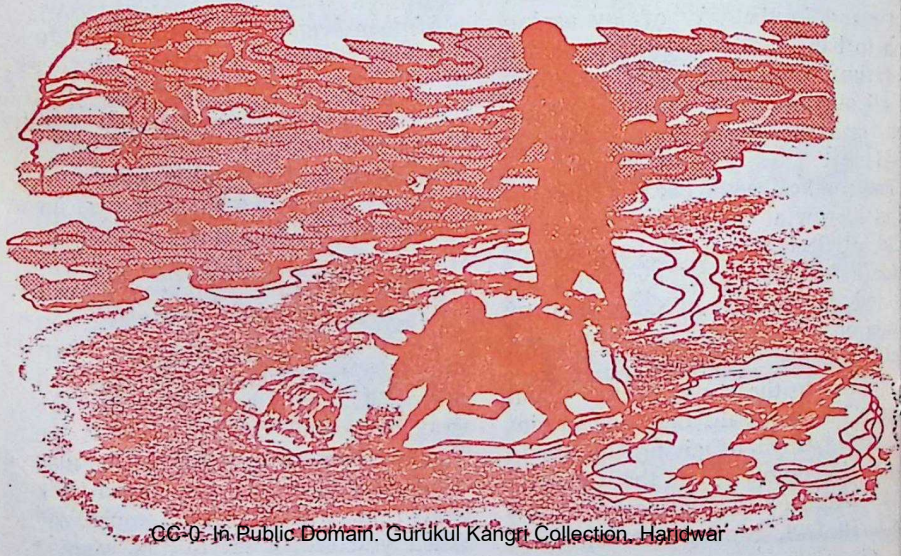
take you proudly to our relatives and say that you have just returned from a *yatra* to Ganga, how glad will all of them feel? Won't they also be goaded to undertake the pilgrimage? Well, my tongue refuses to say 'go' to you; at the same I dare not say 'no'. I can only say, 'Do as you think fit.'

On hearing this, the young beetle became delighted and prostrating before his mother's feet said, "Mother, I am blessed!" Calling all his brothers, he embraced them affectionately and taking leave of the frogs that lived by the side of their hole, he went to River Gautami before whom too he prostrated. Later on, he walked briskly in the direction of Ganga.

But hardly had he gone a few yards when a cluster of birds pounced upon him, one of which lifted him bodily with its talons and alighting on a rock, killed him and started pecking at him and eating his flesh.

Now, according to *shastras*, if, in the course of a pilgrimage to Ganga, one happens to die, it is ordained that within the next three lives he will assuredly have the holy dip in the Ganga.

Now, this young beetle, after its death, took birth in the bosom of a cow, belonging to a king's herd. When it was born, everyone was impressed by its majestic appearance. One day when the king was surveying his herd, he was so struck by the bonnie appearance of this calf that he called the cow-herd and said: "Look! This calf shall be my favourite one. Do not milk its mother, but allow the calf to drink all the milk by itself. You will soon see him grow strong like Lord Siva's own Ox. It shall be treated with all comfort!"



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Soon the calf became an *enfant terrible* and grew practically ignorant of fear. There was no place in the forest which he did not go; no rock on which he did not test the strength of his budding horns and no earth which did not bear the bleeding trails of his prancing hooves. He gambolled among the cows of the royal yard as a master unto himself and produced many a prototype of himself and thus for long did he enjoy a life of unmixed pleasure enlarging his fold till at last he ended up inside the stomach of a lion. Later on, he took birth as Prince Manjura, son of King Siddhatta in the Konkan. When he grew up, he shone as an exemplary prince, vanquishing many a foe.

As the King was looking out for a suitable bride for his beloved son, Manjura told him one day: "Father! I have a long cherished desire to fulfil and that is to have a holy bath in the sacred Ganga, so that the sins pertaining to this body of mine may be washed off for once. I crave your permission to do so."

"Alas!" despaired the King; "what am I thinking of and in what direction goes my son think! Imagine his asking to go on a pilgrimage at the prime of his age! God knows what more he will do."

Addressing his son, the King said: Child! Once a person takes birth in this human world, his first duty is to make his parents happy by his playfulness; then to study under a Guru; after on to marry in the prescribed manner, bring forth adorable children and at the final stage think of going on pilgrimages and associating with ascetics etc. Now, how is it you want to start at the other end? Look; you are too young to undertake this venture. If you so desire I shall send holy Brahmins to Ganga and fetch you the water. You need not undertake this perilous journey!"

Manjura: Father! For the performance of *dharmas* are there any restrictions of age? Is it not necessary to do them as often and as long as one can? If man stipulates an age for performing *dharma* will he not be playing into the hands of Yama? Will it not amount to foolishness to remain idle when an opportunity for performing *dharma* offers itself? Can a good-eyed person play the blind man? Father! There is nothing that you do not know; please, therefore, grant me permission to proceed to Ganga.

King: My child! Why do you want to put this handsome body of yours to immense trouble? Won't you remain with me as long as I live and do what you like after I am gone? I beg of you, give up this idea.

Manjura: Father! If that is your decision, I shall not take any food hereafter.

The king reflected: "If I send him now, who knows when he will return? It may be six months or even a year. If I refuse, he won't eat and as a result die. Out of these two alternatives, it is preferable to permit him to go."

Deciding thus, he sent a retinue of servants, Brahmins and sufficient provisions to last for the journey. After sending him with his blessings the

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King dwelt for long on the form and qualities of his son and wept.

After some time he suddenly sat up and thought: "How long will he have gone by now? Shall I also follow him? How I wish some good soul would meet him on the way and dissuading him from his mad pursuit, make him return to me! O, when shall I see the moonlike face of my child!"

As days passed, the King could no longer bear the separation of his son and corroded by this sorrow, breathed his last soon.

Readers may be reminded that this narrative is being recounted by Ganga-Mata to the Brahmin who delivered to her the cobbler's message.

Greatly interested by the story, the Brahmin asked Ganga-Mata: "Mother! Can you tell me why the king had to die on account of *putra-shoka?*"

Ganga-Mata: I am glad you are not bored by this anecdote. I shall presently tell you why the King died.

[*To be continued*]

By a long course of prayerful discipline I have ceased for over forty years to hate anybody. I know that this is a big claim. Nevertheless, I make it in all humility. But I can and I do hate evil wherever it exists.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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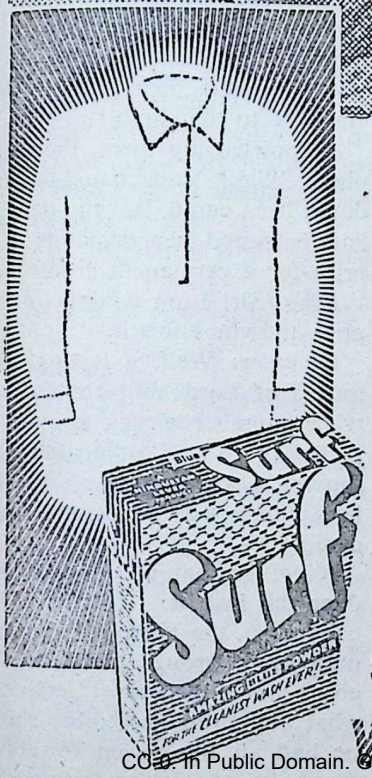

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Forgery in Yama-Loka

ALTHOUGH it may be disparaging to many, it is nevertheless true that fortune often favours fools; but whether all the beneficiaries in this case succeed in taking full advantage of it when it comes, is quite another matter. Most, however, do; for we often see lucky people turning out to be clever after *that* event.

Left alone at the foot of the hills, the gambler called out to the invisible Rambha and asked her, "Now, Rambha, tell me what should I do next?"

The unseen Rambha replied: "All that you have to do is to make the King demolish the eleven towers of Vishvanatha's temple and have others rebuilt in their place as quickly as possible. Make it part of your treatment of the girl. In the meantime I shall proceed to our home and await you."

Next, the gambler went to where the Princess was hiding. He gave her new garments to wear and now that she had become normal, she had no difficulty in wearing them to perfection. Followed by her, he went to the palace where the royal parents received their daughter amidst tears of joy.

After the Princess had gone to her apartment, the King and his ministers took the gambler to the state-room and expressed their eternal debt of gratitude to the gambler.

Acknowledging them, the latter replied: "Sire! Your daughter has no doubt been cured. But the devil which had possessed her demands a heavy price for a permanent cure!"

King: Sir! I am willing to pay any price and you know it.

Gambler: Well, it is this. The tall towers of Lord Vishvanatha's temple which number eleven should all be pulled down and others equally big should be constructed. Your daughter's cure will be permanent from that date.

King: Is that all? I shall have it done this instant.

Even so, the King sent an army of messengers throughout his territory to comb out all artisans, sculptors and what not. In an incredibly short time he had all the eleven towers reconstructed to the great admiration of all.

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The gambler, on seeing it, pronounced that the cure of his daughter had become permanent.

The King fixed an auspicious day on which he gave away half his kingdom to the gambler and also his daughter in marriage to him. After staying a few days at Kashi, he started for his native home followed by his pretty wife, the Princess, and cartloads of rich presents. When he neared home, Rambha, hearing of his arrival, went personally to receive them with due honours, her curse having expired by then. He introduced the Princess to his two other wives and all the three lived happily.

A few days later Rambha asked her husband leave to go to Deva-loka to pay her respects to Indra, adding: "Indra does not yet know that I am now released from his curse!" The gambler reluctantly assented and when she stood before Indra smiling, Indra was agreeably surprised.

"When did my curse lapse?" asked he.

"A couple of days back, my Lord!" she replied.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, my Lord. The towers have been reconstructed."

Indra meditated for a few seconds and saw through his super-sense that it was so and he smiled. Taking leave of him, Rambha returned to her gambler-husband and lived happily with him and his co-wives.

●●●

The gambler, by his achievements, became so famous that Yama, the god of death, wanted to see him. So, he sent his messengers to fetch him to his abode. But when the messengers arrived at the gambler's house, they were unable to enter it on account of the power of chastity of his three wives. They waited at the door looking for an opportunity. The gambler got scent of it but remained supremely unconcerned for a whole day, after which he sent for them. When Yama's messengers went inside and communicated their master's desire, the gambler asked them: "You say you are the messengers of Yama. Is that not so? Well, which Yama do you mean, the old or the new one?"

The messengers were flabbergasted. "Honestly, we don't know", they replied.

"Go then and find it out first and come to me later on" he ordered.

When the messengers reported to Yama the gambler's question, Yama himself felt upset. He doubted if there had not been some changes in his portfolio recently, so he ran to Indra to ask him. Indra knitted his brow

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and replied: "I don't know myself. Let us ask Brahma".

Together they went to Brahma and asked him: "Lord, has there been a change of late in the personnel of Yama's post?"

"I don't know!" replied Brahma who, accompanied by Indra and Yama, went to Vishnu. Pleading ignorance, Vishnu on his part took them all to Shiva at Kailasa. Lord Shiva heard the purpose of their strange mission and smiling indulgently himself felt a strange desire to see the man who had put all the gods on tenterhooks. So he called Yama and said: "Look! You had better go yourself to Bhuloka and fetch the man here at my bidding!" Yama, arming himself to the teeth, strode away on his mountainous buffalo to Bhuloka.

In the meantime the gambler called his wives and said: "Listen, babies. I shall soon feign death. You had better embalm my body and consign it in a box till I call out for you. Do not burn it even if it takes a dozen years. Do you understand?" They agreed.

When Yama tapped at his door, the gambler promptly went to him. A hefty cow chanced to wait near the door. Yama jumped on its horns and rattled it and the cow rushed at the gambler and pierced the gambler's body with her horns. His body fell down with a thud while Yama tied up his life with his noose and dragging him presented him before the Trinity of Gods.

On seeing the gambler, Shiva called out the divine accountant Chitragupta and asked: "Chitragupta! What does this man's ledger say?"

"Lord! He is the worst sinner!" replied Chitragupta.

On hearing this, the gambler jumped with lightning speed and slapped Chitragupta on the face. The latter became too stunned for words.

Gods: Hey, man! Why did you slap Chitragupta?

Gambler: O, Gods! Pray hear me. It is extremely difficult for any mortal to have *darshan* even of one among you, Three Gods. When that is so, I have had the good fortune of having the *darshan* of all three of you, Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. Having had it, how possibly can any sin attach to me? And how dares he call me a sinner? His statement appeared to me an unforgivable disrespect to this august assembly and that made me irate and caused me to punish him, Lords. I have no other grudge against him!

The Trinity of Gods became so pleased with the gambler's performance that they made him deputise Yama for an hour and a half in the latter's kingdom. Consequently the gambler proceeded to Yamapuri followed by Chitragupta, his ledgers, and other paraphernalia of his new office.

Reaching Yamapuri, the gambler asked Chitragupta: "Hey, accountant! Tell me what, according to your papers, is my age?"

Trembling from head to foot Chitragupta opened his page and read out: "Today is the last day of your life."

"What?" shouted the gambler, "You are a damn fool. Scratch that entry and rewrite: 'a hundred years from today'."

Chitragupta could not help doing

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Next he called out Indra's elephant Iravata and ordered "You are subject to my jurisdiction. You must obey me. I am now putting you on a special job. Search out the old Yama and tear him to pieces with your tusks. Do you hear?"

Iravata, unable to refuse, strode in search of the old Yama and spotting him started attacking him with its *vajra*-like tusks. The poor old Yama ran yeiling to Indra for shelter. Indra ran to Brahma and together all the three fled to Vishnu who took them all to Shiva who allayed their fears and calmed the elephant. He heard their story. Wishing to have an on-the-spot enquiry, Shiva started for Yama-loka.

The gambler sensing what was up, looked at the time and found hardly twenty minutes left of his Yama-ship. "I should make the best use of the time left, or I shall come to grief" thought he.

On the spur of the moment he conjured up a plan of action and snapping his fingers walked out to receive Shiva's party.

As soon as he saw them half way up, he put on such an air of righteous indignation that Shiva was a trifle embarrassed to take a defensive attitude and was constrained to ask him apologetically: "My boy! How is it that you have left the post of duty ere it is time?"

"It is no use, Lord" replied the gambler with a wry face. "I have not seen such indiscipline even in the mortal world. I should think Deva-loka has deteriorated or else how do you account for the fact that when I ask Iravata to kill the former Yama, he chooses to disobey? When even a pachyderm does not listen to my word, who else will? Come to think of it, I would any day prefer to go back to my place at Bhuloka! Excuse my saying so."

The Trinity of Gods smiled at his words. Asked the Gods: "Chitragupta! What does his ledger say?"

"A hundred more years, Lord!" replied he, swallowing a big lump in his throat, wincing at the menacing look of the gambler.

Gods: My boy, we have no objection to your returning to your mortal world, but your body must by now have been burnt. What will you do?

Gambler: Lords! I am not such a fool as not to have stalled it. My body is waiting there in tiptop condition, being embalmed by my wives. Please permit me to return.

Gods: We admire your resourcefulness. We have pleasure in conferring on you the title: "The man who cheated Yama!" Go home and live happily with your wives.

A few seconds later, Rambha heard her name being called out from the box in which her husband's body had been consigned. She opened the box hurriedly and took the smiling gambler fondly in her embrace.

When Chaturya had completed this story, it was nearing daybreak and so he sent the Princess away for the day, asking her "Don't you want to marry a man of this calibre?"

[To be continued]

Beware of the man whose God is in the skies.

Bernard Shaw

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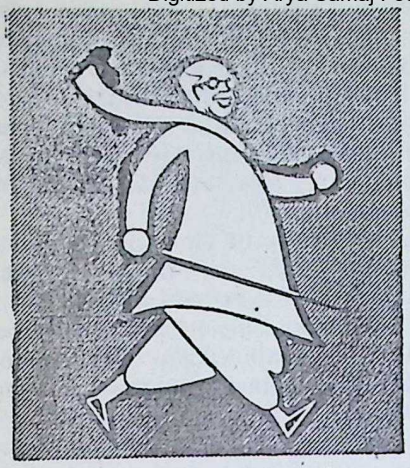

VALMIKI JAYANTI

IN response to the resolution of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad. Valmiki Jayanti was celebrated on the 25th of last month all over the country.

At Madurai the Vaidika Samvardhana Sabha celebrated it under the presidentship of Pandita Ratna P. S. Govinda Iyengar. Founder President of the Sabha. Several scholars spoke on the greatness of the Adi Kavi and Sanskrit Kavyas in general.

We have received similar reports from Tirupati, Raigarh, Satana, Rani-khet, Kasagunja, etc.

Shri P. G. Bhatt

SHRI PRATAPKUMAR G. BHATT who proceeded to England on March 31, 1961, to join the College of Aeronautical and Automobile Engineering, Chelsea, London, is an alumnus of the Bhavan's College from beginning. A keen sportsman, young Pratapkumar had taken part in many inter-collegiate events with distinction. He was a cadet in Air Wing of the N.C.C. Sri Pratapkumar is the son of Sri Gautam K. Bhatt, Asst. Registrar of the Bhavan. It is of great interest that Sri Pratapkumar's mother, Smt. Savita Bhatt, also a student of the Bhavan's College, restarted her education in her late thirties and passed her B.A. with a record class honours in Sanskrit.

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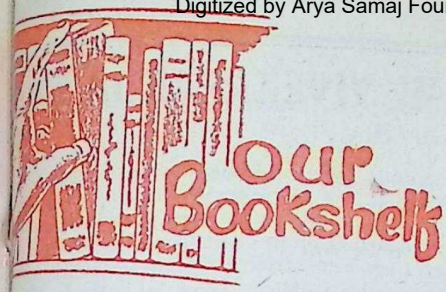

MUKHALINGAM TEMPLES. By Douglas Barrett, & *SIRPUR AND RAJIM TEMPLES.* By Moreshwar G. Dikshit. (Heritage of Indian Art Series 2). Published by N. M. Tripathi Private Ltd., Princess Street, Bombay-2. 1960. pp. 32 + 83 plates. Rs. 12.50; Sh. 25; $ 4. (Silken cloth bound deluxe edition).

HERE is a great mind in a little body. This attractive and instructive volume contains 32 pages of letterpress and 83 splendid plates. Mukhalingam or Kalinganagara was famous for the Mukhalingesvara, Somesvara and Bhimesvara temples, assignable to the 8th, 9th and 11th centuries A.D. respectively, the first being one of the finest in India. Sirpur or ancient Sribhara is in the Raipur district of Madhya Pradesh. It was the capital of the Pandavas of south Kosala. "Simplicity and grandeur, clearness of design and decorative invention, these are the keynotes of Pandava art" (p. 18). The best example is the Lakshmana temple (8th century A.D.). Rajim is nearly 30 miles from Raipur, and the temple is named after Rajiva Lochana (the lotus-eyed one). A record in the temple is dated in 700 A.D. Near it is the Ramachandra temple, representing the mature development of Pandava art. Besides the 83 illustrations, there are two plans: Buddhist Vihars and Swastika Monastery at Sirpur. Books for consultation are suggested on pp. 12, 31 and 32. There is a misprint on p. 17; Mankharis for Mankharis.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathier*

EVERYTHING FOR A SMILE. By N. C. Zamindar. Published by Sahityalaya, Bada Rawla, Indore City. pp. 122. Price: Rs. 2

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It is a welcome venture in a new line of writing, provocative yet light, humorous yet imaginative.

—*Sri H. R. Aiyer*

GUJARATI

VA. MO. SHAHNO SANSAR-SUDHARO. Edited by Tribhuvan Virjibhai Hemani. Published by Sri Devchandraji Prakashan Mandir, Limdi (Saurashtra). Crown Octavo, pp. 320 + xx. Price: Rs. 4/-.

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NT OF SAVANUR. By. P.S. Ritti. ublished by P. S. Ritti, Public Pro- ecutor, Savanur. 50 nP.

S EXPERIMENTS OF MAHATMA ANDHI. By K. Arunachalam. ublished by Tamilnad Gandhi marak Nidhi, Gandhi Museum, adurai 2. 50 nP.

RALA AND HER PEOPLE. By L. Krishna Iyer. Published by the ducational Supplies Depot, Palghat. s. 5.

TAMIL

CUMENTS-DRAFTING & REGIS- RATION. Published by the Little ower Co., Madras-17. pp. 264. Rs. 4.

MAD BHAGAVATA SANGRA- AM. By N. A. Venkatesa Sarma. ublished by D. A. Sarangapani, adurai Nool Manram, 221, Linghi etty Street, Madras-1. pp. 356. s. 3.

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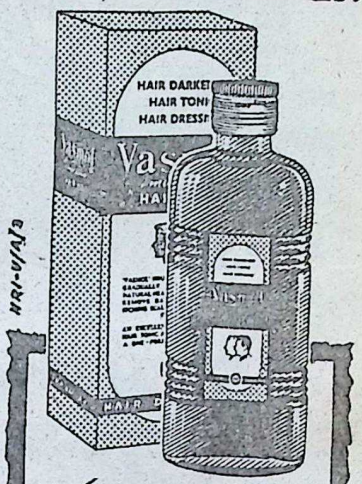

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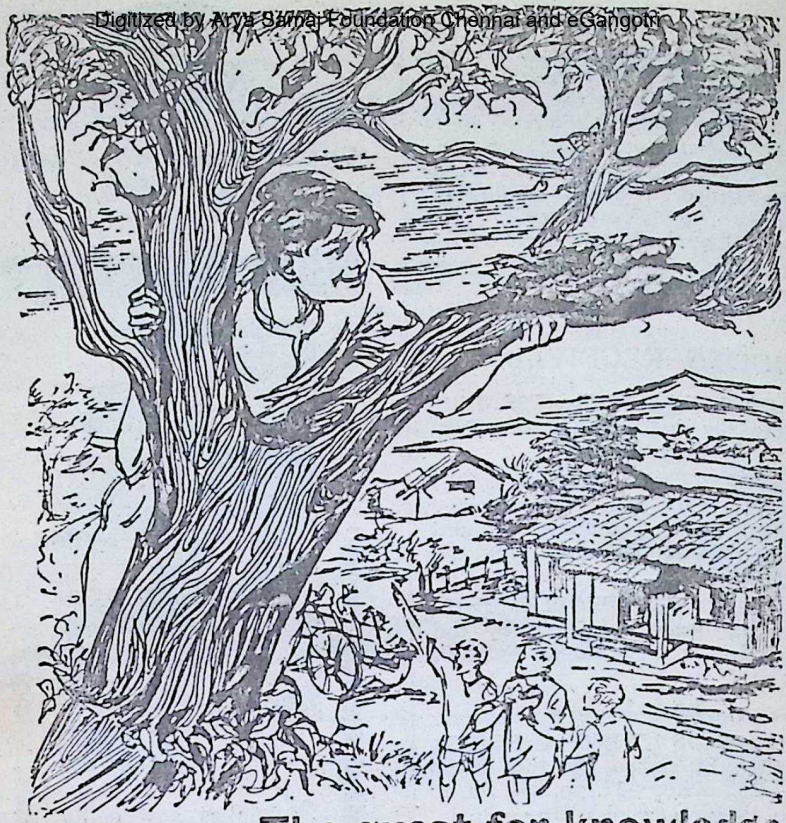

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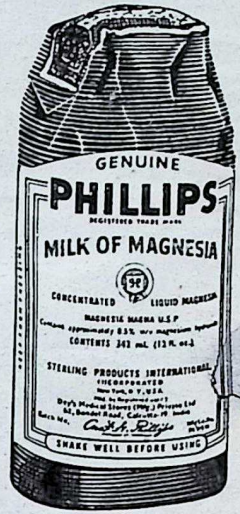

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says Waheeda Rehman

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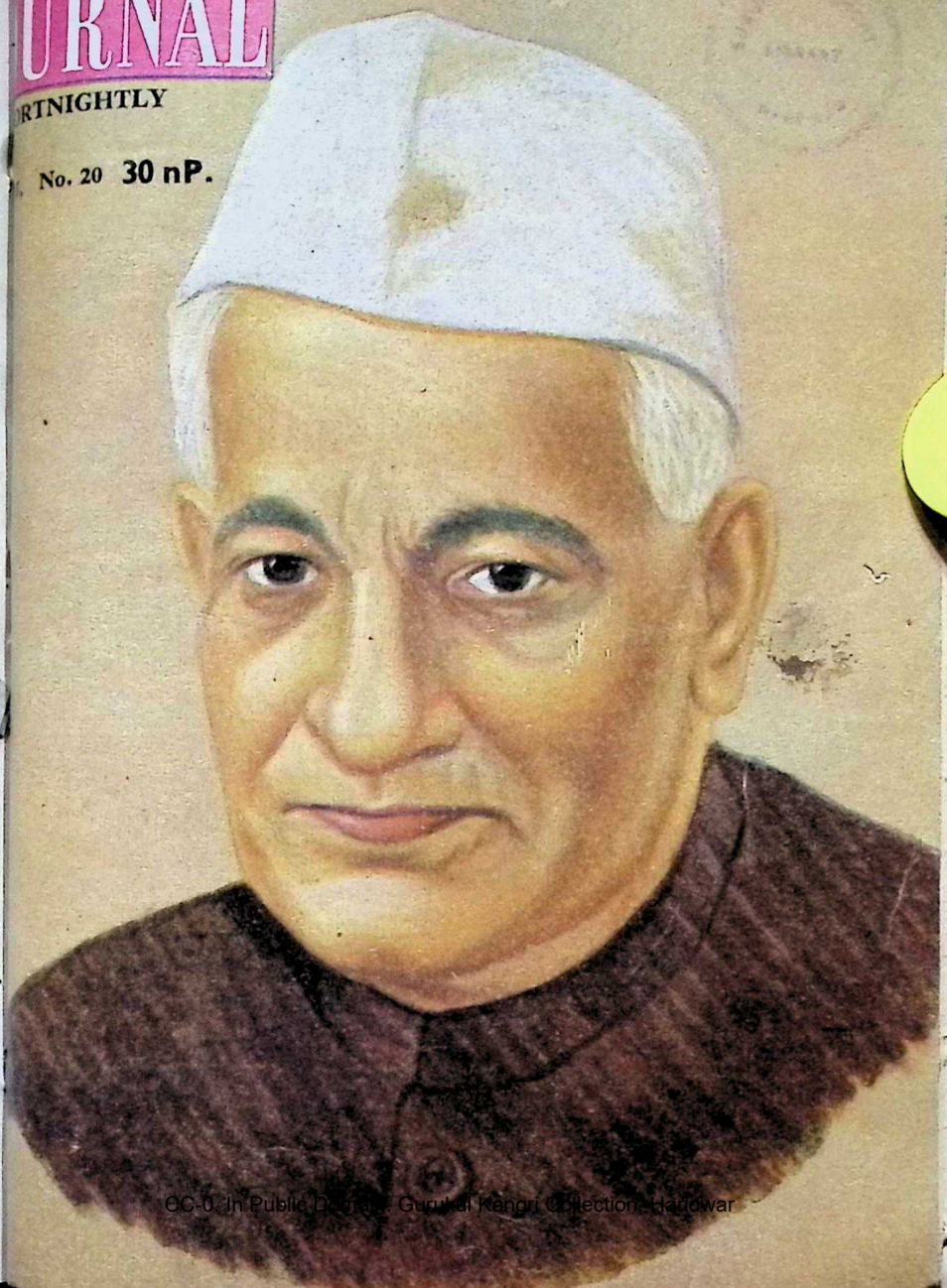

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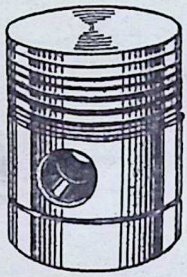

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Vol. VII. No. 20 APRIL 30, 1961

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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FRONT COVER
Pandit MOTILAL NEHRU
Artist: Sri V. N. O'key

Editorial & Business Offices :
BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7.

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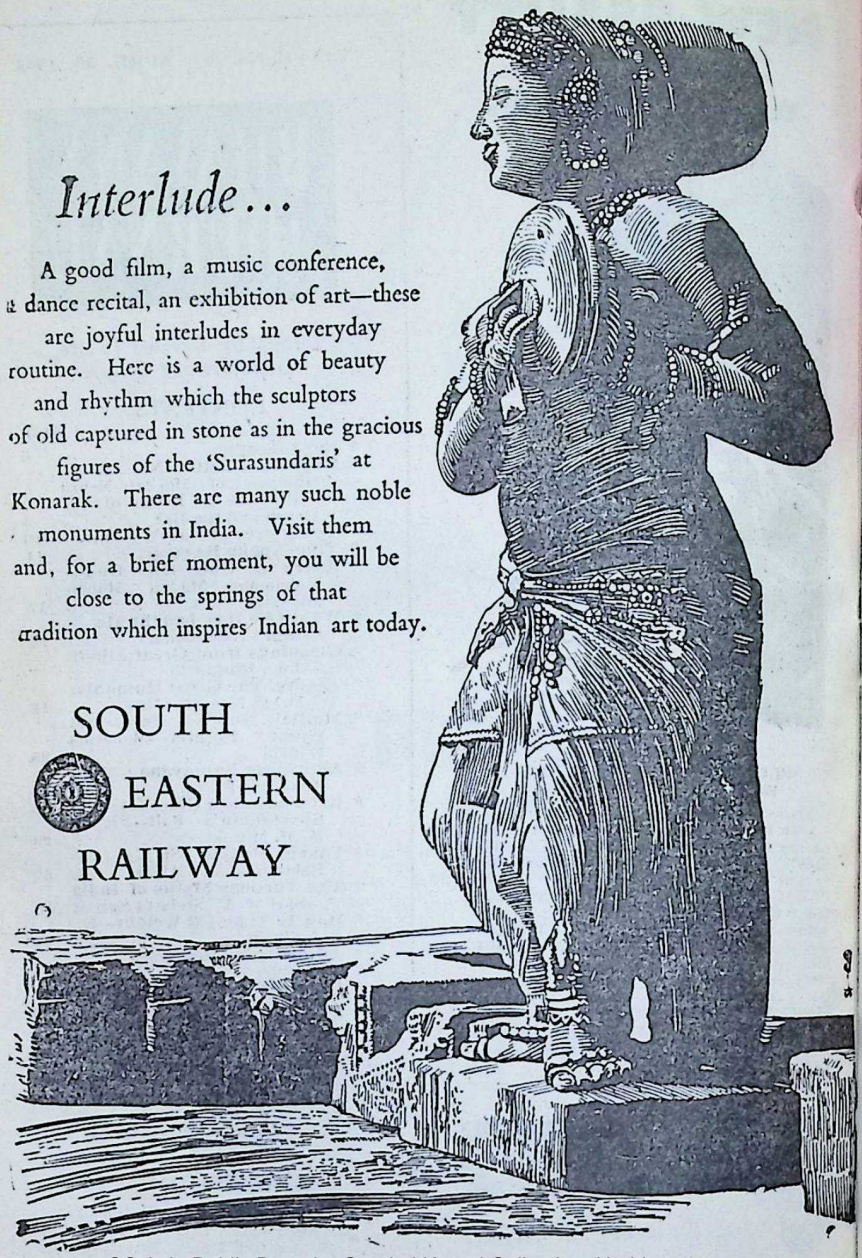
Interlude...

A good film, a music conference, a dance recital, an exhibition of art—these are joyful interludes in everyday routine. Here is a world of beauty and rhythm which the sculptors of old captured in stone as in the gracious figures of the 'Surasundaris' at Konarak. There are many such noble monuments in India. Visit them and, for a brief moment, you will be close to the springs of that tradition which inspires Indian art today.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY



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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. VII, No. 20 April 30, 1961

LORD BUDDHA

श्रियं परार्ध्यां विदधद्विधातृजित्
तमो निरस्यन्नभिभूतभानुभृत् ।
नुदन्निदाघं जितचारुचन्द्रमाः
स वन्द्यतेऽर्हन्निह यस्य नोपमा ॥

Adoration to that peerless Arhat, who outdoes Brahma in that he creates superb glory, excels the sun in that he expels the darkness of ignorance, surpasses the beautiful moon in that he dispels the heat of torment.

—*Ashvaghosha.*

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 230

★ GLIMPSES OF MOTILAL NEHRU ★ PROFESSIONAL ETHICS OF THE BENCH AND THE BAR

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
APRIL 30, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I HAD only fleeting glimpses of Pandit Motilal, except on two occasions when I stayed with him at the Swaraj Bhavan in 1930-31.

I saw Pandit Motilal first in December 1907 at the Surat Station, as he stepped out of the special train which brought Dr. Rash Behari Ghose, the President designate of the ill-fated Surat Congress. He was one of the presidential party which also included Surendranath Banerjea and Nevinson. I was one of the camp-followers of what was then called the 'Extremist Party' led by Lal-Bal-Pal i.e. Lajpatrai, Bal Gangadhar Tilak and Bipin Chandra Pal.

At the session, Pandit Motilal seconded the resolution proposing Dr. Ghose to the Presidentship of the untruncated Congress, an office which he was never destined to occupy, for within a few minutes, the Congress broke up.

During the days of the Home Rule League (1915-18) Pandit Motilal came to Bombay, if I remember right, more than once as the chief of its U.P. branch. As a local secretary, I was a silent participant in the discussions among the leaders, which included Dr. Annie Besant, Mr. Jinnah, Dr. Jayakar and others. On one such occasion I remember to have piloted him to the Bar Library in the High Court. I think Jawaharlal was with him at the time.

My memory still retains the impression he created on me then. The handsome face; the well-groomed greying moustache; the immaculate silk suit; the humorous twinkle in the eyes—all added distinction to the personality of the man who looked every inch 'a prince among men'.

We then heard stories of his professional successes, of the magnificence in which he lived at Allahabad and of his traditional hospitality, all of which added to the halo which surrounded him.

○ ○ ○

In 1930 I had again a glimpse of him—if glimpse it could be called when an impenetrable 5′ wall of the Yeravda Jail separated him from us

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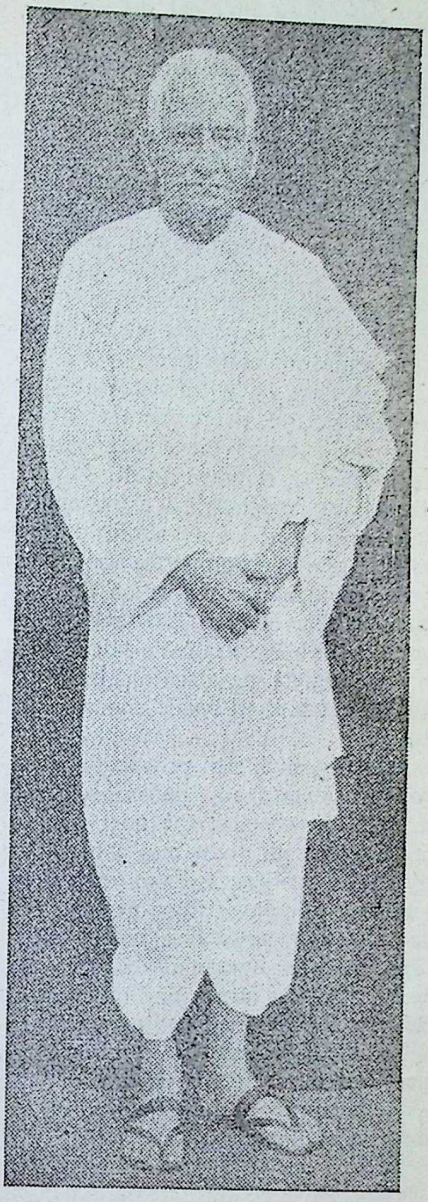
oth Pandit Motilal and Jawaharlal
ad been brought to the gaol specially
meet Gandhiji in order to discuss
e possibility of the Congress parti-
pating in the Round Table Confe-
ence. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Dr.
yakar were there to persuade them
do so.

On that occasion the eminent nego-
ators every day that they were in
oona made it a point to see Jamna-
s Dwarkadas and me in the Supe-
ntendent's office telling us of the
urse of negotiations. Sapru and
yakar both gave us the impression
at Gandhiji was willing to consider
e proposal but Pandit Motilal was
compromising.

On my release from jail in October
30, I was actively connected with
e Satyagraha then being conducted
Bombay, when Pandit Motilal and
ri Sen Gupta were the only two
ajor Congress leaders out of jail.
me questions arose concerning the
ycott of certain mills which were
nufacturing textiles with foreign
rn. Though far from well Pandit
otilal then held the threads of the
ole Congress movement in his
nds at the highest level. In con-
ction with this matter, Sen Gupta,
o happened to be staying with me,
d myself were summoned to Aliaha-
d where we spent 3 or 4 days at
Swaraj Bhavan. It was the first
casion when I met someone in the
untry who lived as if he represented
e majesty of the people of India *vis-*
-vis the British Government.

I have never forgotten the self-
acing and saintly Swarup Rani
o made us at home at the time.
ndit Motilal was also a perfect host,



Pandit Motilal Nehru

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and apart from political discussions, I had the rare opportunity of listening to his very entertaining conversation. In reply to my questions, he told us of the way he once lived at Anand Bhavan; of his friendship with Sir Harcourt Butler; of the victories he had won in the Courts. His forensic triumphs were those of a very shrewd man who could judge the strength and weakness of men, play upon them with the art of a perfect master and would stand no nonsense.

I had then lately joined Gandhiji and had not yet overcome the shock of having changed the course of my life. When I referred to it, Pandit Motilal told me how he came under the magic spell of Gandhiji during the sittings of the committee appointed by the Congress to report on the excesses of the Martial Law regime in Punjab. With a certain nostalgia, but without regrets, he also told me how the Mahatma had made him into a 'fakir'.

On the slightest provocation he would castigate any person severely or lose his temper; the next minute his frown would thaw into a bewitching smile. At heart he was extremely kind, considerate and generous. He was also very possessive in his affections. He was fiercely attached to the members of his family and his friends. He transferred this intense quality to all political workers who came in contact with him and his patriotism was a projection of that quality on a nation-wide scale.

○○○

A week or so before the gaol-release which led up to the Gandhi-Irwin truce, I was again summoned to Allahabad. Though Pandit Motilal was ill at the time, he constantly kept in touch with Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, who was then in London attending the Round Table Conference. A policy statement had been issued by the U.K. Government asking for the co-operation of the Congress in the Round Table Conference. Sir Tej Bahadur had sent a cable to Pandit Motilal asking him not to be in a hurry to reject the offer then made.

On that occasion Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Syed Mahmud and myself were with him. When we met him he threw at us the cable which Sir Tej had sent him, flew into a temper at its contents and asked us to prepare a stiff reply to the announcement of the U.K. Government.

We sat down making drafts after drafts which were all rejected for not being strong enough, and when a strong reply was ready, we were told not to utter a word about it to anyone. Then Pandit Motilal asked me to go to Delhi and meet Sen Gupta who was in jail and acquaint him with what had happened.

I came to Delhi. The only way to secure an interview with Sen Gupta was through my friend, Sir B. L. Mitter, then the Law Member of the Govt. of India. Sir B. L. Mitter told me not to worry about things, for, he said, there was going to be a settlement soon; the Viceroy's Council had met that morning.

"We are going to reject the offer" I replied.

Sir B. L. Mitter burst out laughing. "I have seen the statement you drafted at Allahabad", he said.

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I was shocked. "You have seen it", exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied.

"How did you know about it?" I asked.

"You have yet to know Pandit Motilal", Sir B. L. Mitter said. "When you see Sen Gupta, tell him that he will be out within a few days, if not within a few hours".

Then followed the release of the leaders, meetings in the Swaraj Bhavan and the Gandhi-Irwin truce—all a matter of history.

These are the only glimpses which had of one of the finest leaders of India, who, in association with Gandhiji, gave shape and direction to our freedom movement.

Swarup Rani Devi

On 15th April 1961, the Bar Association of India held a Seminar at which I delivered the Welcome Address. Perhaps you will be interested in some parts of what I said.

An appropriate code of ethics is essential to the profession in order to fulfil the very purpose for which it exists. The purpose can best be described in the words of the Preamble to the Canons of Professional Ethics framed by the Bar Association of America:

"In America, where the stability of courts and of all departments of government rests upon the approval of the people, it is peculiarly essential that the system for establishing and dispensing justice be developed to a high point of efficiency and so maintained that the public shall have absolute confidence in the integrity and impartiality of its administration. The future of the republic, to a great extent, depends upon our maintenance of justice pure and unsullied. It cannot be so maintained unless the conduct and the motives of the members of our profession are such as to merit the approval of all just men."

What was said of America then is true of India today and perhaps in a greater measure. An infant democracy like ours today faces a world situation which was unknown in the days when the foundations of American democracy were being laid.

The stability of a free democracy rests on two pillars: the community of politicians, that is, of political thinkers and leaders, and the community of lawyers, that is, of practitioners, judges and teachers. Of the two, however, the community of lawyers is by far the more important. As a whole it contributes the element of stability and ordered progress to society; many of its members play a decisive part in moulding the social and political outlook of the people. If fearless, it vindicates the liberty of the individual and the unhampered functioning of free institutions. It is the bulwark of the Rule of Law.

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However, it can maintain its vitality, power and influence only if by its high professional standards, it commands the respect and confidence of the people, and as a consequence becomes helpful in creating generally accepted values, for, in the last resort, it is only public opinion that provides the defence of freedom.

By the word 'profession', I mean both of its wings—the Bench and the Bar. The Bar is the reservoir which feeds the Bench. The strength and weakness of the Bar are invariably reflected in the strength and weakness of the Bench. In dealing with professional ethics, the two wings cannot be isolated.

Looking back on the fortunes of the profession during the last fifteen years since we attained freedom, I am forcibly struck by certain factors, which, in my opinion, has increased its responsibility. One of the most disturbing of them is the fact that during these years the mind of the allied community of politicians, all over the world, and more so in our country, is being subjected to terrific atmospheric pressure in favour of Statism—to us the accurate French word *Etatisme*. The pressure is created because of some parts of the world having changed over to military dictatorships; of uncertain international conditions; of spectacular scientific achievements of total power having induced a hypnotic influence on fundamental thinking; and lastly, because of the lopsided emphasis on economic advance in disregard of human rights and values.

The effect of this pressure on the political mind, in the country, I fear, is having its reaction on the mind of the profession in the country. Possibly there have been contributory causes too, like the glamour of power overshadowing the value of an independent career at the Bar and the weakening of the traditional independence of the lawyers. As a result, the profession has suffered a loss of self-confidence.

When the Constituent Assembly enshrined Fundamental Rights in our Constitution, it had the confidence that the profession would be its defender. Let us ask ourselves the questions: Have we fully justified the confidence so reposed in it by our people? If not, why not?

So far as the practitioners' wing of the profession is concerned, the reason may be sought in the increasing patronage of the State in matters of litigation; in the sudden influx of heavy litigation and the demand for increasing number of judges to man the High Courts of newly formed States without a proportionate increase in the number of highly trained lawyers; in the drawback inherent in a precarious profession which deters brilliant but indigent young men from joining its ranks; in the fact that outstanding lawyers in the country having accepted office associated with the State under the new constitutional set-up, the best talent is not available to the citizen in defence of his rights.

This corresponding change seems to have affected the other wing of the profession, though the higher judiciary has by and large discharged its duties with dignity and distinction. However, when I see the trends of judicial decisions in the country, I cannot help feeling sad. They disclose

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partiality for narrow legalism as against broad constitutionalism with which we started in 1950. An increasing regard for 'laws' rather than of the Law'—to use the apt phrase of Dean Pound. A growing tendency to circumscribe the area of guaranteed freedom by a zealous solicitude to accommodate all pervading legislation. A developing habit of looking upon Fundamental Rights as restrictive of welfare, instead of upholding them in their integrity as the indispensable supporting steelframe of welfare in a free country.

No professional standards, therefore, would have any meaning unless with the wings of the profession keep before them the high mission to which it is called. We cannot afford to forget that it is by self-complacent acceptance of small deviations and well meaning encroachments on guaranteed rights that constitutional freedom is lost. Let us remember the words of warning that Justice Rutledge uttered in the well known case of *'Thomas V. Collins'*.

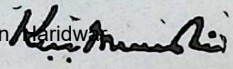
"....it is from petty tyrannies that large ones take root and grow. This fact can be no more plain than when they are imposed on the most basic rights of all. Seedlings planted in that soil grow great and, growing, break down the foundations of liberty".

What Justice Rutledge said about freedom of speech in that case applies with equal force to the whole gamut of our Fundamental Rights in our Constitution; that includes the Right to Constitutional Remedies, which deriving from other democratic Constitutions in the world, was constituted as inalienable and independent Fundamental Right in our Constitution.

Let us, however, seek the causes of this weakening fibre, not in others, but in ourselves. Let us confess to ourselves: As members of the profession, we are not sufficiently well organised as in U.S.A. or in U.K., and naturally, therefore, the place of the profession in a free society is not sufficiently recognised by the people as in those countries. The leaders of our profession have been slow to develop a fiduciary attitude towards the different Bars in the country to which they belong. We have yet to make a planned effort to attract brilliant recruits to the profession, by providing, not by rules but by tradition and convention, even *ashana-achhadana* (food and clothing)—as the Hindu lawyers would say 'the unchaste Hindu widow's mite'—so essential to a hard working junior in the early days of his struggle. We have yet to develop, as in U.K., a corporate-conscience which would organise help to the helpless and the maimed in the profession. We have yet to make an organised effort to secure by law, tax exemptions for provident fund for the practitioners.

However, at the root of all these, lies this truth, which we are here today to work out: only if we maintain standards of integrity, fearlessness and independence and develop a high sense of professional responsibility, we can dischange the functions of a well developed organ in the society so indispensible to the growth of free institutions. Once that is done, other things will follow.

Yours sincerely,



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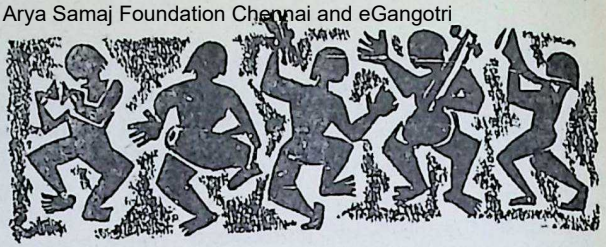

The Power of Hari's Name

Above beginning and beyond continuance
The worshipper of Hari rises free.
Within, without, for him Hari alone exists.
Why, then, should he now seek the holy shrines?
The invocation of the all-powerful Name
Contains the virtue of all sacred texts.
By this name dull-witted man is freed.
Through it the stones themselves float on the sea!
Mukta by Hari's name is freed for aye;
Neither rebirth nor death remains for us.

—Mukta Bai

* * *

The name of God is as valuable as the philosopher's stone,
And it is found only in the house of wealthy persons,
A poor man does not know the value of it,
And therefore Sahajo says he loses it.
Sahajo says, "In the heart in which God's name is, there is always joy.
Without His name even the beautiful, the rich and kings are cursed."
Sahajo is flowing away on the water of the ocean of this world;
There is darkness, and the rain is falling heavily;
But the boat in the midst of it is the name of Hari,
Which carries men to the other side of the ocean.
Sahajo says, "Sitting on the mountain one may perform penance;
He may endure the rain, the cold and the heat of the sun,
But the name of Hari is greater than all these."

—Sahajo Bai

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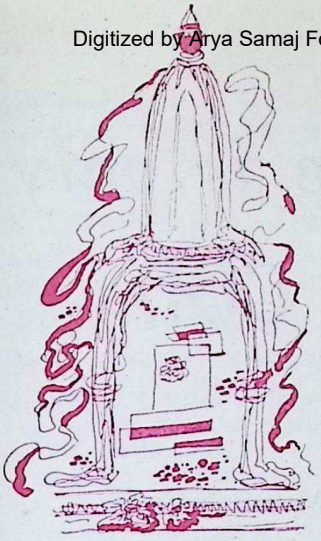

Sri Basava lived in the 3rd quarter of the 12th century in Karnataka. He was a reformer and his teachings led to the development of the Virasaiva cult—the worship of the all-powerful Shiva as the only God.

There be some that are rich:
They may build temples to you (or they may not)
Stony, mortal, edifices,
I am not rich .....poor me:
And yet, be my legs the pillars,
My body the shrine,
My head the golden pinnacle;
Thus will I decree
Your imperishable Home
O Lord Kudalasangama.

□

From Brahmin down to the Sudra, all are equal,
If they be all thy devotees, Lord Kudalasangama.

□

One who kills an animal is low born;
There is nothing like caste or creed
Saints alone are high-born
For they wish good to all animals, Lord Kudalasangama.

THUS SPAKE BASAVA

He is himself God who knows what he is,
God is one, designations are many.

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There is only ONE GOD

Mahamana Madan Mohan Malaviya

The Vedas say:

एकमेवाद्वितीयम्। एकं सद्विप्रा बहुधा वदन्ति। एकं सन्तं बहुधा कल्पयन्ति।

"There is only one God, one without a second. That one is called by the wise by various names. Although He is one, people have different notions about Him."

The *Vishnusahasranama* and *Sivasahasranama* afford a striking illustration to this truth.

Yudhisthira asked Grandfather Bhishma to name the deity who was one without a second, who was the greatest refuge of all living beings, and whose worship and eulogy brought everlasting happiness to man.

To the above query Bhishma gave the following reply:

जगत्प्रभुं देवदेवमनन्तं पुरुषोत्तमम्।
स्तुवन्नामसहस्रेण पुरुषः सततोत्थितः॥

° ° °

अनादिनिधनं विष्णुं सर्वलोकमहेश्वरम्।
लोकाध्यक्षं स्तुवन्नित्यं सर्वदुःखातिगो भवेत्॥

° ° °

परमं यो महत्तेजः परमं यो महत्तपः।
परमं यो महद्ब्रह्म परमं यः परायणम्॥
पवित्राणां पवित्रं यो मङ्गळानां च मङ्गळम्।
दैवतं देवतानां च भूतानां योऽव्ययः पिता॥

"That is to say, every morning, on quitting one's bed, one should extol God Vishnu, Who is the Lord of the whole universe, the Supreme Deity, the Eternal and Ideal Being. One who always eulogizes Him Who is the Supreme Lord and Ruler of the whole universe and Who is all-pervading, unborn and imperishable, is rid of all troubles. He is the brightest of all effulgent beings and the most austere of all austere penances. He is the greatest of the great and the most hospitable refuge of all creatures. He is the purest of the pure, the most sacrosanct of all that is sacred, the most auspicious of all that is auspicious, the godliest of all gods and the undying father of all created beings."

The above excerpts should suffice to show that the *Vishnusahasranama* and *Sivasahasranama* and all other laudatory compilations of that type aver that one God and no other is the object of their praise.

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It therefore behoves us all to concentrate our minds on, and sing in praise of, Him every morning and evening.

This one God is known by the three names of Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesa. The *Vishnu Purana* says:

सृष्टिस्थित्यन्तकरणीं ब्रह्मविष्णुशिवाभिधाम्।
स संज्ञां याति भगवानेक एव जनार्दनः॥

"Lord Janardana, though essentially one, assumes the name of Brahma at the time of creation of this universe, that of Vishnu while maintaining it, and that of Siva while destroying it."

We find the same idea echoed in the *Brihannaradiya Purana*:

नारायणोऽक्षरोऽनन्तः सर्वव्यापी निरञ्जनः।
तेनेदमखिलं व्याप्तं जगत् स्थावरजङ्गमम्॥
तमादिदेवमजरं केचिदाहुः शिवाभिधम्।
केचिद्विष्णुं सदा सत्यं ब्रह्माणं केचिदूचिरे।

"Narayana is imperishable, infinite, omnipresent and untainted by Maya. He pervades the whole creation consisting of sentient and insentient beings. That ever young, primeval deity is called by some by the name of Siva, by others by the name of Vishnu, who is always existent, and by still others by the name of Brahma."

In the *Siva Purana* as well, Lord Maheswara says:

त्रेधा भिन्नो ह्यहं विष्णो ब्रह्मविष्णुहराख्यया।
सर्गरक्षालयगुणैर्निष्कलोऽयं सदा हरे।
अहं भवानयं चैव रुद्रोऽयं यो भविष्यति।
एकं रूपं न भेदोऽस्ति भेदे च बन्धनं भवेत्॥

"O Vishnu, although in reality I am always undifferentiated, I have to assume three different appellations, viz., Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, while discharging the functions of creation, maintenance and dissolution (of the universe) respectively. Yourself, Brahma, who is with us at present, Myself and Rudra, who is still to come, are all one. There is no difference between us all. Differentiation entails bondage."

In *Srimad Bhagavata* Sri Bhagavan says:

अहं ब्रह्मा च शर्वश्च जगतः कारणं परम्।
आत्मेश्वर उपद्रष्टा स्वयंदृगविशेषणः।
आत्ममायां समाविश्य सोऽहं गुणमयीं द्विज।
सृजन् रक्षन् हरन् विश्वं दध्रे संज्ञां क्रियोचिताम्।

"Brahma, Sarva (Siva) and Myself are the ultimate cause of this universe. We are the Universal Soul, the Lord of all, the Spectator, Self-seeing and Unqualified. O Brahmin, after penetrating My one Maya, which consists of three Gunas (attributes), I assume three different epithets according as I create, maintain or dissolve the universe."

Hence it is a mistake to regard Brahma, Vishnu and Siva as different from one another. They are the appellations of one and the same God.

The *Siva Purana* further says:

शिवो महेश्वरश्चैव रुद्रो विष्णुः पितामहः
संसारवैद्यः सर्वज्ञः परमात्मेति मुख्यतः॥
नामाष्टकमिदं नित्यं शिवस्य प्रतिपादकम्।

"Siva, Maheswara, Rudra, Vishnu, *Pitamaha* (the Primeval Father), *Samsara-vaidya* (the Healer of the World), *Sarvajna* (Omniscient) and *Paramatma* (the Supreme Soul), these eight names particularly refer to Lord Siva."

It is therefore clear that (१) ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय, (२) ॐ नमो नारायणाय, (३) ॐ नमः शिवाय, श्रीरामाय नमः and (४) श्री कृष्णाय नमः all these formulae are salutations of one and the same deity.

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.....Even if you have a burning thirst for God, or have gained the Guru, unless you have along with it the Abhyasa, unless you practise what you have been taught, you cannot get realisation.....

What Life Has Taught Me

Swami Vivekananda

AFTER seeing the various countries of the world I can now much more appreciate the beauties of my own land.

In the same way also, in search of religion, I had travelled among various sects,—sects which had taken up the ideals of foreign nations as their own, and I had begged at the door of others, not knowing then that in the religion of my country, in our national religion, there was so much beauty and grandeur.

It is now many years since I found Hinduism to be the most perfectly satisfying religion in the world. Hence, I feel sad at heart when I see existing among men of my own country, professing a peerless faith, such a widespread indifference to our religion—though I am very well aware of the unfavourable materialistic conditions in which they pass their lives—owing to the diffusion of European modes of thought in this, our great motherland.

There are among us at the present day certain reformers who want to reform our religion, or rather turn it topsy-turvy, with a view to the regenreation of the Hindu nation.

There are, no doubt, some thoughtful people among them, but there are also many who follow others blindly and act most foolishly, not knowing what they are about. This class of reformers are very enthusiastic in introducing foreign ideas into our religion.

They have taken hold of the word "idolatry", and aver that Hinduism is not true, because it is idolatrous. They never seek to find out what this so-called "idolatry" is, whether it is good or bad; only taking their cue from others, they are bold enough to shout down Hinduism as untrue.

There is another class of men among us who are intent upon giving some slippery scientific explanation for any and every Hindu custom, rite, etc., and who are always talking of electricity, magnetism, air-vibration and all that sort of thing. Who

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ows but they will perhaps some day fine God Himself as nothing but a ass of electric vibrations! However, other bless them all! She it is who having Her work done in various ays through multifarious natures d tendencies.

In contradistinction to these, there that ancient class who say—"I do t know, I do not care to know or derstand all these your hair-splitg ratiocinations; I want God, I nt the Atman, I want to go to that yond, where there is no universe, here there is no pleasure or pain, here dwells the Bliss Supreme";—ho say, "I believe in salvation by thing in the holy Ganges with ith";—who say, "Whomsoever you ay worship with singleness of faith d devotion as the one God of the iverse, in whatsoever form as Shiva, ama, Vishnu, etc., you will get loksha";—to that sturdy ancient ass I am proud to belong.

Then there is a sect who advise us follow God and the world together. hey are not sincere, they do not exess what they feel in their hearts. What is the teaching of the Great nes?—"Where there is Rama, there no Kama; where there is Kama, ere Rama is not. Night and day can ever exist together."

The voice of the ancient sages proaim to us—"If you desire to attain od, you will have to renounce *Kama-kanchana*' (lust and possesion). This Samsara is unreal, hollow, oid of substance. Unless you give it p, you can never reach God, try owever you may. If you cannot do at, own that you are weak, but by o means lower the ideal. Do not cover the corrupting corpse with leaves of gold!"

So according to them if you want to gain spirituality, to attain God, the first thing that you have to do is to give up this playing "hide-and-seek with your ideas," this dishonesty, this "theft within the chamber of thought."

What have I learnt?

What have I learnt from this ancient sect?

I have learnt—

दुर्लभं त्रयमेवैतत् देवानुग्रहहेतुकम् ।
मनुष्यत्वं मुमुक्षुत्वं महापुरुषसंश्रयः ॥

Verily, these three are rare to obtain, and come only through the grace of God—human birth, desire to obtain Moksha, and the company of the great-souled ones."

The first thing needed is Manushyatva, human birth, because it only is favourable to the attainment of Mukti.

The next is Mumukshutva. Though our means of realisation vary according to their different stations in life, yet it can be said in general without fear of contradiction that without this Mumukshutva, realisation of God is impossible.

What is Mumukshutva? It is the strong urge for Moksha—earnest yearning to get out of the sphere of pain and pleasure—utter disgust for the world. When that intense burning desire to see God comes, then you should know that you are entitled to the realisation of the Supreme.

Then another thing is necessary, and that is the coming in direct contact with the Mahapurushas, and thus moulding our lives in accordance with those of the great-souled ones who have reached the Goal.

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Even disgust for the world and a burning desire for God are not sufficient. Initiation by the Guru is necessary.

Why? Because it is the bringing of yourself into connection with that great source of power, which has been handed down through generations from one Guru to another, in uninterrupted succession.

The devotee must seek and accept the Guru or spiritual preceptor, as his counsellor, philosopher, friend and guide.

In short, the Guru is the *sine qua non* of progress in the path of spirituality.

Whom then shall I accept as my Guru?

श्रोत्रियोऽवृजिनोऽकामहतो यो ब्रह्मवित्तमः।

"He who is versed in the Vedas, without taint, unhurt by desire, he who is the best of the knowers of Brahman."

Shrotriya—he who is not only learned in the Shastras, but who knows their subtle secrets, who has realised their true import in his life.

Reading merely the various scriptures they have become only parrots, and not Pandits. He indeed has become a Pandit who has gained Prema (Divine Love) by reading even one word of the Shastras.

Mere book-learned Pandits are of no avail. Nowadays, everyone wants to be a Guru; even a poor beggar wants to make a gift of a lakh of Rupees!

Then, the Guru must be without a touch of taint; and he must be Akamahata—unhurt by any desire—he should have no other motive except that of purely doing good to others, he should be an ocean of mercy-without-reason and not impart religious teaching with a view to gain name or fame, or anything pertaining to selfish interest.

And he must be the intense knower of Brahman, that is, one who has realised Brahman, even as tangibly as an Amalaka-fruit in the palm of the hand. Such is the Guru, says the Shruti.

When spiritual union is established with such a Guru, then comes realisation of God—then God-vision becomes easy of attainment.

After initiation there should be in the aspirant after Truth, Abhyasa, or earnest and repeated attempt at practical application of the Truth by prescribed means of constant meditation upon the chosen ideal. Even if you have a burning thirst for God, or have gained the Guru, unless you have along with it the Abhyasa, unless you practise what you have been taught, you cannot get realisation.

When all these are firmly established in you, then you will reach the Goal.

Therefore I say unto you, as Hindus, as descendants of the glorious Aryas—do not forget the great ideal of our religion—that great ideal of the Hindus—which is, to go beyond this Samsara—not only to renounce the world, but to give up heaven too; aye, not only to go beyond all, beyond this phenomenal existence, and ultimately realise the "Sat-Chit-Anandam Brahman"—the Absolute Existence-Knowledge-Bliss, which is Brahman.

[*Courtesy:* Advaita Ashrama]

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) peace was ever won by flight or sur-
fuge or agreement; no peace is ever in
re for any of us but that which we shall
by victory over shame or sin; victory
r the sin that oppresses, as well as over
t which corrupts.

☆

There is nothing so small but that we may
your God by asking His guidance of it,
insult Him by taking it into our own
nds.

☆

Men cannot benefit those that are with
m as they can benefit those who come
r them; and of all the pulpits from which
man voice is ever sent forth, there is none
m which it reaches so far as from the
ve.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean, by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the relation between what he can do and say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings.

☆

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.

☆

Be assured of the great truth—that what is impossible in reality, is ridiculous in fancy.

John Ruskin

n a general way, remember it is a far
er thing to find out other great men, than
become one yourself; for you can but
ome one at best, but you may bring
ers to light in numbers.

☆

The water which has been refused to the
of the weary and dying, is unholy,
ugh it had been blessed by every saint in
ven; and the water which is found in
vessel of mercy is holy, though it had
n defiled with corpses.

☆

A cunning person seeks for opportunities
deceive; a gentleman shuns them. A
ning person triumphs in deceiving; a
tleman is humiliated by his success.

Many joys may be given to men which cannot be bought for gold, and many fidelities found in them which cannot be rewarded with it.

☆

The most imaginative men always study the hardest, and are the most thirsty for new knowledge. Fancy plays like a squirrel in its circular prison, and is happy; but imagination is a pilgrim on the earth—and her home is in heaven.

☆

No cheating nor bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half-price. Do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be hungry?—we must starve. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think.

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. . . Deliverence is not for me in renunciation; I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight . . .

Tagore the great humanist

Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao

RABINDRANATH TAGORE combines in himself three distinct roles—that of a poet, a philosopher, and a patriot. His influence on Indian culture and thought is second only to that of Mahatma Gandhi. He is one of the foremost leaders of Indian renascence in art, music, dance, and literature.

For over half a century, by his spiritual insight and moral earnestness he held the loyalty of every self-respecting Indian. For us, he has left behind him not only a rich intellectual heritage in his works but also a great international educational centre which he built with his own hands, the Shantiniketan. He has given us our National Anthem.

Tagore was influenced by the Upanishads and the folk poetry of his land. Indeed three different factors influenced his life. He was the son of a liberal Hindu sage who was influenced by the Upanishads. After private education, he was sent to England to study law but soon he returned to India. The Tagores as a family opposed the doctrines of popular, superstitious Hinduism. The liberal outlook of the Tagores is set forth on their doors: "In this place no image is to be adored and no man's faith despised".

The poet enjoyed thoroughly the benefits of being an outcast. He was also a literary outcast. Influenced by Bankim Chandra Chatterji, he broke new ground and fought against the orthodox forms of literary expression and poetic composition. He adopted new forms of poetry and he had to struggle before he was accepted. There were times when passages from Tagore were given in examinations to be re-written into standard Bengali!

The third influence that touched Tagore was his love of India. His sane nationalism was not opposed to a true internationalism. He stood for a world-community and for world-loyalty.

His was not a fanatical nationalism which declares: my country is always in the right, my country should rule

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ll other nations. He believed that ch nation had its own special con-ibution to make to world's culture. He did not want India to imitate avishly the West. He was influenced y the genius of India in all that he d and said. He criticised severely ose who thought that the West was vilized and the East was crude.

Tagore's philosophy is a type of ynamic Vedanta. He had a positive ew of life, and he loved humanity as e manifestation of God. He did not elieve that the supreme reality was impersonal Absolute, as Shankara d: he looked upon the supreme as a erson. The supreme person is charac-rised by unexcellable bliss (*Anand*), nconditioned existence (*Sat*), and preme life force (*Chit*). The infinite preme person for Tagore was the ncretion of the three values: Truth, eauty, and Goodness (*Satyam, yam, Sundaram*).

The universe with all its colour and auty is the joyful expression and anifestation of the Lord. It is His preme *Leela*: His supreme sport. It not an illusion nor a dream to be aside. Creation is the manifesta-n of the Lord in all His glory.

So Tagore argues that we should t fly away from life to mountain ps and monasteries to seek the Lord. he Lord is not in a distant Heaven ay from the world of life. He is in e world, working with men, guiding em, sharing their sorrows and help-g them to get out of it.

Tagore always emphasizes the im-anence of the Lord. He writes: 'In s play-house of infinite forms I have d my play, and here I have caught ht of Him—that is formless.' 'Deli-

TAGORE'S TESTAMENT OF FAITH

एष नः प्रत्ययः– सत्यं ह्येकम्।। पन्थाः पुनरस्य नैकः। विचित्रैरेव हि पथिभिः पुरुषा नैकदेशवासिन एकं तीर्थमुपासर्पन्ति– इति हि विज्ञायते ।।

प्राची च प्रतीची चेति द्वे धारे विद्यायाः। द्वाभ्यामप्येताभ्यां उपलब्धव्यमैक्यं सत्यस्याखिललोकाश्रयभूतस्य– इति नः संकल्पः।। एतस्यैवैक्यस्य उपलब्धिः परमो लाभः, परमा शान्तिः, परमं च कल्याणं पुरुषस्य– इति हि व विज्ञा मः

We are of the faith that Truth is one and undivided, though diverse may be the ways which lead us to it. Through separate paths pilgrims from different lands arrive at the same shrine of Truth. This we verily know.

Knowledge flows in two streams—from the East and from the West. In their unity is perceived the oneness of Truth that pervades and sustains the entire universe. This we avow.

In the realization of this oneness of Truth lies mighty gain, perfect peace and profound good of Man. This we truly believe.

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FREEDOM FROM FEAR

Rabindranath Tagore

Turn away, O Lord! from this luckless land
All foolish fears—fear of the public, fear
Of the king, fear of death—the deadweight
On the hearts of weaklings. This perpetual
Suffering, this descent to the dust, this
Self-humiliation, hour by hour, moment
By moment, this bondage of slavery within
And without, and this total surrender
Of the dignity of man at the feet
Of the multitude again and again—
Break this accumulated shame to pieces
With thy feet! And on this auspicious dawn
Let the head be lifted up under the
Infinite sky, in broad light and free air.

(Published in 1901.)

[Translated from the Bengali original by Dr. Abinash Chandra Bose.]

verence is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight.'

In order to seek the Lord and know Him, Tagore forbids us from running away from life. He asks us to seek God here and now. He felt with Wordsworth that 'every common bush is afire with God.' He sang with the poet, that the meanest flowers gave him thoughts that lie often too deep for tears. He believed that the worship of God consists in active self sacrifice, and not in the world-negating ideal. He accepted the *Gita* ideal of a Karma-yogin. He regarded *Samsara* as a succession of spiritual opportunities.

He admonishes a friend: 'Leave this chanting, singing, and telling of beads; whom dost thou worship in the dark corner of this lonely temple, with doors all shut? Open thy eyes and see thy God is not before thee; He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is making stones. He is with them in sun and shower and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil.'

'Deliverence! Where is this deliverence to be found? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bond of creation. He is bound with us all for ever... meet him, stand by him, in toil and in the sweat of thy brow.'

Tagore's conception of the supreme Lord as an active force making for human love makes his religion attractive. Tagore's God loves man and is always beckoning him to his joy.

Tagore differs from traditional Vedanta in some significant respects. He no doubt admits that the highest spiritual reality is the impersonal Absolute. But he says that he has no use for such an Absolute. He humanises the Absolute representing it as a supreme Person. He looks upon the Lord not as a distant spectator watching the drama of human life from above, but as one with us, above us, and in us. As the *Gita* observes, he regards that the Lord is not merely the enjoyer of sacrifices but the friend of all beings.

He does not regard humanity with an unconditional look. The supreme Lord of Tagore is responsive to man's

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eeds, sensitive to his wishes and akin o his spirit. The Lord taking upon imself the human form in his incar- ations is a true call of the Lord to umanity. The purpose of the *Avatara* s not the mere destruction of the de- ons, but to teach mortal men fashion heir lives after the manner of the *vatara*.

Tagore writes that the presence of od is a common factual reality, it s not confined to celebrated histori- l moments alone. 'He comes, He ver comes, every moment, every age, very day and every night he comes, omes, ever comes.'

Tagore directs his attack against the ifurcation of Nature and Man. He egards that we should grow into con- cious union with Nature. Nature is he garment and play of the Lord. We hould seek to live in intimate union ith Nature. He writes, 'Man should ealize that this house is not a store- ouse of mechanical power, but a habi- tion of man's soul with eternal mu- c and beauty, and its light of divine resence.'

He holds that we should not effect rupture between Nature and God. he God of Tagore is the result of e overflowing joy of the Absolute. agore quotes the Upanishads, 'From y does spring all this creation, by y is it maintained, towards joy does progress, and into joy does it enter.' He looks upon the Lord as the sup- me object of Love. He affirms that e Lord can be begotten only by *hakti* and self-surrender through ve. He finds the intellectual way of derstanding the Lord cuts no ice. he intellect affirms the ego and sepa- tes the self of man from the Lord,

Gurudev Tagore

the supreme spirit. The way of over- coming the ego is to love the Lord. Love unifies and overcomes all sepa- ratist feelings.

Like all devotees, Tagore feels that self-will is the cause of all our suf- fering. Self-will distorts the truth of things. It makes us separate, antago- nizing, repellent individuals in a state of war with one another. Self-love is a heavy and hardly translucent sub- ject. We human beings are not only imperfect creatures that have to be improved, but are, in the words of Newman, 'rebels that must lay down their arms.' We must render back our wills which we have so long claimed as our own.

Scientific success and technological efficiency have placed enormous power in the hands of man. His self-will

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We must know with absolute certainty that essentially we are Spirit. This we can do by winning mastery over self by rising above pride and greed and fear, by knowing that worldly losses and physical death can take nothing away from the truth and the greatness of the soul.

—Gurudev Tagore

is inflamed and swollen by all these things. It resists all thwarting with bitter rage, passionate tears, and sometimes threatens to kill and at others die, rather than give in.

Tagore explains that the role of Evil and Pain in our world is to awaken the soul from this blind self-will to the will of the Lord. Pain and Evil are not ultimate reals. They have a definite purpose in life. They are the megaphones that rouse us from our deaf selves. They make us move in the right direction. They restore the perspective for us.

Tagore looks upon human life with delight. He does not subscribe nor fall a victim to the view that the spirit alone counts and the world of human life is an indifferent illusion and a snare. He looks upon life on this earth as offering splendid opportunities for self-development. The spirit has to give existence to the human person.

He does not despise our garment of flesh. He loves warm life. He writes, 'I will never shut the door of my senses.' Human relationships are the mainsprings for spiritual life, one need not pluck his eye to see correctly.

The poet opposes puritanism and ascetic life. He regards warm human feeling as the spiritual in nature. In his play the *Sannyasi* he points out to us how necessary is the normal life of pleasures to man. The ascetics waste their lives and souls by repressing all feelings. They are abnormal.

Tagore looks upon active moral life as the essence of the Hindu view. He fights against defeatism, quietism and acosmism. He regards the Lord himself as the great worker of humanity:

Our master is a worker and we work with him,
Boisterous is his mirth, and we laugh with his laughter.
He beats his drum and we march,
He sings and we dance in tune.

Again in his *Sadhana* the poet exclaims, 'Where can I meet Thee, unless in this my home made thine? Where can I join Thee unless in this my work, transformed into thy work? If I leave *my home*, I shall not reach Thy home ; if I cease my work I can never join Thee in Thy work. For Thou dwellest in me, and I in Thee. Thou without me or I without Thee are nothing.'

The poet opposes mere conventional ways of life. He stands for sincere human emotions. He has no patience with a society which is based on discriminations between man and woman, class and caste. He looks upon the love between man and wife as sacred. In his play *Sati* the character Uma refuses to accept the man as her lover who has not won her affection. She refuses to accept Jivaji whom her people have chosen for her. She says boldly that in spite of their promises to him she would not yield. She bursts out that she would yield only to him she loves.

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entional poses and customs of man. He fights lifeless imitations and stands for a true individual life.

His outlook is global. When he talks of the Kingdom of Heaven, he means by it not this land or that land. It is world-community to which he looks up to. He was not opposed to useful scientific technique. He wanted the East and the West to co-operate on terms of perfect equality. He stood for healthy internationalism. His biographer, E.J. Thomson, writes, 'Rabindranath has repeatedly insisted that even the West's conquest of material forces has been essentially a spiritual achievement, however perverted to brutal ends, and that his countrymen will impoverish themselves if they neglected it.' *The Times Literary Supplement* in its tribute to Tagore has summed up his life, 'Perhaps no living poet was more religious, and no man of religion was more poetical than this great Indian'. The poet won the Nobel Prize in 1930.

Tagore, towards the very end of his life, has not spared his energies to speak on behalf of India. He has condemned aggressive and militant nationalism in no small terms. His final political testament to India is his spirited reply to Miss Rathbone when she blamed India for not actively helping England.

Tagore is our great national poet

> *To me the verses of the Upanishads and the teachings of Buddha have ever been things of the Spirit and therefore endowed with boundless vital growth, and I have used them both in my life and in my preaching as being instinct with individual meaning for me.*
>
> *—Gurudev Tagore*

in line with Valmiki, Vyasa and Kalidasa. Radhakrishnan assures us that it is the nature of all great poetry to last longer than dynasties and Kings. Tagore will continue to influence us in building up an India based on ancient wisdom and modern science, in the spirit of an enlivened democratic conscience. Tagore looked forward to that Heaven:

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

Man's freedom is never in being saved troubles, but is the freedom to take the troubles for his own good, to make the trouble an element in his joy.

Gurudev Tagore

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Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya were among those who attended the funeral of Pandit Motilal Nehru on February 6, 1931. They paid fulsome tributes to Panditji's great sacrifice. The following is a piece from what the Father of the Nation said on that occasion.

MOTILAL NEHRU

Hero and Great Fighter

Mahatma Gandhi

PANDITJI[1] was a hero and a great fighter. He fought many battles of the country but he lso gave a tough fight to Yamaraj, he God of Death; Panditji has, in ict, been successful in this fight too.

Yesterday morning at Lucknow anditji's condition and courage had ssured everybody that Panditji ould successfully recover from the lness.

Only yesterday I told Pandit Motiil "If you gain health, then I will ave my *Swaraj*."

Pandit Motilal replied smilingly *Swarajya* has already been achieved. hen sixty thousand men, women nd children have made splendid acrifices, when people have patiently orne *lathis* and bullets, what else but *warajya* can be the result?"

Panditji had a very high soul and erfect peace of mind. I am sorry last night I could not talk to him, but Mrs. Nehru who was by his side told me that it was God's special favour that Panditji was heard reciting sacred *Gayatri mantra* last night.

Panditji was not a blind follower of religion and sometimes he used to make fun of religion; because he was opposed to the fraud that had crept into religion. Sometimes Panditji felt annoyed at religious fraud but I knew well that Panditji was a believer in God and last evening he was continously reciting the lovely name *Rama*. He never uttered a sigh of grief or pain. It was a leason to all those who wanted to be truly religious.

Panditji has by his sacrifice purified himself. Myself and others should also be purified in the same *yajna*.

Panditji had offered himself, his only son, his daughter-in-law, son-in-law and his all at the altar of the motherland.

1. *Pandit Motilal Nehru whose birth centenary falls on 6th May 1961.*

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ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

Agastya's Prayer

Sage Sutikshna takes Rama to his preceptor Sage Agastya who receives him with tears of joy and prays.

सृष्टेः प्रागेक एवासीर्निर्विकल्पोऽनुपाधिकः।
त्वदाश्रया त्वद्विषया माया ते शक्तिरुच्यते ॥
त्वामेव निर्गुणं शक्तिरावृणोति यदा तदा।
अव्याकृतमितिप्राहुः वेदान्तपरिनिष्ठिताः ॥
मूलप्रकृतिरित्येके प्राहुर्मायेति केचन ।
अविद्या संसृतिर्बन्ध इत्यादि बहुधोच्यते ॥

"Prior to creation You were all alone. You were changeless: unconditioned. That Maya which partakes of You and is directed to You is called Shakti. When that Shakti veiled the attributeless You, it was called Avyaakrita by the Vedantins. A few call the same as Mulaprakriti (primal nature); others call it Maya. Avidya, Samsriti, Bandha are some other names by which also it is known.

त्वया संक्षोभ्यमाणा सा महत्तत्त्वं प्रसूयते।
महत्तत्वादहंकारस्त्वया संचोदितादभूत् ॥
अहंकारो महत्तत्वसंवृतस्त्रिविधोऽभवत् ।
सात्विको राजसश्चैव तामसश्चेति भण्यते ॥
तामसात्सूक्ष्मतन्मात्राण्यासन् भूतान्यतः परम् ।
स्थूलानि क्रमशो राम क्रमोत्तरगुणानि ह ॥

"Kindled by you, that Shakti gives birth to Mahat-tatva ; from the latter, activated by you again, was born Ahankara (ego) ; covered by Mahattatva, ego became three-fold: Sattvic, Rajasic and Tamasic. From Tamasic ego the pentad of unmanifest Tanmatras[1] emanated first, followed by the manifest elements,[2] each containing the nucleus of the next.

राजसानीन्द्रियाण्येव सात्त्विका देवता मनः।
तेभ्योभवत्सूत्ररूपं लिङ्गं सर्वगतं महत् ॥
ततो विराट् समुत्पन्नः स्थूलाद्भूतकदम्बकात्।
विराजः पुरुषात्सर्वं जगत्स्थावरजंगमम् ॥

"The Rajasic ego are but the ten Indriyas,[3] the Sattvic ego constituting their presiding deities[4] and the mind. From all these took shape the great empirical Atman[5] that per-

1. *Sabda, sparsa, rupa, rasa* and *gandha*
2. *Prithvi, ap, tej, vayu,* and *akash*
3. (a) Karmendriyas: *Vak, pani, padapayu* and *upastha*
   (b) Jnanendriyas: *Chakshu, srotra, tvak, rasana,* and *ghrana*
4. Ravi for Chakshush; Dik for Srotra; Vayu for Tvak; Varuna for Rasana; Ashvins for Ghrana; Agni for Vak; Indra for Pani; Upendra for Padas; Mitra for Payu and Brahma for Upastha.
5. Hiranyagarbha.

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meates everything. From the manifest conglomeration emerged the Virat[6] from whom the entire manifest Universe moving and non-moving appeared.

देवतिर्यङ्मनुष्याश्च कालकर्मक्रमेण तु ।
त्वं रजोगुणतो ब्रह्मा जगतः सर्वकारणम्॥
सत्वाद्विष्णुस्त्वमेवास्य पालकः सद्भिरुच्यते।
लये रुद्रस्त्वमेवास्य त्वन्मायागुणभेदतः ।
जाग्रत्स्वप्नसुषुप्त्याख्या वृत्तयो बुद्धिजैर्गुणैः ।
तासां विलक्षणो राम त्वं साक्षी चिन्मयोऽव्ययः ॥

"O Lord! Through the seasons and actions you manifest yourself as inanimate nature and humans. Through your Rajasic *guna* you become the Brahma the Creator; through Sattvaguna, you become Vishnu the Protector and by virtue of your Tamasic guna you are Rudra the destroyer. So say the great ones. O Rama! Owing to the different qualities and your Maya, Buddhi acquires the waking, dream and sleeping states. But unaffected by all these, you are the imperishable *chit* standing aloof as witness.

सृष्टिलीलां यदा कर्तुमीहसे रघुनन्दन ।
अंगीकरोषि मायां त्वं तदा वै गुणवानिव ॥
राम! माया द्विधा भाति विद्याविद्येति ते सदा।
प्रवृत्तिमार्गनिरता अविद्यावशवर्तिनः ॥
निवृत्तिमार्गनिरता वेदान्तार्थविचारकाः ।
त्वद्भक्तिनिरता ये च ते वै विद्यामयाः स्मृताः ॥
अविद्यावशगा ये तु नित्यं संसारिणश्च ते ।
विद्याभ्यासरता ये तु नित्यमुक्तास्त एव हि॥

"O, delighter of the Raghu race! When You want to indulge in the play of creation, you take on Maya, as though you were governed by *gunas*. Rama! Maya always shines in two perspectives: Vidya and Avidya Those who indulge in worldly activities are in the grip of Avidya; those who seek liberation, those who are engaged in philosophical inquiries, those who are fully devoted to You are encompassed in Vidya. Those who depend on Avidya always moil in worldly sorrow; those who delight in Vidya, however are liberated souls indeed.

6. Cf. भूःपादौ यस्य

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लोके त्वद्भक्तिनिरतास्त्वन्मन्त्रोपासकाश्च ये ।
विद्या प्रादुर्भवेत्तेषां नेतरेषां कदाचन ॥
अतस्त्वद्भक्तिसंपन्ना मुक्ता एव न संशयः।
त्वद्भक्त्यमृतहीनानां मोक्षः स्वप्नेऽपि नो भवेत् ॥
किं राम! बहुनोक्तेन! सारं किंचिद्ब्रवीमि ते ।
साधुसंगतिरेवात्र मोक्षहेतुरुदाहृता ॥
साधवः समचित्ता ये निःस्पृहा विगतैषिणः ।
दान्ताः प्रशान्तास्त्वद्भक्ताः निवृत्ताखिलकामनाः ॥
इष्टप्राप्तिविपत्त्योश्च समाः संगविवर्जिताः।
सन्यस्ताखिलकर्माणः सर्वदा ब्रह्मतत्पराः ॥
यमादिगुणसंपन्नाः संतुष्टा येनकेनचित् ।
संत्संगमो भवेद्यहि त्वत्कथाश्रवणे रतिः ॥
समुदेति ततो भक्तिः त्वयि राम! सनातने ॥

"Only on those of the world who are fully devoted to you and who recite your *mantra* does Vidya dawn; never on others. Therefore, undoubtedly, those devoted to You are really liberated souls. People denied the nectar of your *bhakti* cannot even dream of attaining immortality. Why elaborate? I shall tell you in a nutshell: the association of the *sadhus* alone will bring about *moksha*. Sadhus are those who are equable; non-desiring; non-attached; sense-controlled; peaceful; devoted to You; devoid of all longing; looking equally on success and failure; devoid of base association; given up all actions; always settled in Brahman; full of the *yama-dama gunas*; contended. If one gets the association of one such soul, he will get interested in listening to Your holy story. Then, indeed, Rama, does *bhakti* take root in the everlasting You!

त्वद्भक्तावुपपन्नायां विज्ञानविपुलं स्फुटम् ।
उदेति मुक्तिमार्गोयमाद्यश्चतुरसेवितः ॥
तस्माद्राघव! सद्भक्तिस्त्वयि मे प्रेमलक्षणा।
सदा भूयाद्धरे! संगस्त्वद्भक्तेषु विशेषतः ॥

"Once secure in your *bhakti*, then does the grand Vigyana dawn. This is the manner in which competent men originally sought liberation. Therefore, Raghava, may true devotion to you characterised by *prem*, always become my lot. O, Hari! May I, in particular, secure the association of your devotees!

अद्य मे सफलं जन्म भवत्संदर्शनादभूत् । ।
अद्य मे क्रतवः सर्वे बभूवुः सफलाः प्रभो ।
दीर्घकालं मया तप्तं अनन्यमतिना तपः ।
तस्येह तपसो राम! फलं तव यदर्चनम् ॥
सदा मे सीतया सार्धं हृदये वस राघव ।
गच्छतस्तिष्ठतो वापि स्मृतिःस्यान्मे सदा त्वयि ॥

"Today has my life become fruitful, having had your *darshan*. Today have my sacrifices, O Lord, become fruitful. It is the fruit of the long and single-minded penance I performed, O Rama, that I could have your *darshan* and worship you in person! O Raghava! Live eternally in my heart along with Sita. Whether walking or standing, may your thought always occupy my mind.

Nature is the visible garment of God. —Goethe.

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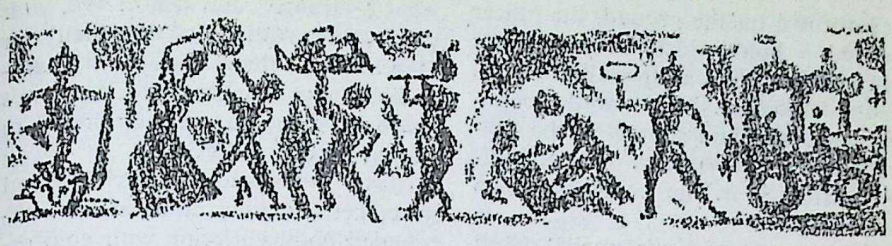

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

20. Shvetaketu's Fall

WHEN Uddhava was introduced to Rudracharya and other *acharyas* by Punardatta, he told them of Krishna's exploits at Gomantak. He also shared with Punardatta his anxiety to get out of the 'hell' somehow and to warn Krishna of the dangers which awaited him if he persisted in his decision to meet Shrigalava. Punardatta informed him that the only outside contact which they had, was when every fourth day an officer came to them to inquire whether they were prepared to accept Shrigalava as God Vaasudeva. Thereupon, between them two, they thought out a plan of escape, and the next day, when the officer was expected, they waited for him on the floor of the cave.

Some time in the afternoon, two men, an officer and his assistant, were lowered in the cave in a basket. They got out of the basket and, groping in the semi-darkness, proceeded towards the opening which led to the valley. Uddhava threw himself on the officer, a flabby-looking youth decked out in a gold necklace, and deprived him of his arms.

Punardatta dealt also in the same way with the assistant who, being an untrained man, was soon overpowered by Punardatta and beaten into unconsciousness. But the officer proved tough. He appeared to be a trained wrestler, closed his arms on Uddhava, and tried to throw him on the ground. Soon both were rolling on the ground, arm in arm.

Uddhava was Krishna's comrade and Sandipani's pupil, and easily met the holds and tricks of the officer. But when he was on the point of be-

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ing thrown on the ground, the officer played a hold which Uddhava was surprised to find a speciality of his Guru Sandipani. He knew the counter trick well and countered the officer's hold successfully. 'The Sandipani trick, is it?' he could not keep muttering.

'You are Sandipani's pupil?' asked the breathless officer. 'So am I.'

'God of all gods,' exclaimed Uddhava in surprise. 'Is it Shvetaketu?'

'Uddhava!' exclaimed Shvetaketu, once the senior disciple of Sandipani, who had taught the *Vedas* to Krishna, Balaram and Uddhava in the Guru's walking school.

Both let go their hold of each other and became locked in affectionate embrace. 'And this is Punardatta, Gurudeva's son, whom Krishna rescued from Vaivasvatpur.' And all the three laughed together and embraced each other again.

They left the unconscious assistant and came out into the valley.

'What brings you both to this 'hell'?' asked Shvetaketu.

'How do *you* happen to be here?' asked Punardatta. 'You were Gurudeva's favourite pupil when I was kidnapped from Prabhas by Panchajana Rakshasa. And I never saw you in the *ashram* when Krishna brought me back. But you, of all people in the world, in the service of Shrigalava! I never saw you here before.'

'No. I was given this duty only today as some new man was sent to this 'hell' yesterday. It must be one of you, for I was told that there were thirteen old men and two young men,' said Shvetaketu.

'That is me', said Uddhava. 'But what a strange coincidence! We, your pupils, are rotting in this 'hell' for *Dharma* with these saintly *acharyas*—and you, our teacher and Gurudeva's favourite disciple, evidently living in luxury, is our jailor.'

'Have I changed so much?' asked Shvetaketu, looking down at his well-rounded body glittering with gold ornaments.

'Shvetaketu, brother, what has come over you—you, the most learned of us all, Krishna's beloved friend?' asked Uddhava.

'What has become of me? I am the same', said Shvetaketu.

'Don't delude yourself. Where is your well-knit body gone? And where is your ascetic face, illumined by intelligence? But for your playing Gurudeva's trick, I would never have recognised you in this flabby, gold-studded, self-indulgent, *asuric* servant of a pompous king who claims to be God of all gods!' said Uddhava in indignation.

'Don't talk like this. My assistant may regain consciousness and overhear you', said Shvetaketu.

'Brother, have you fallen so low as to be afraid of speaking or hearing the truth?' asked Uddhava. Uddhava, usually self-controlled in speech, had been roused to righteous wrath at seeing the fall of his old comrade.

'First tell me all about both of you. Then I will tell you about myself,' said Shvetaketu.

'Our story is easily told. You were in Prabhas with Gurudeva when I was there. Then Krishna and I left for the Punyajana ship to bring back Punardatta. Krishna, I always told

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you, was wonderful. Punyajana was sent to the bottom of the sea and we went to Vaivasvatpur in his ship, where Punardatta had been kidnapped. Krishna overcame the magic power of the Divine Mother, the queen of Nagaloka, fought the king who was called the God of Death, and brought back Punardatta', said Uddhava.

'Oh, wonderful! I knew Krishna would perform miracles. Then what happened?' asked Shvetaketu.

'We went to Mathura. Then we learnt that Jarasandha had decided to invade our city to take revenge on Krishna and Balaram for killing Kamsa. We were too weak to resist Jarasandha. Krishna decided to seek an asylum in the Sahya Mountains and so we left Mathura', said Uddhava.

'Then?' asked Shvetaketu.

'Then Krishna and Balaram sought an asylum on the Gomantak Hill. Your Lord Vaasudeva, your God of all gods, betrayed them', continued Uddhava sarcastically. 'Jarasandha and his allies came to Gomantak Hill and set it on fire.'

'Oh, Lord VAASUDEVA!' said Shvetaketu, using the usual exclamation in Karvirpur.

'And listen, you, devotee of Shrigalava Vaasudeva', sneered Uddhava. 'Krishna proved invincible. The sea, at his behest, surrounded the Hill and extinguished the fire. Then both the brothers came down the Hill and routed Jarasandha and his allies. King Gonard was killed. King Damagosh intervened and saved Jarasandha, who is now fleeing back to his country.'

'But how did you happen to come to Karvirpur? And then here?' asked Shvetaketu.

'Krishna wanted to make friends with Shrigalava in spite of his having betrayed him to Jarasandha; so he sent me as an envoy to inform him of his desire to come here. Your Vaasudeva would not accept the hand of friendship. He abused Krishna and insisted on my acknowledging him the Great God. I refused, and I was sent here as your prisoner', said Uddhava.

'And Punardatta?' asked Shvetaketu.

'That is what I want to know from you, Shvetaketu. Here is his maternal grandfather, old and wise, an ocean of learning. Here are thirteen other *acharyas*, dedicated to stern discipline and to the service of Mother Sarasvati. They are all flung in this living 'hell', because they will not do what you have done—forswear *Dharma*, learning, the gods of our fathers and the *Vedas*, and accept Shrigalava as the Great God!' said Uddhava. 'And noble Punardatta, true to Gurudeva's tradition, came here to serve his grandfather and other *acharyas*. And you—you, Shvetaketu—our ideal—is the slave of Shrigalava, our jailor.'

Shvetaketu, as Uddhava spoke with vehement eloquence, stood silent, ashamed of himself. Once he was on the highroad to an *acharya's* status with dreams of some day being a rishi with pupils of his own; now he was an officer of Shrigalava who kept the *acharyas*, his Gurudeva's son and his beloved friend Uddhava, as prisoners. Shvetaketu looked down for a little while and in a low voice said, 'Uddhava, what I have to tell you is the

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story of a fall, of dreams forsaken, or a life bartered for—what you would have rightly called—the beastly life of an *asura*.'

'But how did it happen?' asked Uddhava. 'Though Punardatta was living as a Prince, he was redeemed by Krishna.'

'No one can redeem me. I have chosen my life and must live it', said Shvetaketu sadly.

'Why did you choose this life? I also thought once that I had chosen my life or rather it was chosen for me and that I had to live it', said Punardatta reminiscently.

'Listen', said Shvetaketu, his heart full of emotion. 'Before you, Uddhava, and Krishna left in the Punyajana ship, a strange thing happened to me. I had been to the shrine of Mahadeva, God of all gods, whom the local people call Somanath. When I came out and sat on a stone on the seashore, a young woman came out of the sea—she was evidently taking a bath. Her scanty clothing, all dripping with water, clung to her perfect limbs. I noticed the tempting grace in which her legs and hips moved, though I felt it was all wrong to do so. But I simply could not help feeling the way I did,' said Shvetaketu.

'Then I recognised her. During the days that we were at Prabhas, she always attended our training school in arms or when I was leading the Vedic chants. You could not escape noticing her, for she was tall, slim and beautiful beyond description, and I remember her smiling at me whenever I looked at her,' continued Shvetaketu.

'On her way [illegible] stopped near me. There was a light in her eyes, which I had never noticed in any woman's eyes before. They —her eyes—were very fine. She smiled and I felt a thrill running through my body. Then she said: "You are a fine young man—and very learned too. I have heard you chanting *mantras* at the shrine." I felt my heart throbbing. I had never heard such compliments from any young woman before.

'She added: "Come with me, will you? We are camping in a grove nearby. I would love to hear you chant the *mantras*. I also saw you training some young warriors. You were so wonderful." Her words went to my head like strong *sura* (wine). I had to go to our camp for the usual duties, but I could not tear myself away from this young woman. The sweet smell of her body overpowered my senses. For a moment, Gurudeva's teaching flashed on my mind: "Never be alone with a woman unless she happens to be your wife." But my senses darkened my mind and I went with her.'

'Then Shaibya—that was her name —took me to the grove where the party from Karvirpur had camped. She was a princess, the daughter of the brother of King Shrigalava Vaasudeva.'

'Is that the beautiful woman standing near Shrigalava, whom I saw supporting the Queen yesterday?' asked Uddhava.

'That is her. She always stands near the throne supporting the Queen who is not well,' said Shvetaketu and continued. 'Her party had come to that grove [illegible] them, for

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VAASUDEVA, the Great God, had entered Shrigalava some years ago at that very spot when he had come to Prabhas Tirtha on a pilgrimage.'

Shvetaketu paused for a while and then continued. 'When we reached the grove, her party was ready for the evening worship of the sandals of Shrigalava. Shaibya is a sort of high priestess of Lord VAASUDEVA. So she offered *arti*. At her request, I chanted the *mantras*. Then she offered me *prasad* which I took. There was a tang in it, and soon my mind began to float in air with easy buoyancy.

'I found myself in an unusually light spirit, when Shaibya took me to a sequestered part of the grove and told me many flattering things. They made me feel as if I was flying in the land of *gandharvas*[1] with Shaibya as *apsara*[2] by my side.

She talked to me of Lord VAASUDEVA, whose neice she was. She told me how Karvirpur was heaven on earth; how whoever worshipped VAASUDEVA became free from all bonds of human existence; how I, with my learning and mastery of the martial art, was born to be his right-hand man.

'I spent half the night with Shaibya, drinking in her winsome flattery. In fact, her presence was more intoxicating than her words. I went back to our camp in the morning. When Gurudeva asked me as to where I spent the night, I told a lie—oh, how I have felt since that I had the courage to tell the truth!—that I had spent it in the shrine. I could see that Gurudeva did not believe what I said. That is where my fall began.

'Though I had resolved not to go near Shaibya's camp, in the afternoon—that was the day when you left for the Punyajana ship with Krishna—I went and sat on the same stone as on the previous day. As on the previous day, Shaibya, after her bath, came out of the sea, talked to me and smiled at me. And though I struggled hard not to go with her, my feet dragged me after her.

'That evening we worshipped Lord VAASUDEVA as before, and Shaibya talked to me how the three worlds had to be redeemed by following her uncle, than whom there was no other God. Her voice had a magic in it, which was enhanced by the jingle of the little bells on her armlets. I spent the night with her, feeling for the first time in my life that a great destiny was opening for me.

'When I went to our camp early next morning, Gurudeva did not ask me where I had gone. He had been very, very unhappy, and after you left, Uddhava, he became quite heart-broken. But you know he is a man of vast understanding. He knew that I was a fallen man. He has also a large heart; never so much by a glance he upbraided me. And I was torn between my respect for him and my infatuation for Shaibya.

'Then on the fourth day, Shaibya asked me to go with her to Karvirpur. I was very unhappy. How could I leave Gurudeva? At the same time, I saw her graceful limbs and beautiful gait day and night. They tore my heart. My disloyalty to Gurudeva stabbed me every moment. So,

1. Musicians of the gods.
2. Dancing girls of the gods.

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when Gurudeva decided to leave Prabhas, I thought that once I left Shaibya, I would break through the magic web she had woven round me.

'Then the day of our departure came. I told Shaibya about it, almost with a breaking heart. On hearing me, her eyes filled with tears, her hand trembled as she laid it on mine. She said: "Shvetaketu, how can you be untrue to Lord VAASUDEVA? He wants you." My heart was in my mouth. I had already come to believe in VAASUDEVA because Shaibya so passionately believed him to be the God of all gods. Her swimming eyes were fixed on me. Her body seemed to yearn for me. Anyway, so I thought.

'Uddhava, I lost my senses completely and took her hands in mine. She made no resistance. "Do you really want me to come with you?" I asked her with my limbs on fire. She looked down, shot a loving glance at me from her flashing eyes, and for the moment I felt what a fragile being she was. I surrendered. I did not go back to Gurudeva and came with her here.

'On our way back to Shurparaka, one evening I was standing on the deck of the ship, when Shaibya came near me. I was thinking of how recklessly I had given up all my life, my hopes, my dreams, my future, for a strange adventure, lured by my passion for her. She came, stood by my side and looked into my eyes with her beautiful eyes, which could become liquid at her will. She asked me: "Are you sorry that you left everything for the Lord?" I shook myself out of my miserable mood. She placed her hand on mine. Her proximity set my body aflame. "I am glad I gave up everything for you, Shaibya" I said, utter misery oppressing me. And without realising what I was doing, I placed my hand round her shoulders and pressed her to my heart. Like an angry tigress, she shook herself free from me and with flaming eyes said: "Don't touch me. I am the Lord's. You must deserve me before you touch me. You must get the Lord's consent." I felt as if I had received a mortal blow. She belonged to Shrigalava and I was of no account! I felt mortified and begged of her to forgive me. But the joy of being with her left me; at the same time I realised that thenceforward there was no retreat for me.

'I was received by Shrigalava with honours. I was appointed the head of their school of military training and placed in charge of training young warriors, most of whom had no training at all; most of them could not even stand steadily in a moving chariot, and their knowledge of archery was rudimentary. But soon I was called to more confidential duties. You see gold and diamonds in plenty here. We bring them from distant forests, to which we alone know the approach. In a year's time, I was placed in charge of expeditions sent to bring these valuables.'

'What happened to Shaibya?' asked Uddhava.

Shvetaketu sighed. 'She is as elusive as a glow-worm. She attracts me, but she is never caught. I am convinced that she plays with me. She is wholly dedicated to her uncle and is not convinced that I am so equally dedicated to him yet. Though she says

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she is fascinated with my learning and skill in arms, all the time she is testing my devotion to him. Uddhava, I have lost my Guru, and have not got Shaibya. Sometimes I am furious with myself,' said Shvetaketu. He heaved a deep sigh.

'And now, Shvetaketu, you have come to ask us whether we will accept Shrigalava as the Great God,' said Uddhava with a touch of sadness in his voice. 'You, my best friend, have come to ask these venerable *acharyas*, some of whom are revered even by our Gurudeva, to accept your Shrigal—jackal—as VAASUDEVA'.

Shvetaketu could give no reply. Uddhava then defiantly turned to Shvetaketu and spoke with withering contempt. 'Go and ask, if you can, these *tapasvins* (ascetics) to accept Shrigalava as God, so that you can earn a few smiles from Shaibya. Go, go, my brother, you cannot fall lower.'

Shvetaketu stood dumb, in deep humiliation. Then in a choking voice he said: 'Uddhava, I am a sinner. I have fallen beyond saving. I will go back and never come here again.'

'How would it help you or us? If you are truly repentant, help me to escape and warn Krishna; otherwise he would come here and get caught,' said Uddhava.

'How can I help you? I can't be disloyal to Shrigalava,' said Shvetaketu.

'Why? It is just in your line. You were disloyal to Gurudeva and perhaps broke his heart. You were disloyal to your *Dharma* and were lured by your senses. And now if, once to be true to Krishna, your beloved comrade, you are disloyal to Shrigalava and help me to escape, Shaibya won't even discover it', said Uddhava sarcastically.

While they were talking, Punardatta's grandfather, Acharya Rudra, starved and gaunt, on his way to the stream, paused in front of them. 'My son, as usual you have come to ask us whether we will worship Shrigalava as Lord VAASUDEVA?' he asked Shvetaketu in a sad soft voice.

Shvetaketu, overwhelmed by a sense of shame, looked down.

'Tell him, if you dare, my son, that there are still men in this world who prefer death to accepting untruth, and Shrigalava is a lie,' continued the old man with quiet dignity, and slowly went his way.

Shvetaketu felt choked. Once he dreamt of becoming an *acharya* himself, a torch-bearer of truth. Now he, a slave of passion, had come to humiliate learned *acharyas*.

'Uddhava!' he impulsively caught Uddhava by the arm and said suddenly: 'I will help you to escape. Tell me how?'

And so Uddhava put on the regulation loin cloth, silver belt, necklace and armlet of the assistant who still lay unconscious, and went up with Shvetaketu in the basket as a subordinate official of Shrigalava.

[*To be continued*]

The intimations which are but whispers, the presences which are but half-disclosed, are those which we should intently obey.

—Mark Rutherford.

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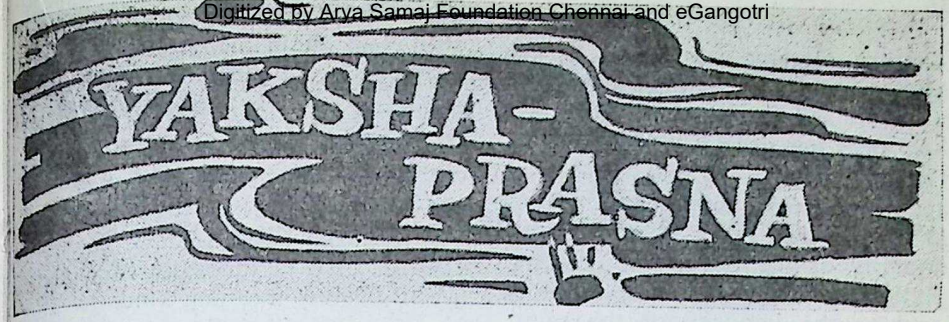

12

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

THE next questions of the Yaksha are as follows:

को मोहः प्रोच्यते राजन् कश्च मानः प्रकीर्तितः । किमालस्यं च विज्ञेयं कश्च शोकः प्रकीर्तितः ॥

What, O king, is delusion?

What is pride?

What is to be understood by laziness?

What has been spoken of as **शोक** *or grief?*

Dharmaputra answers as follows:

मोहो हि धर्ममूढत्वं मानस्त्वात्माभिमानता धर्मनिष्क्रियतालस्यं शोकस्त्वज्ञानमुच्यते ॥

Delusion consists is not knowing Dharma.

Pride is self-consciousness.

Laziness consists in not doing Dharma.

Ajnana is spoken of as grief.

Here *ajnana* is used in the philosophical sense of ignorance of the Absolute Reality, that which is brought about by Maya or Adhyasa, superimposition, and it is this that brings about sorrow in the world. The Upanishadic text says that he who has the knowledge of the Atman crosses sorrow. "तरति शोकम् आत्मवित् "

The Yaksha then asked:

किं स्थैर्यमृषिभिः प्रोक्तं किं च धैर्यमुदाहृतम्
स्नानं च किं परं प्रोक्तं दानं च किमिहोच्यते ।

What is the steadfastness spoken of by the Rishis?

What is referred to as courage?

What is the supreme bath?

What is here said to be Dana or charity?

Dharmaputra answers as follows:

स्वधर्मे स्थिरता स्थैर्यं धैर्यमिन्द्रियनिग्रहः ।
स्नानं मनोमलत्यागः दानं वै भूतरक्षणम् ॥

Not swerving from one's own duties of Swadharma is the steadfastness.

Courage is the control of the senses.

Bath is abandoning of the impurities of the mind.

Protecting all beings is charity.

Steadfastness is a general word meaning steadfastness in all purposes. Yudhishthira restricts its application to the steadfastness in observing Swa-

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dharma, thereby extolling it as the highest steadfastness which is specially mentioned by the *rishis*. Courage here does not mean physical courage. But Yudhishthira refers to moral courage in not yielding to temptation. Bath in the physical sense is washing the impurity of the body. But Dharmaputra uses it in the moral sense of washing the impurity of the mind. The *Gita* when mentioning the divine qualities includes शौच and Sri Sankaracharya in his commentary says that शौच is of two kinds—external and internal. External cleanliness consists in the washing away of dust by bath and the internal cleanliness consists in मनो बुद्धयो र्नैर्मल्यम्। purity of the mind and the intellect. The word Dana is not used merely in the sense of gift of money, but it is used by Dharmaputra in the extended sense of service and protection to all beings. In the same sense the word charity is used in the Bible in St. Paul's Epistle and by the *Brihadaranyakopanishad* when mentioning the three words—"दमो दानं दया"(५–२)

There the story is related of the *devas, asuras* and men, approaching their creator Prajapati and asking him for a message. Prajapati replied by uttering the sound 'द' and the *devas* understood it as दाम्यत or control yourself. The *manushyas* similarly asked him and again he gave the message 'द' which they understood as दत्त or give. Similarly the *asuras* are given the message 'द' and they understood it as दयध्वं (be compassionate).

Sri Sankara in his commentary on the above text of the story makes the significant remark that all the three दम दान दय are messages to humanity as persons having the qualities of *deva* and *asura* are also to be found among men. Here the word दान is used in the sense of charity to all, thereby meaning kindness and protection to all beings.

The opposite of all these three qualities is mentioned in the *Gita*:

कामः क्रोधस्तथालोभः तस्मादेतत् त्रयं त्यजेत्
(*Gita* XVI-21)

By लोभ is meant selfishness and averseness which make one unmindful of his duty to be kind and to protect all.

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Homage

THE BUDDHA

Today, Vaisakha Purnima, marks the 2505th anniversary of the Buddha's Parinirvana.

"No decision is possible for me on the strength of others' words. I will arrive at the truth for myself by austerity and silent contemplation and will accept what is determined accordingly in this matter."

—The Buddha

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MAHATMA BASAVESHWARA

On the 17th of this month Basava Jayanti was celebrated.

"This world is a smith's workshop. If the coin minted here rings true here on earth, then one can be sure it will ring true in heaven too."

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The tortoise plays a fecund role in Indian lore. It entertains children with its absurdity by opening its mouth on the Himalayas provided by its hamsa pals while flying in high air. It offers a convenient alibi to Maha Vishnu. It teaches the yogi how to withdraw himself from the world. It tickles the poet with nostalgia by its mysterious family life....

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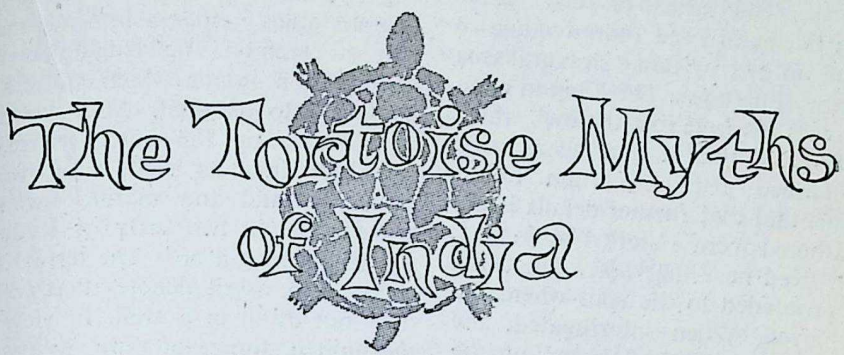

THE *Satapatha Brahmana* refers to the primeval tortoise (Adikurma) which was the source and support of all things. The conception that is current in Puranic lore is that the earth depends for its support on the reptile Ananta, which in turn in borne by the tortoise.

The *Bhagavata Purana* tells us that Vishnu in his eleventh incarnation supported the churning Mandara mountain in the form of a turtle when the celestials and demons churned the ocean (I-iii-16). According to this story, once when the Danavas seized power from the Devas, the latter approached Vishnu seeking relief from their domination. The Lord directed them to gain time by entering into an armistice with their opponents. Later, the Devas and Danavas put forth their united efforts for producing ambrosia by churning the ocean. Mandara was selected as the churning rod, while the serpent Vasuki served as the rope. While the gods and demons toiled hard at the churning operations, the mountain sank down in the waters for want of a strong support from below. Seeing that their efforts going waste, the Lord took the form of a tortoise, dived into the waters and lifted up the mountain (*Skanda* VIII, ch. vii-8). The poet Jayadeva also hints at this episode in his *Gita Govinda.*

The Vanaparva of the *Mahabharata* contains an interesting story narrated by Sage Markandeya about a turtle-king who lived for thousands of years. According to this episode, the righteous Indradyumna was elevated to the celestial plane by dint of the merits acquired by him. After the fruits of the merits had been enjoyed, the King descended down to the earth. The

● **M. V. Sridatta Sarma** ●

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great King in his turn was anxious to collect his own credentials. The first person so approached was Sage Markandeya. The latter pleaded ignorance; but he advised Indradyumna to consult an owl by name Pravarakama near the Himalayas. The King in company with the sage met the owl, which in turn said that it had heard of a lake named after a certain Indradyumna and that further details could be gathered from a stork Nadijangha, which lived near that lake. The King next proceeded to the spot where the stork lived. When interrogated, the stork said that it had heard of the King Indradyumna, but admitted its inability to give a detailed account. Its suggestion was that the King could meet a tortoise by name Kupara, which was the seniormost in age. This Kupara had settled in that lake. The great King asked the turtle for information. Being a contemporary and witness of all the good that was done by the King in his life-time, this turtle offered its obeisance and narrated in detail the meritorious acts of the monarch. This story indicates that turtles have a very long span of life compared with other beings.

According to a *Jataka* story (story No. 206), the life that was to be the Buddha took birth as an antelope. Sariputta and Moggalana were born as a woodpecker and a tortoise respectively and became friends. The Buddha's adversary Devadatta was born as a huntsman. When the three friends were bagged by the huntsman, they manoeuvred to escape from his clutches. The tortoise bit the leathern snare and the antelope was left scot-free. The bird flew away. The hunter bagged the tortoise which was below and hung it to the branch of a tree. The antelope pursued and released the bag by means of its horns when the tortoise quietly entered into a pond.

It is common knowledge that the tortoise is a reptile which withdraws its face into its shell. After viewing the activities in the outer sphere, it gets back into its shell, as it were. Both the land and marine varieties are encased in two scaly or leathery shields forming a box. The term Kacchapa in Sanskrit denotes that which does not dwell in a well. In view of the limited storage of water in a well, it desires to have its abode in an ocean, river or deep storage of water. A person who is placed in a narrow circle is generally styled *koopa-koorma* (a turtle in a well).

The tortoise is compared to the cosmic egg inasmuch as its shell shields or covers its content (organs etc.) against exposure. In *Manu Smriti*, it is laid down that one should get his limbs covered in the same manner as a turtle, thereby concealing all his secrets (weaknesses), which are of vital importance to the aggressor who makes capital out of them.

In the science of Yoga, various sitting postures suitable for purposes of meditation are described. These are termed as *asanas*. The Koormasana or tortoise-pose is one of these. In this pose, the meditator sits cross-legged so as to admit of the heels coming under the glutaeus.

Oval shaped seats made either of ebony or the bael wood are generally prescribed for sitting in contemplation. The face and feet of a tortoise are also provided in this type of seat

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which is known as Kurma-Peeta.

The tortoise is generally compared to the *Sthitapragna*. While describing the characteristics of this type of *upasaka*, the *Bhagavad Gita* says "And when like the tortoise, drawing in its limbs from every side, this man draws his senses from their objects, his understanding is secure." This is *pratyahara yoga*, when the man who has for his goal the highest realisation can at any point of time shake himself clear of all impressions relating to the world of senses. He straightaway goes into *samadhi* with that ease and naturalness that becomes of a tortoise, by drawing its limbs inward.

During the Vedic period, altars were prepared resembling the figure of a tortoise. Sacerdotal texts describe the Kurmachayana (sacrifice of the tortoise). A Vedic passage from the *Taittiriya Agnichayana Brahmana* says that the Kurma is the very essence of all creatures. A tortoise led the Sage Angiras to the celestial regions. By the performance of this sacrifice, it was believed that the conductor or performer had the benefit of having performed a ritual with all other types of *pasus* in Srouta Karma. (Kanda V).

In a passage of the Taittiriya Aranyaka of the *Krishna Yajurveda* (Pr. 7. An. 25), it is said that the tortoise by virtue of its relation with the waters is the very essence of the clouds. It is held that by a religious observance with the tortoise (*Upadhana*) one obtains the very essence besides ascending to the higher planes.

In Anuvaka 27 of the same *praapaaka*, there is a reference to a certain rite (*vrata*) known as Agnichayana which was known to the sage Arunaketu. It is said by knowing and observing this rite (which involves the abstention from eating aquatic creatures like the fish and the tortoise), one will get immunity from a watery grave. This passage may also be suggestive of the dangers that may be caused by undue killing of the fish and the tortoise as they always keep the waters clean and free from pollution by insects and worms.

An interesting story connected with the evolution of the world is narrated in Anuvaka 23. Prajapati with a view to project forms from out of the macrocosm, once entered into severe penance and shook off his entire bodily frame. By this process, from out of his flesh sprang out three forms of seers, who bore Aruna and other names. From his nails issued forth a class of ascetics styled Vaikhanasas, while from out of the very essence of the body, there arose a certain tortoise. A dialogue next ensued between the tortoise and Prajapati. Said Prajapati to the tortoise thus: "Oh turtle! You should know that you are part and parcel of my limbs".

This tortoise who was none other than the Cosmic Purusha replied "This cannot be so; I being the eternal Spirit (Intelligence) am holding this position, long before you took any form."

Immediately, the Purusha in the form of the turtle assumed a form with thousand (innumerable) heads, eyes and legs, rose up from the waters and stood before Prajapati. Perceiving the Supreme Spirit in this form, Prajapati said thus: "Thou art the one who assumed form long before

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I took shape. So, be pleased to create this Universe as heretofore."

One of the winds of the human body is styled Kurma. In the art of dance, a particular pose of the fingers is known as the Kurma. The Kurma-mudra represents one of the positions of the fingers prescribed at the time of contemplation (Japa).

The tortoise serves as an emblem of Vishnu. Icons of Vishnu in his Kurma incarnation are generally represented with the upper portion of the body in human form, the lower part being that of the turtle. Some of the provincial rulers of Vijayanagar adopted in their coinage the figure of the turtle to denote Kurmavatara. Certain images of Vishnu in the Kurma form have in recent years been discovered by scholars at Quiringua in Central America. In Peru has been found an icon of the Sun god seated upon a turtle and a snake.

The tortoise has been taken as an example of that quality of perseverance, single-minded devotion for achieving the object in view. The fable of the hare and the tortoise reminds one of this quality. It also serves the purpose of an example of one's policy in life. Like the tortoise one should abridge (shrink himself up) and bear all attacks (कौर्म्यसंकोचमास्थाय प्रहारमपि मर्षयेत् ॥ When favourable conditions arise, one should retaliate and rise up to the occasion like the ferocious serpent. This is the lesson propounded by great men says the *Hitopadesa*.

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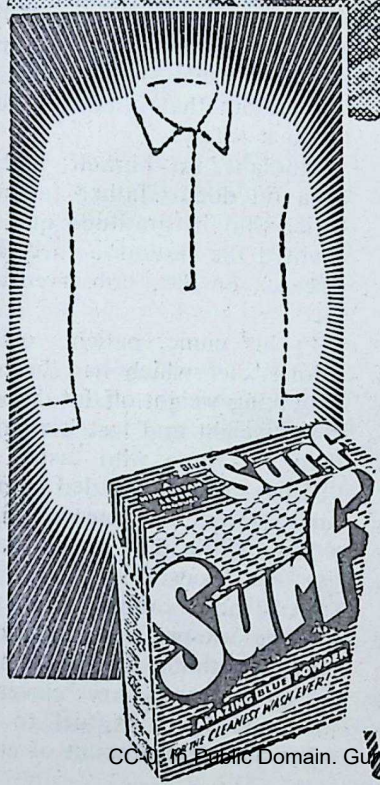

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HOW TO TAKE OFF WEIGHT

E. Fordham

A GREAT many people, at some time or other in their lives, have to take off weight, in the interests either of health or beauty. Insurance rates reflect grimly the true dangers of extra poundage. Men are not easy to convince: if any wife of a husband who is twice the man he was, desires to make the point clear to him, let her fill a suitcase equivalent to the amount of overweight he is carrying and make him bear it up the stairs rather smartly. For that is what too much weight is asking the heart to do, all day and every day.

Slimming has become big business and advice that benefits someone (not necessarily the fat person), is yours on every hand. Yet the central, unshakable facts of slimming remain pretty much the same.

In 1939, an American doctor, Victor Lindlahr, published a book which still remains a witty bible for those who are prepared to take the bull by the horns and adjust their food to their requirements. "Eat and Reduce" seems now to be unfortunately out of print: it is a pity, since it emphasises the truism that any fool can take off weight, but that it takes a wise man to do it safely.

Lindlahr, fat himself, and the son of a fat doctor father (a cured diabetic, who in gratitude qualified and devoted the rest of a medical life to research on diet), observed a strange fact.

In his clinic, patients on the low calorie diet which had been devised for taking weight off fat diabetics, lost more weight and lost it more rapidly than did those who fasted.

This greatly puzzled him: eventually, after long research, he devised a low calorie diet whose basis is the use of foodstuffs, which give the system more calorie-loss in digestion than calorie-profit in nutrition.

If one thinks of the human body as an extraordinary clever furnace the food which is fuel to the body takes a certain amount of energy (re-

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. . . . Turkish and Finnish baths will clean and refresh temporarily until you make it up with your first drink. . . . Reducing creams will not reduce weight. . . .

presented by calorie loss), to burn it up. According to the calories a given food contains you will end with either a plus or a minus.

Lindlahr, being also a very knowledgeable biochemist, knew accurately what he was doing: I have never met anyone who used this diet who did not feel extremely well on it; and this is more than can be claimed for most recipes. Perhaps the fact that the author—very fond of food himself—was cunning enough to make it both flexible and delicious, helps.

On an average people on this diet lose a pound a day at first, and then perhaps half a pound till normal weight is reached: after which, mysteriously, it seems impossible to lose more.

It appears, naturally enough, that it is easiest to lose weight at those times in life when you do not normally put it on. Thus it is easier to take off weight over 70: very difficult in babyhood. The 20s, 30s, and 40s lose more readily than the 50s and 60s. Men lose weight more easily than women; but women stick at it better. Vanity wears a different face to the two sexes!

Because body chemistry is very intricate, things do not always work out as you might expect. The human body, like other living organisms, is a collection of fluid-filled cells, held together; and some odd effects can be produced by freak diets which upset its fine balance.

The hydrogen present in body fat will pick oxygen out of the blood, to form water, so that 100 oz. of body fat will actually yield up 107 oz. of water.

The camel's hump of fat works on this principle: it is water that it supplies him with, rather than food. The correct water balance of the body is not only essential to health, but a key to safe and comfortable weight-reduction.

But this means that some very undesirable reducing diets can be based on the camel's hump principle: the slimmer appears to lose weight; but in fact dehydrates! This water loss can produce a hideous, shrivelled appearance and a chain of symptoms ranging from headache to toxaemia.

There is a great deal that could be said about the dangers and difficulties of upsetting the water balance of the body: the main point to remember is that diets worked out by people who only use the scales as yardsticks can make you look and feel extremely ill.

The plain fact is that, when you lose weight, you literally "eat" your own fat—and a mighty indigestible substance it is.

Unless this fat is burnt up in your system, by proper balancing of fuel in the shape of sugars (NOT sugar!), you may feel—and look—awful. You may also emaciate in the face and neck and get left fat in the middle. Some people, too, can miss an occasional meal with benefit; others cannot do this without feeling ill.

If you are seriously overweight (and that means over 10 per cent up

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....The great value of massage or exercise is not so much that it reduces, as that it helps firm up muscles and prevents sagging....

on what was your correct weight at 25), a doctor who knows what he is doing about nutrition—not just any old doctor—is the proper person to whom to go. If his diet makes you feel ill, after the first day or two (when it often will), go back to him and continue to worry him until he gets it right.

And, by the way, just make sure that you have not got hidden diabetes. Many people who put on weight are affected in this way; detected early, it can be cured and later calamities averted.

There *are* unqualified people about, often naturopaths, who are extremely knowledgeable about diet, but it is always sensible to have a thorough check-up with your doctor before undertaking a heavy programme of slimming.

Every person is slightly different from every other; and every person's slimming may pose slightly different problems. You should feel *well*—even stimulated—during correct weight reduction. If you feel tired and irritable, except for, say, the first 48 hours, something is likely to be wrong with the method.

Secret remedies have gone somewhat out of fashion. "Slimming Creams" are still with us, and there are a few potions and pills about. If they worked, they would be dangerous; the few that do anything at all, such as destroying appetite, are, of course, prohibited from sale, except on prescription.

Preparations containing glandular extracts, such as thyroid, should never be taken at all except under medical direction.

Will Turkish or Finnish baths slim you? They will not, though they will clean and refresh you. Temporarily, you will lose some water weight, until you make it up with your first drink. Cold baths, or showers, or even air baths, on the other hand, help to speed up metabolism and so assist any regime.

Will reducing creams? They will not, except that some people seem to find that rubbing, if persisted in long enough, may break down a little fatty tissue, protem. You should never touch the breasts, either with "reducing cream" or massage; and creams for reducing, which warn women against their use for the first two days of the monthly cycle, are highly suspect.

Will massage do the trick? It does appear that a limited amount of what is called "spot-reducing" can be done, provided that any loss in weight is held by diet. The great value of massage or exercise is not so much that it reduces, as that it helps to firm up muscles and prevents the sagging that often follows loss of weight.

Most of the other salon treatments, vibrating couches, friction belts, radiant and infra-red heat baths, and so forth, stimulate bodily energy, so that a lazy system wakes up and does some work for itself, which will occasionally astonish all. If massage sometimes gets slightly undeserved credit for this, it matters not.

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Suggestion, too, can work in slimming, as in all else.

Much to be commended are the beauty clubs, springing up all over the place. They do not pretend to be medical in any sense; but the young girl who forms the habit of using their exercising-rooms, showers, and fruit juice bars is more likely to retain her figure than her mother had the chance to do.

Recommended, only as part of a prescribed regime, are the "fillers"—the cellulose stuffing which kids the stomach into thinking it has had a proper meal. Used unwisely, cellulose may lead to not eating enough or, alternatively, the very fact of distension may keep appetite going and prolong the agony. On correct dieting excessive appetite fades quickly.

To sum up: the only sensible and lasting way to slim and remain slim is through correct eating and drinking.

If you are healthy and only a little overweight, commonsense and self-control will do the trick.

If you really need to lose a lot of weight, get proper advice; and, in any case, do nothing unadvised if you are not in the pink of condition.

This is not being hypochondriacal; it is horse sense.

Disregard, as ever, the advice of friends, often followed with a devotion that would be envied by a mere medical adviser.

Above all, try not to let it happen. Occasional overeating hurts no one; it is the steady build-up that matters.

It is all so much a matter of habit.

[Condensed from the *Guardian*]

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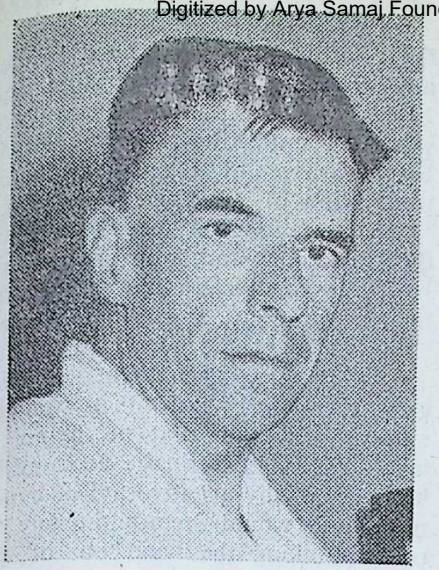

Our Fortnightly Profile—153

Ambassador GALBRAITH

AMONG the New Frontier assignments of President Kennedy, Prof. Galbraith's appointment to the U.S. Chancery at Chanakyapuri is certainly an imaginative one, what with the Professor's thought-provoking utterances and writings of the recent past and the part played by him before, during and after Kennedy's election to the White House.

It is said that since the election, Prof. Galbraith has had a table at the White House and did considerable work as word-man supplying Kennedy's speeches and other post-election documents with what he describes as the 'cosmetic touch'. Indeed it has been reported that the Professor looked forward to this assignment with eagerness. Thus we have the man in our midst, a veteran Kennedy brains truster, unorthodox Harvard economist, a big-picture thinker who can call a spade a spade and yet be humble enough to feel and say he is in India as a student. Which intellectual of his calibre would not watch the greatest democratic experiment of this century?

Incidentally, a wag has totted up the number of Harvard Graduates and Faculty men, that Kennedy has imported into the upper reaches of his new administration and found that there are 30 including five posts of cabinet rank, out of 85 top Federal jobs! No wonder that Washington wears the cute intellectual look these days!

At the time Ambassador Galbraith was sworn in early this month Ambassador Chagla said of his counterpart: "He has the right outlook, right approach and as an economist and an intellectual, he will be most welcome in my country". He was right. There has never been a dearth of appreciation of intellect in this country, though, of course, the converse has not always been as vocal, for obvious reasons. But what remains to be seen is whether the protocol and red-carpet, not to speak of other developing con-

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siderations, would stifle the new incumbent's voice. One dares hope that the New U.S. Frontiers leave him enough latitude to be of real help to our developing economy to express himself as an economist. Was it not this 'friendly critic', as a non-official, who described ours a 'post-office' socialism? Not that he has been less critical, less provocative in analysing his own country's affairs.

Tall even for an American (6'-7"), ruggedly built, John Kenneth Galbraith looks much less cut out for a diplomat than for a philosopher. He carries himself with greater ease than would one associate with the age of 52; but perhaps that is an America trait and possibly due to to his professional background. The angle of his mouth is an index of his commiseration for what he considers the foibles of humanity; do not mistake it for scepticism.

Of Canadian Presbyterian stock, he moved into U.S. in his 22nd year. After receiving his Doctorate from the University of California, he taught for some time at Harvard, did social science research at the Cambridge University, England; became Assistant Professor of Economics at Princeton University and in 1940 entered Government service. The War years saw him at the office of the Price Administration, and later, at higher levels, fetching him the Medal of Freedom and the President's Certificate of Merit for war-time services.

The itch to write and perhaps, to speak, invariably drives one into the fourth estate and Prof. Galbraith was not an exception; indeed he was a brilliant recruit to its ranks, serving as he did on the board of Editors of the "Fortune"; besides, he did other advisory work on committees and bodies. Once a journalist, always a journalist and till yesterday he has been a witty and erudite contributor to a variety of American periodicals.

It is not a long distance from periodicals to books and Ambassador Galbraith has written quite a few books, the most famous among them being "The Affluent Society" and "The Liberal Hour". The impression one gets from these and other writings and utterances is that he is not a laissez-faire or doctrinaire economist; he is essentially an advocate of dynamism and would seem ultimately to end up taking the wind out of the Marxist sail.

Here are a few typical observations of his on India: "India's commitment to the semantics of socialism is at best as deep as ours to the semantics of free enterprise". "By almost any test, the economy of India is less responsive to public guidance and direction than that of the United States." "Indian Marxists as well as the very large number of Indian economic leaders who "look for guidance to the sophisticated economic theory of the West" have made little efforts to apply the doctrines to the Indian scene." "An astonishing proportion of the economics that is taught and discussed in India has little relevance to Indian problems."

Not less characteristic are his observations about his own country. He is of the view that what America needs is greater expenditure on public services which would in the long run

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(*Continued on page 57*)

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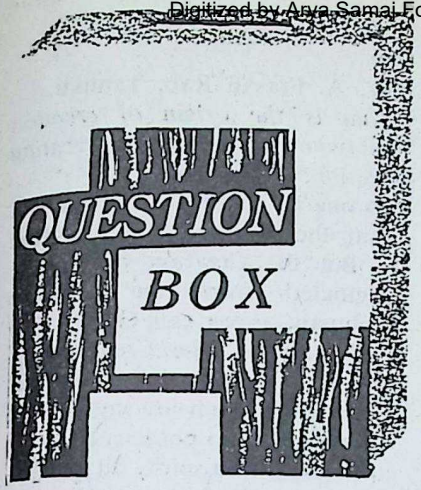

ANSWERS by

K. M. MUNSHI

883

Sri T. R. Shama Bhat, Mangalore.

Q: Please refer to Q. No. 836 wherein you have stated that Vinoba's Mission in Chambal Valley was a setback to the law and order situation in the State. When the surrendered dacoits will be liable for the regular trial before courts and for the punishments thereon without regard for their voluntary surrender, I do not think that your answer is justifiable. If Gandhiji were alive today, he would have done the same thing as Vinobaji did. Please clarify your stand.

A: (1) It is always difficult to predict what Gandhiji would have done in any particular situation.

(2) In India law and order, most essential for the success of democracy, is passing through a critical stage. In that stage, anything which has the appearance of giving prestige to crime, has a very deleterious effect on the public mind.

(3) I have no doubt Vinobaji's action, however noble and well-intentioned, has had the effect of creating an atmosphere in which murderers and gangsters came to be considered respectable, and police officers who, to my knowledge, braved great dangers and some of whom heroically died facing murderous gangs, have come to be looked down upon. Such treatment of dacoits is sure to create a situation in which witnesses appearing in Court would consciously or unconsciously tone down the misdeeds of the dacoits, and the judiciary catching the infectious atmosphere of pseudo-benevolence, would be influenced to take a light view of heinous crimes.

(4) It is of the essence of law and order that investigating, prosecuting and adjudicating machinery should not be deflected from doing their duties towards criminals by our creating an emotionally-charged atmosphere of benevolence (or for that matter political partisanships) towards them.

(5) The proper place of human considerations comes after the criminal is convicted. There are enough legal powers vested in the Government and the Governors to secure these ends.

(6) Our law and order situation is anything but satisfactory and any sentimental condonation of

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crime is sure to lead to a dangerous drift which in the end would jeopardise our national stability.

884

Sri K. Shyamprasad, Bellary.

Q: *Why should not you try to organise on an all-India basis, a good organization for the preaching of 'Dharma' in every nook and corner of the country?*

A: I wish I had the power and means and the grace of God to do so. Till I get them I must rest content with whatever little I can do.

885

Sri G. N. Reddy, Secunderabad.

Q: *My own experience shows that intense study and practice of Vedanta causes mental derailment resulting in unrest. Then what is the correct path to reach God?*

A: You seem to be misled into a wrong way of following Vedanta. The great Adi Shankaracharya, who taught and practised Vedanta was not mentally deranged. The Kamakoti Shankaracharya, who is one of the greatest living exponent of Vedanta is a very saintly person. The Lord in XIIth Adhyaya of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, has shown the path. If you cannot realise unity with God by living in Him, follow the path of Dhyana-Yoga ; if you cannot do that, offer whatever you do to Him as an humble tribute ; if you cannot even do that, do your duty without concerning yourself with the fruit or the result thereof. There is no fifth way.

886

Sri T. A. Prasad Rao, Tanuku.

Q: *What is the origin of creation and what is the aim in creating creation?*

A: No one has been able to find out what the origin of the Creation is. But the Creation must have originated from the supreme Brahman, as we call God.

The aim of the Creation appears to be the evolution of matter into life, from life unto mind, from mind unto conscience, from conscience unto spirit, till the Absolute is realised in the individual and all other centres of consciousness.

887

Sri K. Ranganayakulu, Nellore.

Q: *Tagore was a world poet as Shakespeare was. But what appears reasonable from the viewpoints of Tagore goes wrong with Shakespeare and what is true of Shakespeare is false of Tagore even as judging from their writings of true poetry. Will you kindly enlighten my point?*

A: Shakespeare was an Englishman who lived over three hundred years ago. Tagore was an Indian, who died a few decades ago. Naturally the social, intellectual, mental and aesthetic heritage received by each was different. Their viewpoints therefore are bound to be different.

They were both great poets, for they had a great creative faculty, a keen sense of beauty, and a wide humanity. But their [illegible] had a diffe-

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rent temperament and their attitude on life was different, and naturally, their way of seeing beauty and expressing it differs. There is no question of reasonableness; they were not two lawyers nor logicians arguing at the same time.

888

Sri G. N. Reddy, Secunderabad.

Q: *We realise that we are a part and parcel of Satchitananda Brahma and sufferings of the present birth are due to past Karmas. Then how have we separated from Brahma in the very beginning into so many forms with so many differences (physically, intellectua ly and mentally) and how did Karma occur in the very beginning?*

A: No one knows it. From wide experience of ages thoughtful men or seers with great insight have seen the working of universe according to the Law of Karma.

889

Sri Bulusu Hanumantha Row, Bamra, Orissa.

Q: *What is Moksha-Swarupa and how can it be got? By* gnyanam *or by* tapas?

A: By *gnyanam*, by *tapas*, by *yoga*, by *bhakti* and by *nishkama karma*.

890

Sri D. J. Patro, Joda.

Q: *Can a man live in this world just like a water drop on a lotus leaf?*

A: Life is compared by our religious literature to a water drop on a lotus leaf, because it is very transient and even when an individual disappears, the life continues to be the same. You cannot live like a water-drop by choice; there is no choice in the matter; you are just a drop which will slide off the leaf any moment.

AMBASSADOR GALBRAITH—*Contd.*

lead to a happier, healthier and better educated population rather than on increased production which only gratified artificial wants created largely by advertising. This accounts for President Kennedy's recent prescription for the present American recession.

Ambassador Galbraith is not new to this country. He visited India in 1956 and 1959 and prepared notes on his observations relating to problems of industrial management and economic development in general which, it is said, formed the basis of discussion in the preparation of our Third Five Year Plan.

A Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, he is also a member of the Cosmos Club in Washington. Skiing is his favourite recreation. He spends his summers on his "unfarmed farm" in Southern Vermount where he is a neighbour of the outgoing Ambassador Elsworth Bunker. Happily married to Catherine Atwater, the Galbraiths have three sons.

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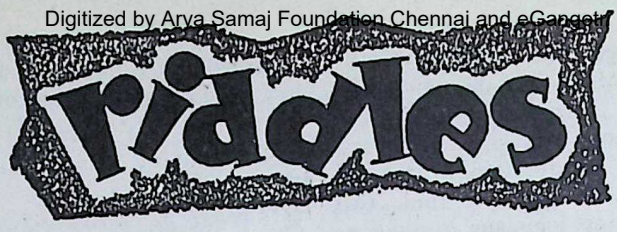

[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES X

Sri Rajanikant Mody, Bombay.

1. *Endurance is my watchword, and content*
   In bearing man's burden all my life is spent.
   The world's great sportsman and the world's great fool
   Have half my name usurped;
   The other half, if found, unlocks all doors;
   Though solemn and grave, I make you, humans, laugh.
   What am I?

★

Sri Jang Bahadur Khanna, Delhi.

2. *It is neither rain nor sea;*
   It is neither river nor pool;
   It says everything to the masses without saying anything.
   What is it?

★

Smt. R. Chella, Bombay.

3. *I speak to the public, but I am not an orator;*
   I echo the voice of men, but I am not a mike;
   My sharpness is a terror even to the bravest of men, but I am not a sword;
   I can sometimes rule the men, but I am not a king.
   Who am I?

★

Sri L. Kamakhya Kumar Singh, Imphal (Manipur).

4. *I sit like the dog*
   But I jump like the tiger.
   I sink like the stone,
   But I float like a boat.
   In winter I vanish,
   But spring to life with the rains.
   Who am I?

RIDDLES—Answers to Series IX

(1) Map (2) Tongs (3) Swing (4) Eyes

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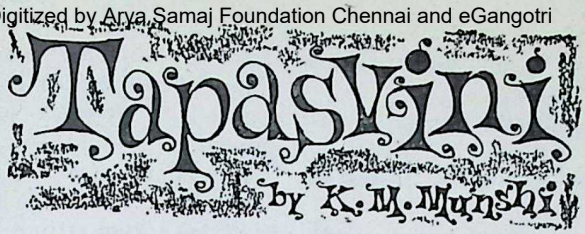

or

THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

46. MORE DIFFICULTIES

SHEELA had expected Rajba to meet her at the Matheran Station when she arrived. She was disappointed. Durlabhji came to receive her and gave her news of Uday. She was, however, impatient to find out for herself how Uday was and straightway went to Parvat-ashram.

When she entered the room of Uday, she found Rajba sitting by his side. She was going to say how grateful she was for calling her to Matheran, but Rajba looked so detached that she could not bring herself to utter a single word.

Uday was evidently in pain. He was barely conscious and kept murmuring something all the time. Hesitatingly, Sheela addressed Rajba who looked up with an effort as if she was bringing herself back from another world, and seeing Sheela, she stood up and said: "Sheelaben, I am so glad that you have come. Uday's temperature at the moment is 105° F. He is very unwell. His lungs are conqested and he is unconscious."

"When did the doctor see him last?"

"He has just left, after giving him some medicine to induce sleep."

"Is he any better?"

Rajba shook her head and for a time both of them stood looking intently at Uday.

"Will you please sit down by Uday's side? I will have your food brought here. Gangoo will attend to you and will sleep just here outside the door. I am going to take bath and then...."

"Will you come back?"

"I am in the next room. I shall come at two in the early morning; then you can go and have some rest."

"Certainly," said Sheela. "You must have been keeping awake for days; you must now go and rest."

"Oh! No. I am going to sit in meditation till two o'clock after my bath," replied Rajba with a smile.

Sheela was surprised and could

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scarcely believe what she had just heard.

"Do you mean the whole of the time?"

"Yes. God is putting me to test all the time."

"How do you mean? Are you performing *dhyan* (meditation) so that Udaybhai may be saved?"

"No. I am praying to God that He may give you the strength to save Uday," remarked Rajba, as she left her.

Sheela felt the whole atmosphere to be somewhat strange. She had only met Rajba for a few minutes at the Neral Station though she had heard much about her peculiar ways. She had been impressed when she had a talk with Rajba on the telephone. She was more impressed by all that had happened since early morning; the strange talk with Raj over the telephone, the strange coincidence which made it possible for her to come to Matheran at once; the brief conversation which had just taken place. Evidently Rajba had begun some spiritual experiment to save Uday. Was it likely to save Uday in that way? 'Uday, am I going to lose you just when I had won you' she murmured to herself.

Sheela sat down on a chair by the side of Uday's bed. Soon afterwards Durlabhji brought her some food, but she sent it back for she had no appetite. She was deeply affected by Uday's wan face and swollen eyes. Surely, she said to herself, Uday was not going to die.

Sheela had no brother or sister younger than herself; she had no child; she had found it impossible to love her vain and arrogant husband. Now her maternal instincts were roused. Uday was so charming, so affectionate, and so intelligent. She must do the best for him, bring the warmth of affection in his lonely life and save him from death. She sat watching him fighting for his life with the poignant anxiety of a mother.

At ten o'clock Gangoo came and lay down just outside the door and was soon asleep. When the clock struck eleven, she saw that Uday was breathing with some difficulty and her eyes filled with tears. She wanted to take him in her arms as if he was a little child. She bent low and put her face by Uday's. Uday moved a little and vainly tried to open his eyes, and then whispered slowly 'Raj.'

"Uday, shall I give you some water?" she asked.

Uday, half conscious, nodded his consent.

Sheela put some water in his mouth with a little spoon.

Again Uday called for 'Raj'.

"I am not Raj. It is I, Sheela," she said.

"Sheelaben, Tapasvini!"

With great effort he tried to open his eyes, but without any success. He spoke softly: "It is for me that you have undertaken this immense sacrifice.... the agony that you are undergoing." Tears began to flow from his half-closed eyes.

"Uday, I am Sheela. I have just returned to Matheran."

"But you went back to Bombay," murmured Uday, who succeeded in opening his eyes and fixed them on Sheela.

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"I have come back today. I shall now remain here till you get well."

Uday lifted his trembling hand and slowly moved it across Sheela's face. "Tapasvini," he said.

"My poet." She had now got over her shyness. She took Uday's hands gently into her hands and pressed it close to herself. "My baby," she called. Her voice was like that of a loving mother.

Uday kept gently stroking Sheela's hand. "Sheelaben, you must be going through a severe trial."

Sheela bent low again and embraced him. Just then Raj came into the room through the connecting door. Sheela wanted to move away and replace Uday's head on the pillow, but she was stopped by Raj, who raised her finger not to move. Sheela felt that Raj was like a goddess endowed with superhuman power and wanted to beg her to save Uday, but instinctly she kept quiet. In a little while Uday turned sides in the bed. She stood up and faced Raj. "You have saved my brother," Raj said.

"Who? I."

"Yes, you."

●●●

His Highness and Radharaman, immediately on arrival in Matheran that evening, went straight to Uday's hotel to enquire after him. They were told that he was on the mend, though he still had fever and his lungs were not completely clear. But he was no longer delirious.

The following day His Highness came by himself to ask how Uday was progressing. In fact he had come in the hope that he might get to know Rajba a little better. Sheela received him and asked him to sit in the verandah, but he did not like to be forced into formal relations and followed her into Uday's room.

His Highness sat down next to Raj, who welcomed him with a flicker of

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her eyes without saying a word. His Highness, now and again, kept looking at Rajba. He was fascinated by her innocent and open face, by her large, bright and enquiring eyes, the gentleness of her movements, the dignity, and the charm that set so easily on her face. All these things he noted carefully.

It was a matter of habit with him whenever he looked at a beautiful woman to attempt, by an effort of imagination, to picture what she would look if she had no clothes on. Today he wanted to indulge in this favourite game of his, but to his amazement he found that his imagination refused to cooperate. Somehow he felt that if he did so, he would lose Raj for ever. This was a new experience for him. After a while he took leave of them and Rajba went out of the room to see him off.

"Rajba, you must not overexert yourself, otherwise you would be the next patient. Would you care to come out for a walk in the evening?" he asked.

"No, Bapu. For the moment I would rather be with my brother."

His Highness did not like Rajba addressing him as 'Bapu'; that was a mode of address suited only to a dependent of the ruler; but there was nothing that he could do about it. Nevertheless he persisted in his enquiries. "You could not have slept a wink these two nights?"

"That is true. But until Uday is out of danger, I can think of nothing but of him. Sleep has become secondary."

"In any case then, when you can manage it, do please come to my bungalow," said His Highness hesitatingly. He was afraid that his request might be turned down, but instead her reply was conciliatory. "I would be able to come after Uday is better," she said.

"Very well, then, Jai Mahadev," said His Highness, who decided that it was time to take leave on this friendly note. "Wonderful girl," he said to himself, as he went out of the hotel compound. "I am afraid it is not going to be easy to win her."

When His Highness arrived at his bungalow, he found a messenger waiting for him with a letter sent to him under instructions of Mahatma Gandhi from Sabarmati Ashram. The contents of the letter upset him.

Respectworthy Maharaja Saheb,

Mahatmaji has received a telegram from the Dowager Maharani of Manigadh, Hanskunverba, of which I am enclosing a copy. Your father was well known to Mahatmaji, and therefore, he has asked me to ascertain the facts from you. I am leaving for Bardoli immediately, but I can come and see you next week at Bombay, or anywhere else you desire. Please let me know at the address given below, the time, date and place which would be convenient to you.

Yours sincerely,
Jagjivan Bhagvandas,
c/o Bhagvandas Master,
Bhatwadi, Sandhurst Road,
Bombay.

The enclosed telegram of Hanskunverba ran as follows:

Mahatmaji, Sabarmati Ashram, Ahmedabad,

The Arab servants of His Highness Samarsinh of Premkot beat me up and tortured me. They locked me up in Islamgadh, searched my person and took away some important documents of mine. I have managed to

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escape with my two maid servants. I approach you to secure me justice, helpless and weak woman that I am.

Hanskunverba, Dowager Maharani of Manigadh.

"Damn the woman", exclaimed His Highness. "Vikram, where is Barrister Radharaman?"

"He has gone for a walk towards Louisa Point."

"Damn," repeated His Highness.

He decided to walk towards Louisa Point, and as soon as he saw Radharaman burst out. "I have been looking for you. We are in a mess."

"What has happened, Your Highness?" asked Radharaman. "What is the new mess in which you have found yourself now?"

"Damn the woman," exclaimed His Highness, as he handed over to Radharaman Jagjivan's letter and Hanskunverba's telegram.

The Barrister was in good mood. The letter and the telegram only tickled his sense of humour.

"But what is there in this letter to amuse you?" enquired His Highness angrily.

"Now you are well and truly caught. Once you get into the hands of that old man, well, that will be the end of you," Radharaman burst out.

"Hell. What is there to laugh about? I certainly realise what I am in for. Once Mahatmaji starts talking about 'truth', he will persist till I am done forever."

"And through his newspaper, *Navjivan*, he will add lustre to your name," Radharaman said.

"Why do you talk like this? What I would like to know is who invited him to interfere in this affair?"

"Don't you know? He is the self-appointed guardian of us all," sarcastically commented Radharaman. "Anyway what shall we do next?" They started walking towards the bungalow. "Listen, Your Highness, the matter is getting serious. I know this Jagjivan. He is the son of Sheela's former tutor. Sheela stays with him when she goes to Bardoli. That is point number one. Point number two: there is nothing to be gained by irritating the Mahatma. If you try to throw your weight about, he will soon break you." In fact Radharaman was thinking aloud to find a way out.

"Well, then, it is possible that Jagjivan might know Uday," said His Highness.

"He knows him very well indeed," said Radharaman.

"If Jagjivan comes here, will not Uday tell him the whole story?" asked His Highness anxiously.

"Well, it is up to you to look after Uday. By the way, have you seen that girl again? You are quite right to call her regal. A queen! No. She is not a queen. What was that quotation from Tennyson which you used? 'A daughter of the gods.' You know that is an apt description of Rajba. How did you get on with her?"

"She is staggering, but I am afraid I made no progress whatever. But what shall we do about this new problem?"

"This ought to teach you a lesson." Radharaman persisted with cruelty: "Wanting to carry on with someone like Hanskunverba!"

"Well, I agree I have only myself to blame for inviting her to my house.

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Have you anything more to add?" asked His Highness angrily.

Radharaman became serious and arriving at a decision drafted a telegraphic reply to Jagjivan.

> Letter received. Convey my gratitude to Mahatmaji for taking such interest in my affairs. Shall be happy to meet you next Monday at Matheran. Sheelaben Dalal is also here as my guest and has particularly asked me to request you to bring your father Mastersaheb and Nirmalaben with you.
>
> Samarsinh of Premkot.

"But what shall we tell to Jagjivan when he comes here", enquired His Highness.

"Now, listen. Do not be impatient. Let us plan our tactics." Radharaman began thinking aloud. "Sheela is our trump card. She knows how to win over people. Fortunately for you she happens to be an admirer and a devotee of Gandhiji, while Mastersaheb and his wife dote on her."

"Shall I send my saloon to fetch these people?" asked His Highness.

Radharaman was about to say 'don't be foolish' but checked himself in time.

"These *charkha mamas* will be a terrible nuisance when they arrive here. They have very inquisitive noses. They will want to check up on the number of servants you have, on the amount of money you spend everyday, or what you drink, and if so, how much. This is where Sheela comes in very useful. We had better get her to send a telegram to say that she is at Parvatashram Hotel nursing Uday who is very ill and they should stay with her at the hotel. We might ask the hotel people to reserve separate

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rooms for them next to Uday's room. Sheela will be able to keep the *charkha* gang in good humour."

"Will not Jagjivan feel hurt if we do not put them up at my place?"

"He loves Sheela as his sister and we shall explain to him that you had to give in to Sheela's persistence."

"Sheelaben is a great person," remarked His Highness.

"Of course, she is wonderful," the Barrister joined in praise of his wife who had such capacity for being useful to him at every turn.

"Now, listen, Your Highness. What we have to consider is about yourself and Rajba. I am leaving for Bombay tomorrow evening as I have a case in Court on Monday morning. You had better stay here for a week or so."

"My God! What shall I do here all by myself?"

"Worship Rajba! If Jagjivan comes to know that you are in Bombay, he will immediately want to see you there rather than come all the way here."

"But what am I to do about Rajba?" asked His Highness impatiently. "She is quite indifferent to me."

"You have had such successes with so many young women, why are you so pessimistic now? Look, you study her weaknesses and play upon them. Surely you have not lost the skill which you acquired in London and Paris."

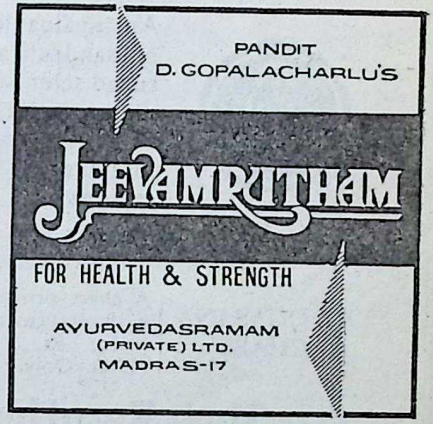
"My dear sir, this woman is entirely different. Upto now every woman danced to my tune. Here I have to dance to her tune."

"Well, do the best you can, Your Highness. If you cannot make any progress at all, go on a hunger strike," remarked Radharaman. "I have yet to come across a woman who cannot be conquered. Lay siege to her. By next week you would have succeeded in creating the right atmosphere. That will be the time to propose to her. Uday will make no difficulty, once she agrees."

"I do not really know what I should do to make her like me," said His Highness in despair.

"Well, you might do worse than reread Casanova's autobiography," advised Radharaman.

[To be continued]



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Manjura Returns

ASKED by the Brahmin pilgrim why King Siddhadatta had to die of *putra-shoka*, Ganga-mata replied: "Young man, I am glad you have a live interest in the sequence of this story. Every effect has a cause behind it; nothing happens haphazard in this universe. Listen. Long back, a Brahmin performed penance in the midst of a forest propitiating Lord Shiva. During intervals he used to study the Vedas as a pastime.

While he was thus engaged, a Chenchu woman who lived in that part seeing the holy man brought him some forest-fruits and bulbs. When the Brahman opened his eyes he saw the woman standing before him with her offerings. That woman had a shapely form and her natural beauty turned out to be too tempting for him. His mental equipoise fell and he made indecent overtures to her. The woman frowned; but the Brahmin became violent when the woman pushed him away, shouting: "You fool! Take care of your behaviour. If you persist I shall call my people who are fierce and will shoot you down with their poisoned arrows!"

Frustrated in his attempt, the Brahmin hissed like a serpent and with blood-shot eyes pronounced this curse on the woman: "You base one! Since you fell foul with me in utter disregard of my passion, you shall become a bitch and spend your time howling near the precincts of hermitages!"

Rattled by the curse, the woman begged of the Brahmin: "Holy one! Please forbear, and tell me how I can emancipate myself from this curse."

The Brahmin replied: "Since you spurned me in this life, you shall lead the shameless life of a bitch and when you die, you will do so out of grief for your pups; then shall you be relieved of this curse!"

As a result of the curse, the woman led the life of a bitch, with drooping ears and a stomach ever hollow like the mind of the unlearned and unsatisfied like the mendicant begging of a miser; licking the castaways in the street; hunted out like a public enemy; barking at every passer-by; like the envious man, always quarreling with members of its own fold; procreating in the streets and playing with its young ones.

One day this King Siddhadatta was on his way to the forests for hunting. He was followed by an equestrian retinue. As the litter of pups was on the way, the bitch started barking loudly and when the party came near it, became greatly afraid of the safety of her young ones and so started behaving violently in an effort to drive the horses away. The King who

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....brought him some forest-fruits and bulbs....

noticed the menacing bitch became angry at its behaviour and drew his bow and arrow to shoot her; but as he came nearer, he saw the pups and quickly sensing the cause of the bitch's fury, shot down the pups first and then aimed another at the mother. When she saw the fate of her young ones, the bitch was overwhelmed by sorrow and addressing the King, she said: "O King! What harm did these young things whose eyes have not even opened do to you? By your action, you have become the cause of my *putra-shoka,* earning for yourself the great sin of killing babes. Don't you know that the love of a mother for its child is the same in all strata of creation? May you also die of *putra-shoka!*"

Returning to its young ones, the bitch looked for long at their sweet innocent faces. "Children! Where on your silken body has the cruel shaft inflicted its fatal wound? O, how could you bear that bolt? I have never heard of kings killing innocent animals like us, but only killing wild beasts in the forest. Alas! I am at fault. Why should I become unncessarily alarmed at the party and why should I threaten them by my wild behaviour? O, I went there for killing, but got killed myself!"

Thus bewailing it ran amuck in the forest until at last it died. Now, on account of that dog's curse, King Siddhadatta had to die of *putra-shoka.*

When Jahnnavi completed the story, the Brahmin asked her: "Mother Ganga! When did Manjura hear of his father's death? Did he return to his kingdom? Did he go back to Kashi? Kindly tell me all this!"

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Mother Ganga continued her narration.

After King Siddhadatta died, his Minister met in council and decided to send word to Prince Manjura asking him to return home immediately. For that purpose they sent a batch of Brahmins who hurried to overtake him. And they did. Said they to Manjura: "Your father has suddenly departed from this world. Your country is now without a King. It is your clear duty to cut short your pilgrimage and return to the capital this moment. If you fail to do so, jealous kings will surely overtake your country."

Prince Manjura was overwhelmed by the news of his father's death. As copious tears flowed from his eyes, he asked the Brahmans: "Revered Sirs! Did my father die a natural death?"

"No," replied they, "he tried his best to dissuade you from your trip to Kashi, but you were adamant. He died of the sorrow of separation from you."

"O, my father!" cried Manjura. Continuing he asked, "Knowing that he died of my pigheadedness, how possibly can I have the courage to return home now? Again, having set out on a pilgrimage to Kashi, whoever would break it in the middle? Would you do me a favour? Please cremate the body of my father with due honours and despatch his ashes to me. Let me at least consign them to the Ganga and earn for him liberation from the cycle of birth and death."

One Brahmin replied: "Prince, having known of the death of your father and the threat it implies to your country, how possibly can you be devoid of the common-sense to persist in your mad idea?"

Warming up at this chastisement, the Prince retorted: "How do you connect the two—the death of my father and the security of my country? It is a specious argument. How dare you place obstacles in the way of my pilgrimage, even though you are Brahmins? I refuse to return. You had better hie back home."

Without in the least feeling offended the Brahmins employed a different technique: "Most noble Prince! Does it become you to fall foul with us? Whoever would call a man his enemy who always blesses him: 'May you long live, may you live happily' as we do? Indeed you have only proved the rule that gratuitous advices are always discounted. You know very well that a temple without a deity and a country without a king will decay ere long. Knowing it, is it meet that you should turn down our plea? Your subjects live in great suspense, feeling orphaned by your absence. Please come and reassure them. Your enemies are looking at your kingdom like hungry dogs with greedy eyes. Rajya-Lakshmi is beckoning to you with expectant eyes and heart like a devoted wife. Show your *prem* to her. The throne which has been bequeathed to you by your forefathers is eagerly awaiting you to occupy it. Ascend it and free us from our fear. This very act will fetch all the holy waters of the land to your palm. You have little to doubt. Do not for a moment think that it is our intention to break

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your vow, nor that your return home will amount to it. Far from it. Achievement of objectives lies on the lap of gods. Man cannot arrogate to himself the power to change the divine pattern. You need not have any doubts on this score. We are well versed in the ways of *dharma*. You can have complete confidence in our words. Are you not aware that your father was wholly guided by us? Is it not your duty too to do so? Even granting that you wish to fulfil your Ganga-yatra, it is quite permissible to return home now, accept and do your kingly duties, marry, beget children and when the time is ripe, you can always resume the pilgrimage after installing your son on the throne! Who said you should give up this *yatra* for ever?"

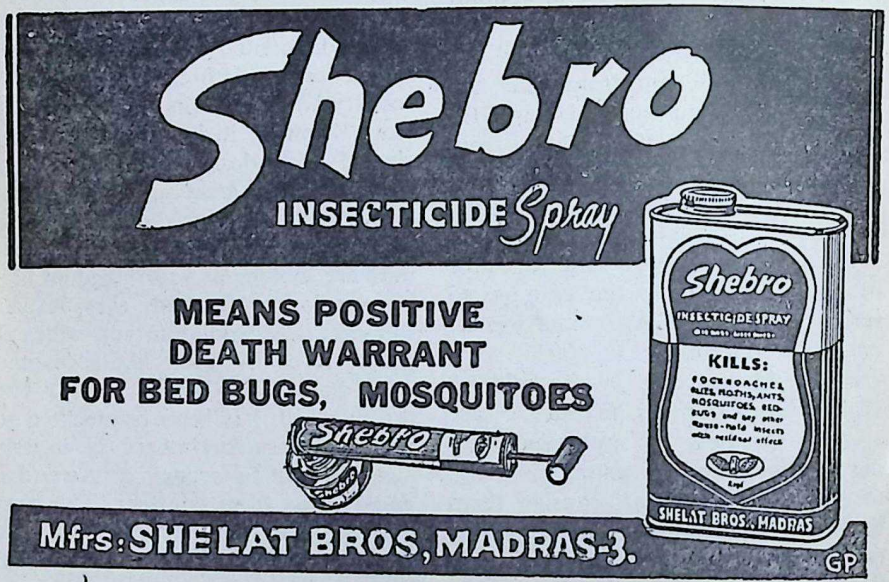
This powerful plea had its intended effect and Prince Manjura felt that the Brahmins were right and they were only pleading for his good. Deciding to return, he faced north and contemplating on Kashi prayed: "Mother Ganga! I shall come and fall at your feet later; now I return home!"

Prince Manjura thus returned to his country, followed by the Brahmin emissaries.

[*To be continued*]

Even in the murderer, the Pure Soul is there; it dies not. It was his mistake; he could not manifest It; he had covered It up.

—Vivekananda.



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IT was the ninth night and the turn was that of the elder Princess to entertain Chaturya and so she entered the nuptial chamber with a song on her lip. Chaturya invited her to sit on the couch. Preliminaries of a short repast over, the Princess became restless. Chaturya who never lost sight of his mission tried to divert her thoughts by pulling out one more story for her edification at which the Princess sat back and listened. Said Chaturya:

Long back there lived a King at Champakpur who ruled over his kingdom in the manner adumbrated in the *shastras*. With his Prime Minister, Minister of Intelligence and Defence Minister, he ruled over his subjects justly and fairly. Despite his justness and piety, he had no children for long; but in his later life he got two girls whom he named Jyoti and Lakshmi. When they were seven and five respectively, he had them married to neighbouring princes with great pomp. While his elder son-in-law chose to stay with him, the younger son-in-law lived but for a few days with him and departed to his own country intending to proceed abroad in quest of adventure.

The two sisters were so devoted to each other that there was no secret between them which they did not share. In course of time, the Princesses came of age which event the King celebrated elaborately, and awaited the other son-in-law for the consummation of his daughters' marriage.

While the royal household was thus delightfully expectant, there came a bolt from the blue. The Intelligence Minister brought the news to the King that there was a strong rumour that his younger son-in-law had died of an accident. The King was shocked to hear it, and keeping the news away from his younger daughter, ordered his Minister to investigate the matter and find out the truth.

The elder Princess whose ears however this news had reached was overcome with anxiety to her dear

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sister. Knowing that the news was shut out from her, she stifled her emotions and tried to behave as jocularly as possible with her sister while her heart bled out in secret. One day the younger Princess came out from her room looking like a peach and dressed in a most alluring manner. When Jyoti saw her, the colour in her face involuntarily went up as a wan smile played on her lips at the irony of fate. Before she could check herself Lakshmi had noticed the unusual expression on her face and demanded: "Sister! Why do you look at me thus? I thought I saw a tear in your eye at a time when we should be happy. Why? Tell me!"

Jyoti was quite embarrassed. For a moment she tussled with her conscience whether to tell the unwholesome truth or hide it and be nice. Her upbringing, unlike our present-day sophisticated times which equates truth with rudeness and untruth with politeness, was such that it would not admit of selling her conscience for a mess of pottage. She had been taught that courage was the best armour whether for men or women. It begot truth. To wed oneself to fear was to mother lie, deceit and cowardice which never led towards the goal.

So, putting her arms round her, Jyoti gently led Lakshmi into her room, and seating her by her side, wiped the solitary tear from the corner of her own eyes and said: "My dear! I am going to tell you an unpleasant truth. You have no doubt gauged me correctly. A rumour is current that your husband has died in the course of his adventure, but it is as yet unconfirmed. Our father has

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sent his men to ascertain the truth. Let us hope it is not true. We had conspired to keep the news away from you for obvious reasons. When I saw you coming out in this charming dress, my heart which is bleeding with pity, betrayed its feelings unwittingly."

Lakshmi who heard these words sitting statuesque rose sedately when they ended and walking across to her room removed all the trappings of joyfulness and putting on the white robes of widowhood walked up to her father who was stunned at her appearance. Nearing him she said: "Father! I blame no one for the fate which has befallen me. You no doubt lavished upon me all the love you are capable of and meant nothing but well by me by giving me in marriage to the noble Prince; but fate presumably willed otherwise; for, why should he die now? I have no malice towards any; I only wish to follow the footsteps of my noble husband which is the only noble way for an Aryan woman. Would you therefore be kind enough to order a fire to be lit that I may immolate myself in it?"

The King replied amidst tears: "My child! If your husband is dead, am I, your father, not here, who can support you to the end of the world? All my property is yours. Do all the *danas* and *dharmas* and this way seek the other world. It is not at all compulsory to commit *sati!*"

However much the King argued, Lakshmi would not listen. Finally, the King called his ministers and said: "Look! I have completely failed in my efforts to persuade my daughter to give up her decision. There is no alternative but to allow her do as she wishes. Please therefore arrange for lighting the fire!"

The fire was lit with tons of sandalwood and tins of ghee at the bank of the river near a huge grove and when the tongues of the fire leapt to the skies, Lakshmi went round the fire thrice and uttering the name "Govinda, Madhava!" jumped into the fire while Princes and nobles looked on nervously. But no sooner had she done so than a gale swept over the place bringing a heavy downpour of rain with it which not only quenched the fire but literally washed the field away.

While the royal party fled from the scene on account of the heavy rain, it went with an easy heart that Lakshmi was by now with her husband. But fate had woven its own pattern for her; for, the rain which poured in cascades completely washed her, long before she was thought dead; actually she was washed down into the river and towed like a jetsam downstream for miles together till at last she managed to stand on a patch of wild grass midstream. Looking ahead, she saw a grove and thither she walked in the slush, weary and doddering. When she entered the grove through a slit in the fence, she saw its keeper who happened to be an aged woman before whom she fell down exhausted.

The old woman was first dazed at the sight, for she thought she saw in the new-comer an angel of the forest. But later she was convinced of her human origin as the lady's feet touched the earth squarely. By the time the old woman brought her some edi-

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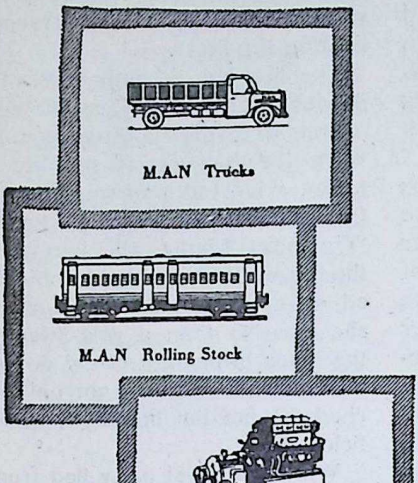

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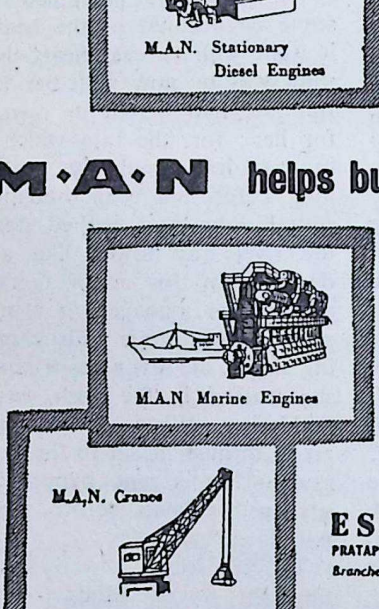

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bles and water, Lakshmi had had a quick apprisal of her new situation. Finding her effort to moil herself foiled by fate, she thought there must be some Ulterior Purpose and therefore decided to play her part in the blind drama. She could understand this much, that fate did not want her life to be taken away of her own volition. She would, she thought, conform to that new norm and wait for the next step.

When Princess Lakshmi fully regained consciousness, the old woman asked all about her. Lakshmi replied to her aptly: "Mother, I and my husband tried to ford the river, but suddenly the rains caught us unawares midstream and we were dragged by the current. I have landed here, but I don't know what has happened to my husband!"

"Daughter!" said the old woman soothingly "Do not worry. I shall make enquiries about your husband round about here, for I know these parts very well. In the meantime you can live with me here as my daughter for as long as you wish."

"I am so grateful to you" replied Lakshmi.

The old woman took her to her cottage, gave her change of clothes and hot gruel.

Now this woman was a florist. It was her custom to collect the flowers from the grove, weave them into garlands and supply them to the royal household of the place. With the money that came out of it she eked out a living. She had no other relative in the world.

One day the old woman brought the flowers from the garden and feeling tired, said to Lakshmi: "My dear, I feel rather tired. Won't you weave the garlands today? I shall take them later on to the palace."

Lakshmi readily agreed and while the old woman had a nap, Lakshmi sorted out the picks and deft as she was in the art, wove such wonderful garlands out of them in charming colour designs that the old woman was charmed by her performance when she saw them. The old woman walked to the palace with wings in her gait that day. She could hardly contain her pride when she handed over the basket to the Queen who was astonished at the art that went to make those garlands.

"Who wove these garlands, Maji?" asked the Queen.

"My daughter!" replied the woman scarcely hiding the tunnel of her mouth revealing a solitary tooth precariously dangling from one side.

"Is that so? How beautiful! Would you bring her here?"

"Sure!" said she and practically ran home. Dressing Lakshmi up for the occasion, the old woman brought her to the Queen who, on seeing Lakshmi, was greatly impressed by her appearance. She said to Lakshmi "My dear girl! You had better stay in the palace itself offering company to my daughters."

The old woman's opaque eyes glinted with pride. The Queen gave rich presents to the old woman for permitting her daughter to remain in the royal household and treated Lakshmi just as another daughter.

One day the King and Queen were gifting *danas*. One of the *danas* consisted of pearl-necklaces. A heap of

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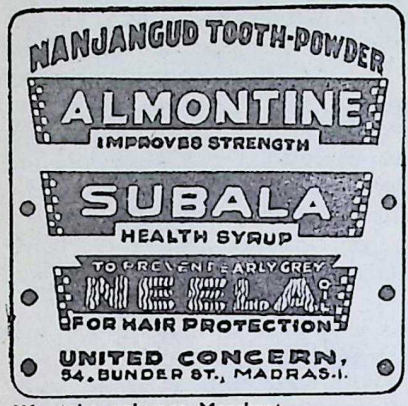

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pearls was handed over to the servants who threaded them into garlands for purposes of making gifts of them.

Lakshmi too offered to join them and taking a quantity of them to a secluded corner, started threading them into fanciful patterns.

After some time the dinner gong went and all of them filed inside. Lakshmi too placed her unfinished pearl-garland in a niche which held a doll-shaped metallic lamp-holder and went inside to join the others in their meals.

But as soon as she went the impish doll in the niche became animated and grabbing at the unfinished pearl-garland threaded by Lakshmi and after gobbling it up stood mute as before.

When Lakshmi returned to her unfinished work, she was shocked not to find the pearl necklace she had threaded. She made a frantic search for it, questioned the servants but, naturally, every one denied all knowledge of it.

News of this loss reached the Queen's ears in a distorted form, for the servants of the palace were envious of Lakshmi, a florist's daughter, in enjoying the privilege of a princess. Envy knows no barriers; and the sense of comparison is the gateway to its realm.

Naturally the Queen became furious: "How could that garland disappear unless it be stolen? And who could have done it except herself? All our other servants have been in this household for generations! I was a fool to have been taken in by her looks, without checking upon her. What a shame!"

The Queen without giving her an opportunity to explain, sentenced her to a severe punishment, according to which her head was to be clean-shaven and she made to work as a lamp-bearer lighting the corridor of the palace.

[*To be continued*]

You cannot buy God. His vision comes only through His grace. Does this mean that you should not practice spiritual discipline? Certainly you must practice, otherwise passions will create havoc in you. Contentment with external conditions—yes; but never be contented with your state of spiritual growth. — Swami Bhoomananda

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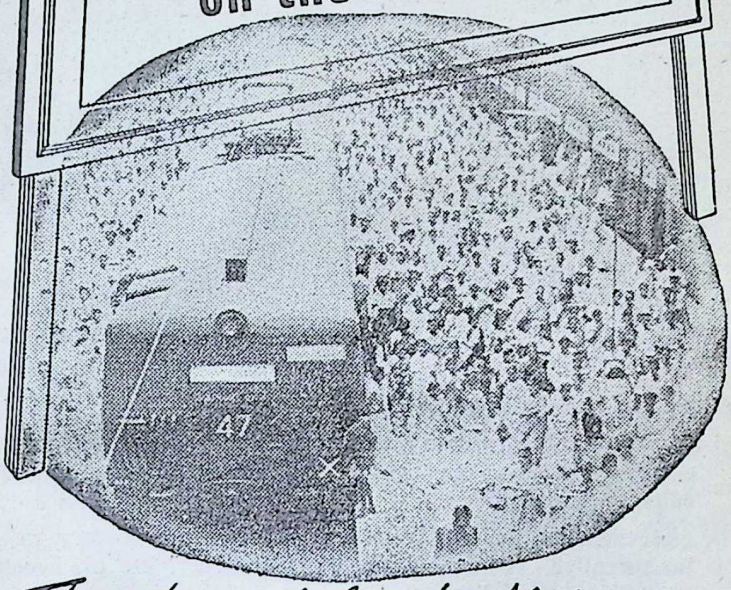

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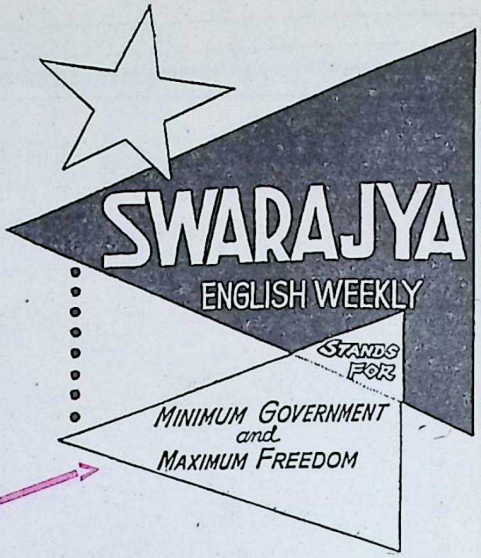

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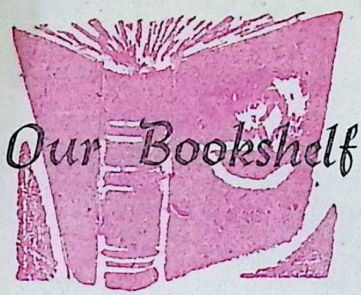

SRI KRISHNA: HIS PHILOSOPHY AND HIS SPIRITUAL PATH. By Bahadur Mal, Head of V. V. R. Institute. Published by Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur, Punjab. pp. 334 Price: Rs. 4.

THE members and the workers of the Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute have already published a number of scholarly and useful books on Indology, Indian culture, religion, history and philosophy. The volume under review is a competent, clear and comprehensive account of Sri Krishna's place, message and his role in Indian thought and religion. In the first part of the book, in three chapters, the author examines the different accounts of Krishna's character and explains the real meaning and true significance of the doings of Sri Krishna, as an *ambassador*, as the *charioteer*, as the radiant *cowherd* of Brindavan and his sport with the *gopis*. He answers with convincing arguments the fantastic charges against Sri Krishna by unsympathetic critics at home and abroad.

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Our learned author in the rest of the book gives us a detailed account of the philosophy and ethics of the *Bhagavad Gita*. The *Gita* idea of God, Soul, Mind, Body, Reason and Ego are explained at great length. At every stage the study is comprehensive. The author brings to his task a wealth of illustrations and a good study on the mystical literature of the West.

Part three of the book deals about the *Sadhana* outlined in the *Gita*. The three yogas of the *Gita*, Karma, Bhakti and Jnana are explained well. The book is an excellent introduction to the study of the *Gita*. In a second edition the value of the volume will increase by the addition of the *Gita* text as an appendix to the volume.

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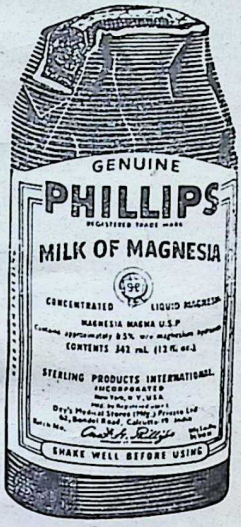

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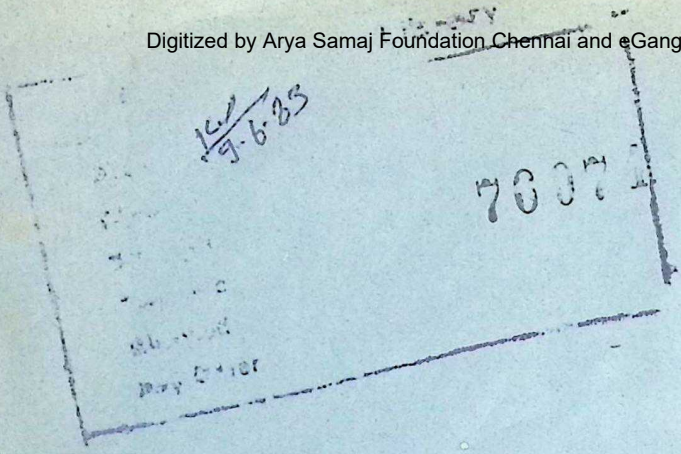

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